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The Forum

JULY, 1909

THE REAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TARIFF DEBATE

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

It may or may not be a fortunate thing for the Republican party that its majority in the United States Senate is so overwhelming that the enactment of a tariff bill along the lines laid down by Senator Aldrich and his colleagues on the Finance Committee is an assured fact. They have been able to achieve victory whenever any disputed schedule has been brought to the test of a vote, and even in the matter of the duty on cotton fabrics they won their point by the usual majority of ten or eleven votes, even though the rates as proposed had been bitterly criticised and contested for an entire week.

The importance of this large majority lies in the fact that Mr. Aldrich and his committee can adhere to their programme without danger of encountering defeat. The situation is vastly different from that which confronted Senator Gorman when, in 1893, the Senate, then under Democratic control, undertook consideration of the measure which Mr. Wilson, as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, had passed in the House. The Democrats held the Senate by a slender thread. Their majority did not number more than two or three; and it was necessary, if the pledge upon which Mr. Cleveland had been elected was to be redeemed, to secure unanimity among all the conflicting interests on the Democratic side. The task was most difficult. Each Democratic Senator fully appreciated the fact that his vote was essential to final enactment, and the mere suggestion that unless his views were not embodied in the bill he would vote against it, compelled Mr. Gorman and his fellow-leaders to placate and satisfy the insurgent spirit. As might have been expected, the result was a series of compromises which, in their collective form, Mr.

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Cleveland denounced as a thing of perfidy and dishonor, and the Democratic party became the target of national criticism. Mr. Aldrich would find himself in the same position to-day were it not for the fact that he can lose no less than eleven votes on the Republican side and still maintain absolute command. His leadership, even under this fortunate circumstance, has not been a bed of roses; but only the overwhelming Republican majority in the Senate has kept him from a bed of thorns.

When the discussion of the tariff bill began in the Senate, it was evident that thorough harmony did not exist on the Republican side. As the days of debate have lengthened into weeks and even months the ranks of the tariff reformers have multiplied, and with larger numbers their courage has increased. The "progressives," as they are termed, now constitute a very considerable thorn in the Republican side. They are attacking the schedules which Mr. Aldrich and his colleagues on the Finance Committee have substituted for those which the House adopted. They are charging that these schedules are revising the tariff upward instead of downward; that the rates which the Senate is asked to vote upon are framed for the sole purpose of adding to the already inordinate profits of the manufacturers and impose greater burdens upon the consumer; and that, in order thus to favor the rich, the condition of the citizen in moderate circumstances is entirely ignored. The leader of this devoted band of Republicans who are thus fighting inch by inch for a really lower tariff is Senator Dolliver, of Iowa. In the prime of life, of long and creditable public career, equipped with an experience which began many years ago in the lower branch of Congress, possessed of marked oratorical ability and a debater of great force and cogency, he has also shown himself to be a painstaking and intelligent student of the intricacies of the tariff. In addition to these characteristics he is a Republican of the deepest dye. No one has ever questioned his party loyalty or devotion. It is no wonder, therefore, that, when he has spoken, his utterances have commanded the closest attention. To use a common phrase, he has given Mr. Aldrich some hard nuts to crack, and the questions which he has pertinently asked and which have not always been satisfactorily answered will be asked again when the next campaign engrosses the attention of the country.

It is interesting to note that the Senators who are giving Mr. Dolliver their support come from the Middle West and the Southwest. Beveridge of Indiana, Brown and Burkett of Nebraska, Bristow of Kansas, Nelson and Clapp of Minnesota, Cummins of Iowa, Gamble of South Dakota, Crawford of South Dakota and La Follette of Wisconsin, are among the men who have been daily pleading for a reduction of the tariff duties.

They represent a section of the country that for some years has demanded genuine tariff reform and which has been appeased only by a promise that legislation in harmony with its views would be enacted as soon as the new President assumed office. These men have quoted their party platform and the campaign utterances of Mr. Taft to prove that the country not only expected, but was promised, a material reduction in the duties now in force. They have shown that the Dingley rates were enacted for the purpose of materially aiding a business condition which had been seriously menaced by the Wilson-Gorman bill, and they have pointed out the fact that even President McKinley, the apostle of protection, realized that the rates were excessive and in almost the last utterance of his life suggested revision. It is true that President Roosevelt, although at heart a tariff reformer, did not, during his administration, take any definite steps toward revision, but rather acceded to the plea of the "stand-patters" that any change in the tariff at that time might prove a political error. At the same time, he promised tariff reform as soon as his Republican successor had been elected. The result of the campaign showed that the people wanted the tariff revised, but as the Republican orators had assured them would be the case, a tariff revised by the friends, and not the enemies of protection. No one to-day, except a few theoretical souls, desires or advocates free trade. There is, however, a very insistent demand everywhere that the enormously high duties, which have increased the cost of living and made millionaires out of the ultra-protected manufacturers, shall be reduced.

It is claimed by Mr. Aldrich that some material reductions have been made. This may be the case. No one unskilled in the *ad valorem* and specific duties which make the tariff law an enigma to the average person can undertake to determine whether the trusts are benefited or injured by the proposed rates. The fact remains, however, that there is a widespread belief that the reductions are more apparent than real, and that the favored manufacturers are to be left in the undisturbed enjoyment of their great profits. Senator Nelson, in fact, in a speech in the Senate, gave public notice to the commercial world that there need be no anxiety on the part of the manufacturers and, least of all, any cessation of business operations, because the tariff bill, when finally enacted into law, would not be lacking in a single iota of protection hitherto enjoyed. Senator Bristow, of Kansas, after a vain attempt to reduce the duty on refined sugar from the figures which Mr. Aldrich had incorporated in the measure, publicly called the attention of his colleagues to the fact that his failure had been followed by an advance of five points in sugar trust stock. Upon another occasion, when Mr. Aldrich had rebuked his in-

surgent brethren by asserting that they should have to explain their votes to their constituents, Senator Clapp, of Minnesota, instantly replied that it would be much more difficult for these Senators to explain the votes of other people—a remark which elicited so much applause from the crowd in the galleries that the Vice-President had to admonish the visitors that unless order was preserved the galleries would be cleared. It was in something of the same spirit that Senator Dolliver referred to Senator Lodge as one “who stands alone in a world where the consumer does not exist at all.”

So vigorously, not to say viciously, have these proposed schedules been attacked; so incisive have been the inquiries addressed to the Finance Committee; so positive have been the assertions that higher and not lower rates are being imposed upon the people, and so voluminous have been the facts and figures produced to support this assertion, that it will be difficult for the Republican speakers to go before the country in the next campaign and convince it that there has been a genuine downward revision. The difficulty will be greatly increased if, by the time the campaign opens, there has been no material lessening of the cost of living. Even those Republicans who, for the sake of party fealty, are supporting the new rates, appreciate the danger of the situation, and are anticipating the future with some concern. The opposing party has already been supplied with a vast amount of ammunition in the discussions which have marked the consideration of each schedule.

Up to the present time there has been no clamorous outcry against the Senate for devoting so much time to tariff debate. There seems to be a widespread appreciation of the true situation, which is that the bill is really undergoing its initial analysis. The House, having received the measure from the Ways and Means Committee, bolted it in ostrich fashion at a certain day on a certain hour. In the Senate, however, different methods obtain. In that body there is no previous question to compel an immediate vote and it is not only the right but the duty of every Senator to devote as much time to the consideration of each detail as is necessary to bring every fact to the surface. In the Senate, therefore, the bill has been considered by paragraphs. Mr. Aldrich has been asked to explain each and every figure, and upon his answers the votes of Republican Senators have in large measure depended. There has been opportunity to uncover the alleged iniquities of the bill and there has been more or less exposure of the close intimacy between the protected interests and the framers of the measure. No one can read the Congressional Record without coming to the conclusion that the time which has been devoted

by the Senate to the tariff schedules has not, with a few rare exceptions, been ill-spent. Some impatience has been manifested, of course; but this irritation is not to be found anywhere except among the manufacturers, who would like to perpetuate their desired monopolies without being subjected to embarrassing interrogations. The Democratic Senators have, to some extent, participated in the debate, but, as a matter of fact, the brunt of the attack upon the bill has been borne by the tariff reformers on the Republican side. Occasionally some of the Democrats have voted with the protectionist Republicans, as in the proposed duty on lumber, but in these cases the local consideration was very apparent. Indeed, the discussion has demonstrated the absolute truth of Hancock's once derided statement that the tariff is a local issue. West Virginia wants iron and coal protected; North Dakota demands a prohibitive duty against Canadian products; California urges a higher schedule upon citrous fruits; and, in fact, each State presents some especial article upon which increased rates would, it is claimed, contribute to its prosperity. A fair degree of protection which would benefit American producers is not, however, a legitimate subject of criticism. The schedules in the bill which are most vigorously assailed are those under which commercial monopolies have been created and under which they thrive at the expense of the consumer. It is claimed in the Senate, and the assertion will be repeated in the next campaign, that not a solitary trust will be injured in the slightest degree by any schedule in the proposed law.

There is another phase to the situation which will eventually require explanation. President Taft has submitted to Congress a message in which he suggests a tax on the profits of corporations. There is no question that a lower tariff will produce an adequate revenue for governmental necessities. It is evident, therefore, that the tariff which is to be enacted into law will be as practically prohibitive as the rates which now prevail and will not produce sufficient revenue. As soon as the consideration of the bill in detail shall have been concluded, the Senate will take up the corporation tax and income tax amendments; and while the latter will in all probability be defeated, the discussion will not be without its substantial value. It will show that a goodly proportion of the Senate is in favor of relieving the consumer of some of the burdens which now so heavily press upon him; and it does not require the gift of prophecy to predict that in the near future, unless present conditions shall be changed, this minority will be turned into a majority and the weight of taxation will be more evenly distributed. In the meantime it behooves those Senators who are closely allied with protected interests to remem-

ber that already the proposition to elect Senators by popular vote commands more support than any other question which involves a change in our federal constitution. It is not, in my judgment, a wise suggestion. It is totally at variance with the admirable plan upon which our Government is founded; and yet, if there should be a widespread belief that it presents the only way in which the public weal can best be served, it will be forced upon the country. The issue can and will be avoided if popular trust in the Senate is not shattered by a tariff bill which panders to the trusts and continues the present era of high prices for the necessities of life. It is worth while to repeat, therefore, at the conclusion of this article, the opening statement that it may or may not be fortunate that the Senate contains at the present time an overwhelming Republican majority. It is a majority which gives to Mr. Aldrich absolute control of the situation, but it is also a majority upon which a grave responsibility rests. Its work upon the tariff bill is to be judged by the country in the approaching campaign. It has the opportunity to continue the Republican party in authority for an indefinite period, but it may also hurl that party to ignominious defeat.

In the tariff bill now pending in the Senate lies hidden the weal or woe of the political organization now apparently so strongly intrenched in power. It is this fact which invests the debate with serious significance. Nor will the question be finally answered by the passage of the bill. There are a million courts of appeal in the ballot-boxes of the land.

Henry Litchfield West.

TRANS LIMINE

BY BRIAN HOOKER

STRANGE, that the thing I am should know
 The fulness and the perfect flower
 Of that old self, long lives ago! . . .
 —It must be, when the flesh has died,
 The soul turns sunward a new side,
 And old lights darken. So that hour
 By its own soul-fire glimmers through—
 I wrought such glory out of you
 As death was frail to overpower!

I was just entering the hall
To greet my captive. . . . All before
Blurs into gloom beyond recall—
Until I see you standing there,
The slant light maddened in your hair,
And in your eyes no fear. Once more
I breathe deep, hear my scabbard ring
On the brown stones, and feel the sting
Of the salt breeze through the high door.

I claimed you mine. You railed and scoffed.
—Your lover must be near at last—
And all the while I thought how soft
That grand white breast of yours would feel
Close-crushed against my linked steel. . . .
You laughed. A sudden passion-blast
Shook all my blood into one fire,
And in a glory of desire
I caught at you, and held you fast.

Under my kisses and my strength
You raved. Almost I feared you, when
You tried to blind me. Then, at length
You changed. The hero-mother rose
Into your golden eyes; close, close
You held me, kissed me once—and then
Folk shouted, and a trumpet blew
Loudly. I reeled forth, drunk with you,
To struggle in the press of men.

They must have slain me in that fight,
There was a ship with a high prow,
And a man's face, foam-lipped and white. . . .
Then the veil falls, and leaves me—here:
Worthless, with none to hold me dear,
No quiet hand upon my brow—
I am but half a man alone! . . .
And you, that once were all my own,
Ah, Golden-Eyes, where are you now?

Brian Hooker.

THE PATENT SYSTEM IN ITS RELATION TO INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT¹

BY FREDERICK P. FISH

IN an address at Springfield, Illinois, delivered in February, 1860, Abraham Lincoln said:

I have already intimated my opinion that in the world's history certain inventions and discoveries occurred of peculiar value, on account of their great efficiency in facilitating all other inventions and discoveries. Of these were the art of writing and of printing, the discovery of America, and the introduction of patent laws.

While other episodes in the history of the human race might well be added to the list, there can be no doubt that Lincoln was right in including the introduction of patent laws as an incident of prime importance. As he states later in his address—"The patent system . . . added the fuel of interest to the fire of genius in the discovery and production of new and useful things."

Those who framed the constitution of the United States recognized, with characteristic wisdom, the importance of encouraging industrial development. It is interesting to note that a proposition was before the convention that prepared the constitution, by which Congress would have been empowered "to establish public institutions, rewards and immunities for the promotion of agriculture, commerce and manufactures." This broad but vague provision was not adopted. In its place, we find in the constitution that authority is given to Congress "to promote the progress of science and the useful arts, by securing for limited terms to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries."

Whatever may be its merit as a whole, there can be no question as to the singular completeness and adequacy of the simple clause which I have just quoted and upon which our patent system is based. Acting in harmony with the spirit as well as the letter of the constitutional provision, Congress has adopted a scheme of patent protection the wisdom of which has been shown by the results. No one can say how ineffective the clause might have proved if it and the legislation under it had been construed and applied by unwise judges; but the great jurists, from Marshall down, who have developed and fixed the meaning and spirit of

¹Reprinted, with some omissions, by courtesy of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

other parts of the constitution, have applied to this section, with the most satisfactory results, the patriotic and far-sighted intelligence that characterized all their work.

We all know generally the development of the provision of the constitution under the influence of friendly public opinion, sympathetic legislation, and strong, intelligent and comprehensive, judicial interpretation. We have to-day a patent system which is generally regarded as the best in the world. Under this system, applied science and the useful arts have been promoted as in no other country and at no other period in the world's history.

Much may be said of some assumed abstract quality in the American mind and temperament which has led to our marvellous industrial development of the last century. Many reasons may be given for the existence of the quality that has made this progress possible. It may be referred to climate, to the influence of democratic institutions, to our system of education, to the fact that we as a community are made up of the more enterprising off-shoots of many races that have here met and under our unique conditions have developed new capacities. There may be a certain amount of truth in each or all of these hypotheses. None of them, however, seems adequately to explain the result, nor are any of these considerations so related to some or all of the others as to make it by any means certain that it is for any such reason that we have advanced in industrial achievement by leaps and bounds. During the period of our greatest development, namely, during the last fifty years, we have been closely associated with all the other great nations of the civilized world. They have known of us and of our work. We have known of them and of their work. There has been a constant interchange of ideas, methods and products of manufacture between one country and another. I doubt if any of us, in view of our knowledge of and relations with the English, French, Germans and Italians, can be satisfied that we have done such great things industrially because of our peculiar situation or by reason of any of the special conditions above referred to.

There can be no doubt, however, that we have had a different patent system administered in a different spirit. Is it not reasonable to believe that this is at least the most important advantage we have had in our industrial work, and that because of it more than because of any other consideration, we have attained our great success in applied science and the practical arts? I am quite prepared to admit that many other considerations may have played an important part in our development, but it seems to me certain that that development is largely due to the special character of our patent system and its efficiency in encouraging invention.

What is our patent system, not merely as a statute or provision of law, but in its relation to actual affairs? When stripped of all the many refinements that are necessary for its practical application and administration, and when regarded in the simple form in which it is apprehended and appreciated by the millions of people in our community who know of it and are interested in it, our scheme of patent protection amounts simply to the grant to one who has had the intelligence and skill to make an improvement in the useful arts which involves invention, of the exclusive right, for the term of seventeen years, to make, use and sell that which he has discovered, invented or designed. Almost every one in the country knows this much of the characteristics of an American patent. Every one who has any information on the subject at all, also knows that this absolute right to exclude every one else from making, using and selling the patented thing for the term of seventeen years is one that may be exercised and enjoyed by the patentee exactly as he pleases. He may himself work under the patent. He may sell the entire patent. He may sell a part interest in the patent. He may grant licenses in any form he chooses to any number of people, provided his licenses are consistent with each other. He may give one a right to use only; another a right to manufacture and sell. He may give to one a right, exclusive or non-exclusive, to apply the invention in one field and to another an equally valid right, exclusive or non-exclusive, to apply it in another field. There is no limit to the inventor's absolute control of the thing that he has invented, within the limits of honesty and fair dealing imposed by law generally on all transactions.

Moreover, every one knows that the cost of taking a patent is ordinarily not great and that once the patent is granted, it remains in force for seventeen years without any further expense to the patentee. He is not obliged to work under the patent, nor is he obliged to make any use at all of the invention unless he chooses. The law recognizes that such a requirement is not needed. Self-interest and a desire to get a return from the invention will be quite enough to stimulate the inventor or patentee to effort, and to insure commercial development of his invention, if it has any value. At the end of the term, the patented invention is free for all to use.

If capacity for invention can be stimulated at all, there could be no more effective means of exciting it to the utmost than the opportunity of securing just this reward which our patent system gives. Every one of our industrial workers, and a vast number who are not engaged in industrial effort, know that if one has a new idea in any of the useful arts, which amounts to invention, one may monopolize that idea for the term of seven-

teen years. Short as is this period measured by some standards, it seems and is long as compared with the period of the activity of the individual. The inventor may recognize that there is no immediate market for his invention. If, however, he feels that his idea is a good one, he will work it out and patent it with the hope, amounting in most cases to a belief, that during the seventeen years of the life of the patent the art will develop so as to make his idea of value to him. If he is a poor man absolutely unable to go into business on his own account, he feels that if he gets his patent, he has a substantial length of time during which he may seek for help in the commercial introduction of his invention, work up enthusiasm for its exploitation, find a purchaser for it or licensees who will work under it. The manufacturer who is not only concerned with the successful application of his present industrial methods but is looking forward to their improvement, or who is seeking for new things to manufacture, is ready to take hold of new ideas, whether developed in or outside of his own factory, to experiment with them at a large expense and to secure a patent on them, even though he knows that he cannot immediately utilize them. He is glad to take the chance that years later the ideas which he thus controls may fit into his industry and become of profit to him for part of the seventeen years during which he controls them. The capitalist, large or small, always ready to risk his money in the chance of a substantial return, will take up with a new invention even if he clearly sees that years, during which his disappointments may be great and his expenditures large, are sure to elapse before he can hope to make the fortune which he is after, for he believes that his time for profit will come during the latter years of the seventeen-year term of the patent. The result is that there is the strongest stimulus to manufacturers, employees and capitalists, and even to those who are not directly in touch with industrial operations, to seek out new ideas, new devices, new methods and new structures and to patent them, because they have the assurance that if the patent is once obtained, the invention will be controlled absolutely for the term of seventeen years, during which it may have value, and that if at any time during those seventeen years there is a demand for it, it can be handled, as a matter of right, in that way which is most advantageous to the owner. Under these circumstances they are willing to take large chances.

Almost every one knows the uncertainties of patents and patent enterprises. Almost every one appreciates, what is probably the case, that the greater number of patents never prove to be of value. No one may find it profitable to use the invention for which a patent is taken. Many enter-

prises, based upon patents, fail for one reason or another. But the chances of success, even if they are no more certain than in the case of those who seek for gold in the bowels of the earth, are quite sufficient to justify even the most prosaic man in an enthusiastic effort to promote the useful arts if he has the inventive faculty himself, or to contribute his time or his money to such promotion, as manufacturer, business man, or capitalist, if he comes in contact with an invention that seems to him promising.

As a rule, the systems of foreign patent law are less liberal than ours. The term of the patent is often less than seventeen years. It is sometimes more expensive to secure the patent, and not infrequently, after the patent is once obtained, the inventor cannot look forward, as he can in this country, to enjoying the right to his monopoly for the term of the patent on exactly the basis he chooses. In some countries he has to face the payment of onerous fees annually or at an interval of a few years, and if such payments are due at a time when he is out of funds or discouraged, as all patentees and patent owners are likely to be even if the invention is one of great merit and sure to be ultimately successful, the patent may be lost for non-payment of the fees. In some countries, the patentee or those interested in the invention have to look forward to the forfeiture of the patent if there is no manufacture under it within a certain limited and often a very short period. It may well be that this period will expire before the art is ready for the invention or before the invention is commercially perfected or before capital can be secured for its development. In some countries the owner of the patent may be forced to grant licenses, the terms of which are fixed without his consent, and be thereby deprived of that control of the invention which is essential to its profitable exploitation.

I believe that if any such provisions had become part of our American patent system there would have been nothing like the same effort on the part of our people to promote the progress of the useful arts as has characterized them from the beginning, and particularly during the last fifty years.

Even as it is, there is discouragement enough to our inventors and patentees. Although our patent system is, in my opinion, the best in the world, the administration of it in the Patent Office and in the courts involves difficulties and annoyances to the patent owner which in some cases seem to him intolerable. For example, no one can be sure that the patent which he gets is valid, nor as to its scope. The Patent Office does admirable work but, of course, sometimes errs, and the entire art cannot be known to it. The uncertainty in the application of the law to the facts, which is naturally greater in patent causes than in most branches

of the law, makes it a difficult matter to foresee how a patent will be viewed and construed by the courts and leads to more or less conflict in judicial decisions. This is a great evil, affecting not only the owners of patents but the public generally, which is unable to come to a sound conclusion as to its rights even when acting under the advice of competent counsel. What will be the finding of the courts on questions of validity and scope cannot be foreseen. The methods of taking testimony in patent causes are cumbersome and expensive. It seems certain that an intelligent and well-directed effort on the part of the patent bar and the courts could bring about a reform in this direction.

Such evils characterize the practical operation of all human institutions. We can only hope to minimize them.

It is not at all impossible that the establishment of a single Appellate Court to take the place of the nine independent Courts of Appeal now existing would go a long way toward helping the situation. Such a court would surely bring about harmony of judicial decisions to an extent that does not now exist. It could also criticise intelligently and forcibly the present methods of taking testimony, and stimulate the inferior courts and the bar to deal wisely with this important matter.

The Patent Office can undoubtedly be organized to do more effective work in its examination of applications. On its judicial side in interference controversies, where it has an organized machinery for trying out cases of priority of invention, there is the same cumbersome and expensive procedure that characterizes trials in court, with the added hardship of an excessive number of appeals. This also could and should be reformed.

The difficulties of the American inventor and patent owner, great as they are, and they have been so great as to lead some to express disgust with the entire patent system, are due not to the law but almost altogether to defects, some of which can never be eliminated, in the ancillary machinery of the law; and although inventors, patentees and the owners of patents have in individual cases undoubtedly suffered hardship from the inadequacy of the procedure devised to secure and to maintain the rights vested in them under the constitution, if we look at the matter in a large way there is no doubt whatever that the patent system of the United States has to a notable extent stimulated invention and encouraged and rewarded inventors.

In criticising the procedure of the courts and of the Patent Office, we must not overlook the inherent difficulties of the situation. The problem is so complex and the administrative machinery has grown up under such conditions, that it is almost wonderful that a more serious situation has

not developed. It is to be deplored that there is so much expense, trouble and uncertainty in the administration of the patent system, but it would be much more unfortunate if the law was wrong or if there was, in general, substantial injustice in the grant of patents or the protection of rights and of industries carried on under patents. This I am sure is not the case.

It is easy to find fault with the courts and the Patent Office for apparent or real error in special cases or for ineffective and cumbrous organization and methods of procedure. All human institutions are subject to the same criticism. I am glad, however, to have the opportunity of expressing my own belief, that the Patent Office of the United States, hampered as it has been by inadequate appropriations, insufficient facilities and the pressure of work that has increased faster than the organization necessary to handle that work could be developed, has been, on the whole, more efficient than any other administrative department of our Government. Of one thing I am sure, that in no department has there been greater intelligence or greater honesty and sincerity of purpose. Further, I believe that nearly all who are competent to judge, agree with me that the work of the United States courts in patent causes has been of a high order and is entitled to great praise. There has never been a question as to the good intention of those courts and the certainty of their earnest effort to apply and develop, logically and fairly, the constitutional theory upon which our patent system is based. It has not been much of a disadvantage to the patent system or to patentees that the judges have as a rule had no special technical training. Their lack of such training has simply made their work more strenuous. While undoubtedly, as in all other branches of the law, cases relating to letters patent have been wrongly decided, the conclusions of the courts of the United States on patent matters as expressed in the recorded opinions, have been characterized to a marked degree by a sympathy with the spirit of the constitution and the law, and by an intelligent and straightforward application of principles to facts of an unusually difficult and complicated character. The record is most creditable.

But whatever discouragement to invention exists by reason of imperfections in the work of the Patent Office and of the courts, it is a matter of common knowledge that we in this country have the benefit of a patent law which stimulates and encourages invention to a marked degree. The condition of our industries as compared with those in other countries is proof of this, and proof of a higher order than any statistics that are available. What statistics there are, serve only to confirm this view. For example, in 1903, the last year for which I am able to get

information as to all the countries, there were issued in the United States 31,046 patents (50,213 applications were filed in that year), while in the three other great industrial countries, England, France and Germany, there were issued in the aggregate 36,110 patents.

It is a familiar proposition that patent protection exists primarily, not for the benefit of the inventor, but for the benefit of the community. It is easy to argue that an inventor should have a property right in his invention, exactly as an author should be allowed to control for his own benefit, his ideas and form of literary expression, which he is under no obligation to give to the public. We all instinctively feel the justice of such a contention. But the right of the inventor as well as of the author, so far as it exists in theory, is of no value to him unless protected by a definite rule of law, and the extent and character of the protection to be granted is to be determined by the community in view of its own interests. If it were the sentiment of the people that an author should have no other protection than the exclusive right to his work prior to publication, and that the right of the inventor should be limited to the monopoly of his invention so long as he could maintain it as a trade secret, the sole ground upon which law or legislation to that effect could be properly criticised would be as to its wisdom or expediency. Exactly as the whole civilized world has come to the conclusion that the author's abstract right should be recognized by securing to him a monopoly of his publications for a limited time under conditions more or less wise and liberal in the different countries, and this not merely or so much with the view of rewarding the author as to encourage authorship, so the patent systems of the world agree in giving legal sanction to property in inventions, partly because of the feeling that the inventor has some abstract right in them, but for the most part as a matter of public policy to stimulate and secure the promotion of the useful arts.

It is not alone by the specific disclosure of particular inventions that the public gains from our patent system. Inasmuch as a United States patent is particularly attractive because of the fact that the expense of getting it is ordinarily not great, and when once obtained there are no further payments to make, and no danger of forfeiture for non-working or for any other reason, so that the patentee has the legal right to control his invention and utilize it as he pleases for his own advantage for the term of seventeen years, most of the important and significant inventions made anywhere in the civilized world are likely to be patented in this country and thus disclosed to our manufacturers, inventors and technical men soon after they are made. The Official Gazette of the United States Patent Office prints every week the claims of all the patents issued

in that week. Copies of each patent may be obtained for five cents each. The result is that in every art there are many who read every patent relating directly or indirectly to their work. Thus all new ideas are promptly circulated throughout the community and immediately brought home to those who are capable of apprehending them and working from them.

Every invention is potentially the cause of others. The study of a new idea, whether developed in England, France or Germany, or the United States, when explained in a patent, excites many persons not merely to improve upon the specific form in which that idea is embodied in the patent, but to work out alternative schemes for accomplishing the same result. It is not infrequent that the reading of a patent specification leads to the invention of an important improvement in a radically different direction, because of the train of ideas which arises in the mind of the reader and which might never have been excited except for the disclosure of the patent. Our patent system, therefore, does not merely stimulate invention by promise of reward, but it affords a basis for new ideas by bringing to those who have the inventive faculty just the kind of information and inspiration needed to start them on lines of thought or of investigation that will lead to the promotion of the useful arts.

It is sometimes suggested that our patent system should discriminate against foreigners. The policy of our law from the beginning has been almost without exception directly the other way. I am satisfied that there should be no change in this policy. Not only is our industrial progress stimulated by that immediate knowledge which we get from the patenting in this country of inventions made in foreign countries, as to which we otherwise might not be informed for years, but the issue of such patents gives our industries the benefit of the use of inventions made abroad much earlier than would otherwise be the case.

Sometimes we buy or take licenses under the patents granted to foreigners. Sometimes, although less frequently, the foreigner establishes an industry in this country; but in all cases we get an early knowledge of the foreign work that is of great value as an exciting cause of further invention.

The extent to which, in the aggregate, inventors and those who supply the capital necessary for the development of inventions actually make a profit out of patents in this country is an open question. It may well be that there has been a loss rather than a gain from patents to the individuals who have secured and worked under them. That the community is the gainer from the patent system is altogether clear.

Let us consider for a moment the way in which work is done and applied science and the useful arts are promoted under the stimulus of our patent system.

Those who invent may be divided roughly into classes. The first to which I shall refer comprises the individual inventors to whom once or several times in the course of their lives occurs an idea that seems likely to be of value in the industries. Such an inventor may be of any station in life or of any occupation. The idea may be suggested to him by his work or by accident. If he has faith in it, he develops it, puts it into practical form, either on paper or by actual experiment or construction, and patents it, making in the specification of his patent the full disclosure of it that the law requires. He gets nothing by his patent except the right, for seventeen years, to exclude others from making, using or selling his invention except on terms satisfactory to him. Frequently he is without means. Sometimes he has business experience and capacity, but often he is utterly incapable of developing or handling a business enterprise. Sometimes he is in such relations to others as to know where capital and business experience are available for promoting the particular invention he has made. Not infrequently, he has not the remotest idea where he can find either. In this matter, a great deal depends upon whether his invention is one definitely germane to an existing art, or radically new or at variance with the prevailing methods and tendencies of the industry to which it is related. Sometimes he is himself without capacity to put his new idea into commercial shape where it will be of value to the community, and has to secure the help of engineers or inventors of a more practical turn of mind before his invention is embodied in a form which has any real utility.

The value to him and to the community of a patent issued to such an inventor depends as much on the inventor's skill or good fortune in introducing his invention into actual use as upon the merits of the invention.

It is probable that the vast majority of patents issued are of no real importance. Many of them are for definitely worse contrivances or distinctly more inefficient ways of getting at the result than others already in existence. Many are based upon radically wrong principles, although they seem to involve ideas that are not only practically effective but brilliant in their ingenuity. Frequently an invention is made years before the art is ready for it, and even the most diligent and intelligent efforts cannot advance the art to the point where it will utilize the invention. In many, and perhaps in most cases, the commercial success to be obtained in working out any specific patented invention is a gamble only compar-

able to the gamble of the mining promoter who seeks to develop a new mine from surface indications.

The invention of the telephone was made by an individual inventor whose name will be forever famous in the annals of science and industry. While the result of that invention has been the creation of one of the most far-reaching and important pieces of our modern industrial and social machinery, it is easy for those who are familiar with its early history to see that it might have failed to secure any recognition except as a scientific toy. While the greatest credit is due to Professor Bell for his invention, it is almost equally to his credit that within a comparatively short time after he had solved the problem of the electrical transmission of speech, the wonderful possibilities involved in that invention were definitely foreseen by him at a time when few men had even a glimmering of its real commercial importance. In spite of Professor Bell's clearness of vision, the development of the invention might have been indefinitely postponed; in fact, it might never have become such an important part of our social and industrial machinery, if he had not been fortunate enough to find, while his patent was still young, the right capitalists and the right business men to do the work of organizing, developing and financing the industry.

Sometimes these individual inventors find their capacity for originating new ideas so great that they adopt invention as their profession. Of this class of inventors Mr. Edison is perhaps the most conspicuous. It is unnecessary to remind the reader of the wonderful fertility of his inventive genius or the wide range in which he has done marvellous work for the advancement of the useful arts.

Such professional inventors occasionally work with their own capital, and some of them show capacity for embodying their inventions in practical form and the requisite business ability to direct to a greater or less extent the commercial introduction of their inventions. But this is not always the case, and with them, as with other classes of inventors, it is generally essential that their inventive faculty should be supplemented by the capital and business energy as well as the technical and inventive skill of others, in order that the joint efforts of all concerned may result in a real improvement in the useful arts.

With them as with the man who makes but one invention, it is only because of the protection afforded by the patent system of the United States, that capital and business experience can be diverted from standard occupations to the chances of an enterprise based upon new inventions. There are too many well-known instances of the absolute failure of what seems a promising invention to make it possible to attract capital

and business ability to the inventor's support unless, because of patent protection, there seems to be an opportunity to secure a return commensurate with the risk involved.

The history of the telephone industry also affords an illustration of the activities of another conspicuous class of inventors, whose work under the protection of the patent system of the United States is most effective, and of the conditions under which they make their contributions to the progress of the useful arts.

The business men and capitalists who took hold of the telephone enterprise in the early days would never have risked their time, energy and money, if they had not believed that by reason of their fundamental patent they could exclude all the people of the United States from making, using or vending telephones without their consent, not for a period too short for effective work, but for one that was reasonably long, namely, seventeen years. They undoubtedly foresaw, although very inadequately, that the business upon which they were entering would be full of disappointments; that only by the exercise of the utmost ability and energy could it be made to succeed; that a very great investment would be required; that large sums would have to be spent in engineering and in perfecting apparatus and that they would have to run the risk of judicial decisions as to the validity and scope of their patent. In going on with the enterprise, they took their chances with all these contingencies, hoping and believing that, in spite of them, they would secure an adequate profit.

From the very beginning it was clear that the telephone invention in and of itself could be of value only when supplemented by many other inventions which would be found necessary in the effort to make the main invention commercially effective.

Because the business men of the organization knew that suitable apparatus must be developed, and that every added invention would strengthen their position not only during the seventeen years of the main patent but during the seventeen years term of each and every one of the patents taken out on subsidiary methods and devices invented during the progress of commercial development, one of the first steps taken was to organize a corps of inventive engineers whose duty it was to make every effort to perfect and improve the telephone system in all directions, first, that it might become of greater commercial value; and, secondly, that by securing accessory inventions, possession of the field might be retained as far as possible and for as long a time as possible. The result has been a very great number of patents taken by the engineers and inventors of the Bell company for inventions in, or relating to, telephones or tele-

phonic apparatus. Moreover, the patents of others were studied with the utmost care and an innumerable number of outside inventors found a ready market for patents which they secured on their contributions to the telephone art. It is not impossible that nine-tenths of the patents so acquired were for inventions which proved to be of no real importance in the development of the art; but taken all together they have made the mechanism of the business and have given us the wonderful system of telephonic intercommunication that we have to-day. Without the stimulus afforded by the patent laws of the United States, it seems to me certain that the telephone art would not have attained its present situation in the social and industrial organization of to-day, in many times the number of years that have elapsed since Professor Bell's invention.

In the same way, in practically every manufacturing and technical organization in the United States, careful attention is given to the promotion of the particular art, whatever it may be, by the employment of men who have shown the requisite capacity to make inventions relating to the special industry. Many such inventors are under definite contract to assign their inventions to their employer, receiving compensation for this sort of work either directly or in the form of a salary. If the individual workman in such an establishment who is not under contract makes an invention, it is apt to be acquired as part of a general policy which the employer has adopted and to which the employees have assented, on terms that are agreed upon.

Very many of these inventions make no real impression upon the art and are simply a source of expense and annoyance to the manufacturer. The justification of the manufacturer for the outlay, and the energy devoted to invention in his establishment, is found in a general advance in the quality and character of his output and in economies and improvements in operation, the specific value of which cannot be estimated, but whose general importance is very great.

I have in mind a particular business enterprise based upon patents which will in a short time, by the introduction of new machinery, have released the labor of not less than 100,000 skilled operatives in this country for other kinds of work than that upon which they were formerly engaged. I knew of the inventions upon which this enterprise is based from the time of their inception. It occurred to an experienced manufacturer, not himself an inventor, that there could be a revolutionary improvement in a certain standard machine. He employed skilled mechanics of inventive capacity to work upon an idea, not in itself involving invention, which he was able to state to them with sufficient clearness. One set of machinery after another was devised, constructed and thrown

into the scrap heap. Finally, after the expenditure of more than \$300,000, the manufacturer was able to put his first machine into commercial use. More than a million dollars had been invested in the enterprise before there began to be any return. Repeatedly since then very large expenditures have been required to secure further inventions needed to perfect the apparatus. Although the enterprise to-day is a great success, changes are still constantly made in the mechanism, for which changes patents are taken.

If it had not been for the patent system of the United States, the manufacturer would never have even contemplated the development of this machine. If there had been any provision in the statutes by which any patent which he acquired would have been forfeited unless manufacture under it had begun within a relatively short time, as is the law in Germany and elsewhere, he would not have touched the enterprise.

No statistics are available on the point, but it is my own impression that there is no valid foundation for the suggestion that inventors are not adequately compensated. It is undoubtedly the case that in individual instances, meritorious inventors fail to secure all to which it might be said that they were fairly entitled as a reward for their work. It is equally true that other things than merit determine to a large extent the reward of the professional man, the artist, the architect and the engineer. It probably would not require very close analysis to show that in very many cases the material reward of the business man and the capitalist is not at all proportionate to his individual merit. Accident, opportunity and particularly the fitness of the particular man for the special environment in which he happens to find himself, have much to do with all forms of reward that come to men, whether in the goods of the world or in reputation. This is as true of the inventor as of other men; but taking inventors as a whole, I do not believe that they have cause to complain.

To many of them their inventive capacity is part of their stock in trade. Because they can invent, they receive substantially more by way of salary and standing than would otherwise be the case; as do those who are deft in the use of tools or who show skill as designers or capacity as salesmen. In many instances, some of which have come to my personal attention, the inventor is the only one who has made any profit out of an enterprise based on patents, his associates, the capitalist and the business man, having suffered great loss. In other instances, both the inventor and his associates have been adequately compensated.

In dealing with this whole question we are apt to overlook the fact that by far the greater number of inventions, particularly at this late stage of the older arts, are mere details of improvement or alternative de-

vices or methods from which, regarded specifically, no large amount of profit can be made by any one. Such inventions are valuable only as incidents to a manufacture. They cannot be segregated and appraised independently.

In spite of occasional cases of hardship such as occur in every business and profession, I believe that the ordinary social and business principles which, irrespective of the patent law, determine the distribution of the profits of invention between the inventor, the capitalist and the business man, result in securing to the inventor, on the average, as large a portion of that to which he would be entitled under ideal conditions (such as never can be attained) as come to any other workman in our vast industrial army.

In this paper I have not undertaken to deal with the many special features of our patent system which are of great interest, nor to point out to any extent the details in which according to my own opinion the law is defective or capable of improvement. It is quite probable that the amendments to the law which I should advocate would be as unwise and ineffective, in my opinion, as most of those suggested by others. I have only sought to call attention to some of the underlying principles at the basis of our patent policy and to show how those principles seem to me to work in practice. If I am right in my belief that we have a fair and reasonable patent system which promotes the progress of the useful arts more effectively than any other that has been devised, and that to the beneficent operation of our law is due to a large extent our recognized position of supremacy in the industries, I trust that the reader will agree with me that our system of patent protection is entitled to that hearty support and friendly consideration which I believe it to have generally throughout the United States. No human institution or human law is perfect. We all know that there are some provisions in our patent statutes that might perhaps be amended to advantage. We all know that our patent laws, like all other laws, work hardship in special cases. We all know that sometimes they result in individual instances of injustice, although it is more than probable that there would be a great divergence of opinion as to the particular cases in which there was such injustice. Generally speaking, however, it seems clear that in their present form and with their present spirit as they have been developed and applied by the courts, they are among the most effective agents for the promotion of our national and individual prosperity and as such are entitled to the cordial support of all.

Frederick P. Fish.

THE HERITAGE

BY EDWARD BLISS REED

FROM the drear North, a cold and cheerless land,
Our fathers sprang.
They drove no flocks to crop the tender grass,
They gazed on lonely moor, on deep morass,
And wintry skies whence, to their viking band,
The raven sang.

O'er flowerless lands the storm-tossed forests threw
A gloomy pall.
On treacherous seas they raised their plundering sail,
Fought with the waves, outrode the Northern gale,
High over head the startled sea gulls flew
With clamoring call.

They heard the breakers smite the quivering shore
With thunder roll.
No songs they knew to greet the Harvest wain
In happy fields rich with the ripened grain;
Stern was their world, a sorrow stern they bore
Deep in the soul.

Through countless years, faint memories of their times
Will oft awake.
From waves and shifting sands, their resting place,
The Norsemen send us, offspring of their race,
Dimly remembered dreams, like minster chimes
Heard o'er a lake.

So come dark moments, when in this green land
Norsemen are we.
And crave the sorrow of the leafless wood,
Or seek some barren dune's gray solitude
To hear bleak winds go moaning down the sand,
By the wild sea.

Edward Bliss Reed.

THE NEW INTERNATIONALISM

BY PAUL S. REINSCH

AMONG men of affairs the generous ideal of world unity and peace is still generally looked upon as a golden dream. The historic experience of generations has accustomed men to think in terms of national sovereignty and to see in national life, rich with the color of varied experience, the final form of human civilization. It seems to accord with what is called the ineradicable basis of human nature that national differences should exist and that they should express themselves in mutually exclusive fashion. So the thought of world unity seems to lack relation to actual facts—it is at best a guiding hope, a generous aspiration by which the harshness of competition and strife may in ordinary times be smoothed over a little. So even the men who are called to do the constructive work in international relations often accept the idea of universal peace only as “the bright star which we shall never reach though it will always guide us”—to use the words of the president of the Second Hague Conference. This platonic enthusiasm frequently found among men of action may be accounted for partly by the trained conservatism of their nature which leads them to take only one step at a time and never to rush with outspread arms toward an ideal which their souls might divine but which their caution views with doubt. But more specifically their attitude is due to the fact that in the past the ideal of peace has assumed the character of a poetical abstraction—a prophetic vision of a new world—devoid of direct relation to the living facts and pulsating energies of actual existence. Based upon the formal and abstract concept of humanity, developed by the rationalism of the eighteenth century, it has assumed men capable to cut loose from all the customs and interests of their traditional life, and to be directly, as reasoning beings, impelled to world-wide unity. The world-state above—the rational individual below—and between them nothing but a generous enthusiasm to uphold so vast a structure. It is indeed the privilege of human existence that we may be roused and impelled by generous appeals, but to lift all the conditions of our being to a higher plane—abandoning the inherited customs and institutions, that involves more complex activities and changes than the mere acceptance, intellectually, of an exalted thought. The true constructive force was lacking in the older cosmopolitanism—in its attempt to create a new basis for human life, it cast aside and spurned all the relations and institutions in which our national and communal life has had its being. But man lacks the constancy of effort to

hold himself permanently upon the height of a purely rational ideal—his nature must be raised through many degrees of institutional life, from the narrow limits of personality, to the broad aims of civilization.

These thoughts are suggested as we compare the pacifism and cosmopolitanism of the recent past with the world organization movement of the present. Our age is realistic and practical—its concepts are positive and concrete. The high ideals, which it is conceiving, it views—not as cloud castles—but as mountain tops soaring aloft in untarnished beauty, but resting upon an immovable and massive foundation. As we view human life in all its complexity, we appreciate the value of all those forms of association, local and national, which the past has so laboriously evolved. It is not for us to throw them on the rubbish heap of worn-out machinery. They are forms of life which manifest themselves independently of our theories. So we recognize their validity, and seek the way to transform the social and political energies thus concentrated for the accomplishment of still higher aims. The barren ideal of no war, no patriotism, no local interest—has given way to a potent centripetal force. We are building up co-operation, in constantly widening circles—transcending national boundaries—becoming a universal joint effort—not to establish an abstract ideal, but to co-operate in all the varied and absorbing interests and pursuits that occupy mankind. World-wide co-operation in all human activities—each interest expanding its field of action until it has filled the limits of the globe—that is the tendency of to-day. Universal co-operation is the watchword which stands for positive action, for the development of concrete facts in human life which correspond to the actual needs in our economic and social order. For this purpose adequate institutions are to be created so as to take international action out of the field of resolutions and to make it a part of the realities of human life. The void which the old cosmopolitan ideal left between the individual and humanity is thus being filled up by the creation of living institutions through which the individual may gradually learn to co-operate, in many groups, with all his fellow-men.

The most important fact of which we have become conscious in our generation is that the unity of the world is real. The most remote parts of the earth are being made accessible. The great economic and financial system by which the resources of the earth are being developed is centralized. The psychological unity of the world is being prepared by the service of news and printed discussions, by which in the space of one day or week the same events are reported to all the readers from Buenos Ayres to Tokio and from Cape Town to San Francisco. The same political dramas evoke our interest, the same catastrophes compel

our sympathy, the same scientific achievements make us rejoice, the same great public figures people our imagination. That such a unity of thought and feeling is drawing after it a unity of action is plainly apparent. Our destiny is a common one; whatever may happen to the nations of Africa and Asia affects *our* life. Should great natural disasters devastate or wars disorganize these distant societies, we ourselves must bear a part of the burden. Nor is there any development or advance in the perfective arts of civilization, the conditions and processes which make industry profitable and life agreeable, but that we ourselves shall share in the benefits. Science knows no natural boundaries. What is achieved in Berlin, Paris, or Rome to-day is to-morrow a part of the scientific capital of all the world. The positive ideal of the world to-day is undoubtedly that the whole earth shall become a field of action open to every man and that all the advantages which may be secured by the efforts of humanity throughout the world must accrue to the citizens of each individual nation. In this new grouping of social and economic life, the national state will indeed continue to hold a prominent place, but public and associative action will be dominated by forces and considerations which are broader than national life. Co-operation is the key to life and society. Neither the individual nor the nation is self-sufficing. There is a broader life; there are broader interests and more far-reaching activities surrounding national life in which it must participate in order to develop to the full its own nature and satisfy completely its many needs. Even as the individual receives from society both protection and stimulus, so the nation would suffer intolerable disadvantages were it to exclude itself from world intercourse.

But if you have not intently followed the recent development of international action you may be inclined to regard these things as important elements indeed in human thought, but not as productive of world-wide action. Yet the world of international organization is an accomplished fact. The idea of cosmopolitanism is no longer a castle in the air, but it has become incorporated in numerous associations and unions, world-wide in their operation. Nor are these merely manifested in Congresses where tendencies and aims are discussed, and resolutions voted. No, they have been provided with a permanent organization, with executive bureaus, with arbitration tribunals, with legislative commissions and assemblies of international unions, composed of private individuals, united for the advancement of industry, commerce, or scientific work. There are no less than 150, all provided with a permanent form of organization. But the national governments themselves have recognized the necessity for international action, and have combined among themselves

to further all those activities which cannot be adequately protected or advanced by isolated States. There are in existence over sixty-five public international unions, composed of States. Of these thirty are provided with administrative bureaus or commissions. As the active cause for this development in modern civilization is rapidity and safeness of communication and transport, it is natural that the interests of these activities should have received a world-wide organization in unions for postal, telegraphic and railway communication and for the protection of the means and methods employed by these. No State can completely protect itself against the inroads of epidemic disease nor against the plottings of criminals without the co-operation of other governments. Unions have thus been established for mutual police assistance and for the development of international sanitation. In order that industrial competition may be raised to a plane where the individual laborer or manufacturer is protected against intolerable conditions, nations unite and follow a common plan of economic and labor legislation. For the common development of such interests there have been founded the International Institute of Agriculture, the International Association of Labor Legislation, and many semi-public associations designed to realize the idea of a world unity in the great field of economic life. But we must not proceed to an enumeration. It is only our purpose to point out the significance of these great positive movements. When we once appreciate the sweep of the forces involved, we are impelled to the conclusion that world organization is no longer an ideal but is an accomplished fact. The foundations in international life have been laid by the slow working of economic and social causes, guided by the conscious will of man, but responding and logically expressing the deepest needs of human life.

The international organization of to-day respects ethnic entities as essential forms of social organization within their proper limits, just as the modern State respects the autonomy of towns, provinces and member States. We are not able to dispense with the traditions of orderly development, and the psychic unities which lie back of national sovereignty and give it force. While indeed looking far beyond any narrow and exclusive policy, the modern internationalism is just as hostile to any attempts artificially to create a world State, either by the deadening force of military empire, or by mechanical construction. But if this great force is not hostile to national community, it is plain, on the other hand, that the time is past when any nation can expect to prosper, or even exist, in a state of isolation. International co-operation has become an absolute necessity to States along all the various lines of national enter-

prise. National independence must not be interpreted as equal to national self-sufficiency. Nor ought we to think of national sovereignty as enabling a nation to do exactly what it pleases without regard to others. Though such a power may be found in the abstraction of law, among men acting with wisdom and foresight, it does not as a matter of fact exist. The normal State is by the circumstances of modern life compelled to international co-operation. By cutting itself off from international intercourse and from the unions, it would be depriving its citizens of advantages to which they are entitled as men living in the civilized world of to-day. It is not outside of, but within, the great international society of the world that States will advance and develop what is best in their individuality. This is specially necessary for us to remember, citizens of a rich and powerful republic, which is at times inclined to forget that its policy must consider world-wide conditions and duties. Thus it has become as clear as day that in all matters of actual life States are interdependent. International law is the expression of this interdependence, and in our days this great science is taking on a new form in response to the new situation in the world. The abundance of close relations and joint activities permanently established among States, in recent decades, must be the constant wonder of the student. The older treatises gave most attention to the state of war; in the newer the relations of peace will occupy three-fourths of the space and attention. The law of war will sink to the relative importance which criminal law holds in our municipal law systems. This vision of world-wide co-operation is indeed inspiring and grateful. Its beauty and strength rest on the fact that millions are working together quietly, in the pursuit of their various living interests, toward the organization of world unity. It is not a thing imposed from above by force, or dictated by a higher rationalism, but it is the almost instinctive work of active men building wider and wider spheres of co-operation.

By a strange, but not uncommon, paradox, the very age that sees this striking growth of world-wide enterprise, is also the witness of an insensate competition in military armament. In one of his poems the Emperor of Japan says: "In this age when in the entire world we believe ourselves brothers, why then should the tempest rise with so much force." Yet we are here not in the presence of a deep contradiction. The spirit of our age expresses itself in a desire for energetic action, for strong personality, for positive deeds and achievements. There is a generous stirring of enthusiasm, a new idealism in act and life. But it cherishes not a pale and silvery hue of life; no, it demands character, force and action. According as this force will be directed, it will express itself in bitter

national combats, or in wonderful international construction. But action it demands. It is here that the older pacifism was weak. The ideal of rest, of quiet, of *not* arming, of *not* struggling, does *not* arouse the age, as does the call to action. But let once internationalism be presented as the most far-reaching, the most promising action, action full of difficulties, requiring strength and devotion, and it vigorously appeals to the spirit of the age. Let us vow that this tendency shall counteract the desire to waste the inheritance of civilization in bloody and destructive war.

The warlike spirit presupposes a misunderstanding of the aims of other nations. How can we key ourselves to the dread purpose of taking the life of fellow-beings, unless our feelings are worked upon by the idea that they are anti-religious, despotic, immoral, cruel—in a word, enemies of civilization? But will such designs be conceived by a merchant against those with whom he has sat in an international body discussing the interests of commerce and industry? Will a physician desire to kill the sanitary official in co-operation with whom he is protecting his nation from the inroads of epidemic and plague? Will the man of science conceive a murderous desire to take the life of those who are searching for the truth in the laboratories of Germany or of France? War becomes criminal, a perversion of humanity, in such cases. There is no high ideal which can be appealed to for the killing of those with whom we co-operate in the work of humanity.

The older pacifism was purely negative in character. It looked upon war as an evil being to be combatted directly. Yet war is only the symptom of a general condition in which too great emphasis is still laid upon local interests. It is evident that the only effective manner to remove the conditions to which the occurrence of war is due lies in the building up of an international consciousness; but such a consciousness cannot be arrived at out of nothing—there must be back of it a development of a real unity of interest and feeling. We must realize our interdependence in practical affairs. It is through the creation of international organizations for all the interests of human life that a positive content of the feeling of a common humanity is being provided. The incentive to war will become weaker and weaker as the bonds of community between nations increase, such as are provided by communication agencies, by economic and industrial ties, or by scientific co-operation. How intolerably painful will be the ruthless interruption of all such relations and activities! There are only two alternatives, either the ties which are thus being created will in time become so strong that no nation will think of interrupting them by war, or should war continue to exist,

these relations will have to be exempted from its operations. Such an exemption would tend to confine the sufferings and dangers of war more and more, and would thus be in accord with the dictates of humanity.

Universal co-operation is the future ideal. The world is full of conditions and activities in which nations are not self-sufficing, in which we instinctively look beyond the boundaries of the national state. The nation that would be independent in isolation will condemn itself to be a Venezuela, will cut itself and its citizens off from the advantages of civilization to which all human beings are entitled. By realizing its interdependence with the other civilized nations of the world, it will strengthen itself as does the individual who plunges with full energy into the life of his community, being stimulated thereby and having all his faculties developed. The great fact that the world is a unit rests upon the underlying conditions of modern invention and science which the dictum of no national government can destroy. International co-operation points out the only way in which humanity may continue to develop without wasting its energy and ultimately falling a prey to triumphant militarism. Between such alternatives, it is not difficult to choose, but it is indeed almost impossible to believe that mankind should be so perverse and misguided as to prefer the waste and suffering of military competition to the joy of normal activity—the development of all that is great and strong through international co-operation. On the one hand lies barbarism, on the other the hope of continued progress.

Paul S. Reinsch.

THE LONG ARM OF COINCIDENCE

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

IN most of the arts—architecture and music being the obvious exceptions—one of the chief aims of the artist is to make his work appear as natural as may be possible; and his art is held in highest esteem only when he is able to avoid not only the extravagant and the arbitrary, but even the accidental. It is his constant endeavor so to present the result of his loving labor that it can be apprehended and appreciated with as little effort as possible. This is a quality of sculpture and of painting, when these arts are at their best. It is a characteristic more especially of those literary arts in which the poet undertakes to tell a story either in drama or in epic (which is the mother of the modern novel in prose). Whether the story-teller is setting his tale in action on the stage or presenting it in narrative in verse or in prose, he is bound to do his best to give the utmost verisimilitude to the series of events to which he is inviting the attention of the spectator, the hearer or the reader. In planning his plot he must endeavor to make these events coherent and clear and complete in themselves. He can do this only by isolating them from all the other events which must be supposed to have been taking place at the same time. From out of the tumultuous turmoil of existence he must select a sequence of happenings to which he has to give a semblance of unity; and he chooses this particular chain of events and not any other because he can see in it a significance worthy of artistic presentation.

These actions of certain characters plucked out from the tangled web of actual life he has to set by themselves; he has to condense them and to relate them logically; he has to keep out all extraneous and casual circumstances not bearing directly upon them. Only by this process of exclusion is he able to focus attention upon the group he has determined to show us. He is compelled to neglect and deliberately to leave out of account all the other persons then going about their business anywhere in the world at large. It is his duty so to deal with this group of picked men and women that their deeds shall seem to be determined by themselves and by themselves only, unaffected by what might be done by outsiders. Obviously this is the unity of action that Aristotle had in mind when he insisted that a tragedy must be a complete whole.

Here, of course, the artist has to depart from the mere facts of life as we all see them. In life there are no groups of human beings detached from their fellows, sufficient unto themselves and uninfluenced

by the rest of humanity. We cannot help knowing that every man and every woman is eternally immeshed in the intricate complexity of existence and that we are all of us affected by the myriad movements of our fellow-creatures. And yet when we are spectators at a play, listeners to a story, or readers of a novel or an epic, we not only permit this departure from the circumstances of actual life, we demand it absolutely. By tacit convention we authorize the author to vary from the exact fact, for we are conscious that this variation, this artistic selection, is a condition precedent to our enjoyment of his work of art.

What we desire from the artist is not the exact facts, but the underlying truth, of which the several facts are only the external accompaniment. We want him to choose his little knot of characters and to segregate them from out the mass of their fellow-beings, that we may the more easily follow the story he is ready to set before us. It is this isolated action by an isolated group of characters that we want to see. And we are swift to praise the artist for the skill with which he can depart from the actual to give us what we are glad to accept as the real. As Victor Hugo insists, in the scintillating and suggestive preface of his *Cromwell*, the "domain of art and the domain of nature are absolutely distinct," since a reality in art is and must be different from a reality in nature.

The epic poet, the dramatist in verse or in prose, the novelist, all of them demand from the public the permission to select what they prefer, to arrange this as they may see fit, and to leave out all that they have no immediate use for, and they do this so that the public shall be called upon to give its attention only to a single group of characters taking part in a single sequence of events, logically related the one to the other, and moving forward without any interruption from the outside world and without any obtrusion of chance. And this the public gladly allows, hoping to see in the story, whether it is on the stage or in a book, the working out of a single notion, taken by itself, naked of non-essentials, and uncontaminated by external accidents such as occur commonly enough in actual life.

In childhood we can be amused easily by tales of the Impossible and of the Improbable; and most of us never outgrow this childishness. But as we advance in years and in wisdom and in knowledge of the world, many of us become more exacting, and we insist that the author who wants our regard shall not stray too widely from the Probable. A few of us even go so far as to bestow our warmest welcome on the writer who seeks to deal only with the Inevitable, and who tries resolutely to tell the truth about his characters and to let them obey the law of their being,

doing only what they must do and eschewing everything that they would not do if they were left to themselves.

We hold those plays and those novels to be the finest and the most enduring in which we are made to feel that nothing has happened by accident or because the author himself intervened at the critical moment, and in which every action of every character is what it is, because it could not be otherwise if the conditions are as they have been represented. This ultimate truth, this abiding veracity, this inexorable inevitability is what we are delighted to proclaim in most of the mightier masterpieces of literature—in the *Œdipus* of Sophocles, in the *Macbeth* of Shakespeare, in the *Tartuffe* of Molière—and also in the *Heart of Midlothian* of Scott, in the *Scarlet Letter* of Hawthorne, in the *Smoke* of Turgenev, and in the *Anna Karénina* of Tolstoy.

While both the novelist and the dramatist are held strictly accountable to this ethical standard, and are both of them bound to tell the truth as they see it, the playwright has a more difficult task æsthetically than the story-teller because the drama is a form far more rigorously limited than the novel. The novelist can take all the time he may need to explain the underlying circumstances and to elucidate actions which may seem to require comment. To the dramatist every minute is counted; and his explanations have to be summary. The deeds of his characters must speak for themselves, and nowadays there is no chorus in the theatre to justify or to extenuate what the spectators have heard with their own ears and seen with their own eyes.

It is always difficult for the dramatist, and indeed it is not always possible for him, to make his plot as clear and as swift as it ought to be without a single intervention of chance or a single act which is not the spontaneous result of the individual will of the character who performs it. While we have a right to demand from the leisurely novelist a strict obedience to the letter of the law, we are inclined to relax the code once in a way for the benefit of the dramatist. And the evidence that we are not so severe with the playwright as with the story-teller is to be found in the fact that we tolerantly overlook in more than one of the great plays the intervention of chance or the obtrusion of the arbitrary, which we should be much less likely to pardon in a story claiming equal rank. While we believe that the conduct of a drama ought to be guided by the finger of fate, we do not protest too strenuously if now and again we catch a glimpse of the long arm of coincidence.

For example, *Romeo and Juliet* is a tragedy, and in a tragedy nothing ought to be left to chance and everything ought to be the result of the volition of the various characters. And yet we cannot help seeing that

the fatal termination of the story, seemingly inherent in the deadly feud of the rival houses, is brought about at last by what is only an accident. If only Friar Laurence had thought of the device of the potion two minutes earlier, before Romeo parted from Juliet in the cell, or if only the letter Friar Laurence sent after Romeo to Mantua had not miscarried, then Romeo would have known that Juliet was not dead but sleeping, he would not have taken poison; and Juliet would not have been glad to die on his dead body. A recent commentator has made bold to defend this as a subtle touch of Shakespeare's art in that it serves to remind us of the large part which chance plays in all human affairs. Ingenious as this defence may be, it is radically unsound, since it confuses the reality of nature with the reality of art.

The reason why this obtrusion of accident into this tragedy of Shakespeare's does not shock us, or even annoy us, is twofold. In the first place, we cannot help feeling that doom is ever impending over the ill-starred lovers, and that even if Romeo had known about the potion something else would assuredly have brought about the unavoidable end. And in the second place, Shakespeare very adroitly makes no attempt to explain the failure of the letter to reach Romeo. Indeed, the letter is something we do not see; it is something that we are merely told about. Now, in the theatre nothing grips our attention except what is actually shown to us. What is talked about makes little or no impression; the empty words go in one ear and out the other. And nobody knew this better than Shakespeare.

In *Romeo and Juliet* the plot is what it is because of an accident, which is indisputably arbitrary. In certain other of Shakespeare's plays the action is what it is because one or another of the characters acts arbitrarily, not of his own accord, but solely because the poet compels him to this deed that the plot can be carried on. If this arbitrary character is one of the important personages of the play, then this act of his focusses our attention and we cannot help noticing it. But if this arbitrary character is unimportant in himself we pay little heed to him, and we do not even note his departure from truth. In the first case, the falsity of his conduct is so paraded that the interest of the play suffers. But in the second case we are so taken up in following the fortunes of the vital figures that we pay no heed to the misdeeds of the minor characters, who exist merely to work the plot.

In *As You Like It*, for instance, the conduct of the usurping Duke and of Oliver, the elder brother of Orlando, is not logical, or at least it is not so presented as to make us believe in its strict relation to their characteristics. The Duke and Oliver fulfil their purpose when their

ill-founded jealousies bring about the reunion of Rosalind and Orlando in the forest of Arden. And their sudden and absurd repentance at the end of the play, their reformation in the twinkling of an eye, does not vex us, because we really do not care what they may do or how completely they may contradict themselves. So also in *Much Ado About Nothing*, the malignant machinations of Don John and Borachio are almost motiveless—at least their willing wickedness is taken for granted by the playwright and accepted by the playgoers. The cause of their villainous intrigue against the gentle Hero is suggested summarily, with no serious effort to buttress it into plausibility. We can discover this weakness if we care to look curiously at the construction of the plot; but this is just what we are not tempted to inquire into. We are too busy following the wit-battle of Benedick and Beatrice; and we have no leisure to peer into the motives which move two minor but necessary persons to bring about the startling climax of the comedy.

On the other hand, if the character who acts arbitrarily is in the thick of the story and holds the centre of the stage, then with all our good will we cannot help noticing what he is doing, and it irritates us to be forced to observe his inadequately motivated actions. And then necessarily our interest flags when we hear the machinery creak a little too loudly. In the *Winter's Tale*, for instance, the swift jealousy and violent rage of Leontes seems to us in the twentieth century merely wilful and frankly unnatural. It is quite possible that this unexpected transformation of character was pleasing to the Elizabethan audiences, for whom the play was originally prepared, and who relished surprises of all kinds, even if these contradicted rigorous logic of character. Nowadays we like to see every character obeying its own logic; and when it renounces this continuity we are vexed that the author had not taken more pains to attain plausibility. So again in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, a chief personage of the piece, Proteus, is shown to us as a perfect gentleman at one moment and at the next as an unspeakable cad; and the play turns on this unexplained and inexplicable change in him. And in this arbitrariness of Proteus and of Leontes, set in the forefront of these dramas, we may find one reason why the *Winter's Tale* and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* are not so popular in the theatre to-day as are *As You Like It* and *Much Ado About Nothing*, in both of which the arbitrary characters are subordinate and unimportant.

These illustrations have been taken from Shakespeare, but they might have been chosen from almost any modern playwright. Sardou, for example, never wrote a more ambitious drama than his *Patrie*, a historical play having for its background the manly resistance of the Nether-

lands to Spain. The piece abounds in pathetic situations and in adroit inventions; but it has always proved disappointing in the theatre, because the heroine, whose shoulders bear the burden of the plot, acts more than once not as she would have acted, but as the author forces her to act so that the play may be what he has planned. The ordinary spectator may not be able to give this as the reason why he has not enjoyed the performance; but he feels dumbly that something is wrong. So, once more, Mr. Clyde Fitch, in a comedy called the *Coronet of the Duchess*, made his heroine wantonly unreasonable; and although the piece contained at least one figure drawn with great vigor and remarkable insight, it failed dismally.

A central character who acts arbitrarily before the eyes of the spectators so that they are forced to witness his self-contradiction is certain to alienate the sympathy of the audience and to imperil the success of the play, unless this central character happens to be either of two distinct things. He may be enigmatic, and then the spectators will tolerate what they do not clearly understand, or else he must be openly the villain of the play, and then they are ready enough to accept any dark scheme, however obscure its motive.

Hamlet is the best possible example of the character who is both arbitrary and enigmatic; but Hedda Gabler is almost as significant. Hamlet is subtle and moody and changeable; and we never know what he will do next. Hedda is queer and abnormal and freakish; she keeps us guessing; and we accept her for what she seems to be at the moment, tolerating in her many things which would be intolerable in another woman. It is only when we study this play of Ibsen's in the library and endeavor to dissect its mechanism that we perceive that more than one of the heroine's actions, which appeared sufficiently spontaneous in the theatre, was really the result of the adroit author's desire to bring about the fatal termination he had resolved on.

Iago is the best possible example of a very important character who acts arbitrarily without interfering with our interest in the play. Iago's hatred of Othello is the mainspring of the plot; and this Shakespeare calmly takes for granted. It is true that the author feels the need of explaining it, and of justifying it. He gives three or four different reasons for it; but none is convincing. Indeed, one of them is almost absurd—Iago's jealousy of Othello because he suspects his chief of an intrigue with Emilia. All of them taken together fail to account adequately for the fiendish malignity of Iago's revenge. But we are not moved to protest, since we see in Iago a figure of incarnate evil, capable of any wickedness and working destruction without restraint and almost

without cause, simply because of his blackness of soul. From a creature morally so hideous nothing astonishes us.

But it is only a villain or an enigmatic character whom we are willing to pardon for acting arbitrarily. The hero and the heroine of a play must conform to our idea of the natural. They must act as we think they would act in real life, or else they lose our sympathy. If the hero and the heroine continually do before our eyes what seems to us unreasonable our interest in their story slackens and is soon dispersed. This is a chief reason why Browning's *Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, powerful as it is, has never been able to establish itself in the theatre. In this play the hero and the heroine are set before us as creatures lacking in common sense. Their deeds are determined by the poet and not by themselves. He makes them do just what they would never be tempted to do—just what they would assuredly refrain from doing if they were not coerced by their creator. He refuses to let them follow the line of conduct that they would naturally follow if they were left to themselves. We cannot help feeling that we are in a realm of unreality; and all the poetry of the author and all his psychologic subtlety avail nothing. We cannot accept these creatures of Browning's imagination as fellow human beings with ourselves. We may come to the theatre to admire, but we do not return to be annoyed by freaks of fancy.

Nor is Browning the only poet who has fallen into this error. The later Elizabethan dramatists delighted in unexpected transformation of character, wholly without warrant; and apparently the lusty playgoers of those spacious days relished the arbitrary and did not demand plausibility. And perhaps this accounts in some measure for the fact that Shakespeare is the only playwright of his time whose works are still visible in our theatres. He is mightier than any of his contemporaries, no doubt; but he is also more plausible in the conduct of his plots and less arbitrary in the handling of his characters. The plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, for example, abound in scenes of infinite pathos and of striking theatrical effectiveness; but these authors were careless of probability and reckless in the conjunction of incoherent episodes. In any one of their pieces any character may do anything at any moment wholly regardless of consistency.

This liking for the unusual and for the violent is not uncommon among the tragic dramatists, many of whom seem to have felt that ordinary life is so commonplace and so humdrum that nothing is really dramatic unless it is strange and unheard of. Corneille, for example, deliberately sought for the most unlikely combinations, and searched history to find them, not unsuccessfully, since fact is often stranger than fiction.

Schiller, again, allowed Karl Moor in the *Robbers* to believe the worst on a mere hint from his villainous brother, although the hero is well aware that no dependence ought to be placed on anything from such a source; and yet such is the sweeping force of Schiller's story as it surges swiftly along that the spectators have scarcely time to notice this inconsistency. Victor Hugo also, who was not a playwright by instinct, but who mastered the mysteries of the craft by main strength, constantly made use of very improbable coincidences. In his *Ruy Blas* almost every character is more or less arbitrary, and hardly a single incident occurs except by the more or less obvious intervention of the author; and yet such is the lyric splendor of the verse with which these prearranged happenings are draped that the play still pleases in spite of its inherent artificiality.

Ibsen, on the other hand, sought to express the inner significance of the commonplace and to disclose the tragedy which may lie latent in the humdrum. The arbitrariness of incident and the frequency of coincidence, which are raised to the maximum in Hugo's romanticist pieces, are reduced to the minimum in Ibsen's realistic social dramas. But even Ibsen is sometimes a little disconcerting and the startling transformation of Nora in the final act of the *Doll's House* has seemed to some critics, if not actually in contradiction to her character, at least not satisfactorily prepared for. Perhaps also the confession and self-abasement of Consul Bernick, in the *Pillars of Society*, is not what the author had led us to expect from a character so self-seeking and so smugly self-complacent. In both these plays of Ibsen's, however, this element of the arbitrary is to be found only in the last act, after our interest has been aroused and sustained by the veracity of all that had gone before.

If an author cannot work out his plot absolutely without the intervention of the arbitrary then he will do well to follow Aristotle's advice and keep it out of that part of the story which he is going to present, and to throw it back before the beginning of the play. This is what Mr. Pinero did in *His House in Order*, which turns on the discovery by a downtrodden second wife that her predecessor had been unfaithful. Here the arbitrary character is the first wife; and she is dead long before the play begins.

This again is what Sophocles did two thousand years earlier in *Œdipus the King*. An oracle had predicted that Œdipus would kill his father and marry his mother; and when the play opens the prediction has been fulfilled. If Œdipus had ever inquired into the circumstances of the death of Iocasta's first husband, he would have been spared from incest. But if he had made this inquiry we could not have had the play. As we look back over the whole story we cannot help perceiving the over-

whelming improbability that after the warning of the oracle Iocasta should ever have dared to marry a man young enough to be her son. The Greek poet was not bound to supply any explanation for this inexplicable procedure of hers, because he was only dramatising a legend long familiar to the immense majority of the Athenian audience. The improbability being in the legend, it had to be in the drama dealing with the legend; and Sophocles very wisely wasted no time in any effort to explain it away. Here he was shrewder than the modern poets who have handled the same myth and who fatigued themselves in a vain attempt to make the improbable a little less improbable, with the sole result of forcing the spectators to notice something they might otherwise have taken for granted.

This pair of arbitrary acts, the failure of Œdipus to pursue the slayer of Laius, and the marriage of Iocasta with a man many years her junior—this is the foundation of the story. The two things may be impossible to accept, but if we refuse to accept them, then we reject the play which is based on them. It was an interesting discovery of the late Francisque Sarcey's that an audience is never unduly exacting about the assumption on which a play is founded. It will listen to the exposition of a most unlikely state of affairs. It will give its attention to the author while he sets forth the existence of two pairs of twins so alike that their own wives cannot tell them apart (as in the *Comedy of Errors*) or while he explains that a wandering Englishman is the very image of the sovereign on the throne (as in the *Prisoner of Zenda*). It sits back calmly and waits to see what will happen next. It gives the author all the rope he asks for, but whether to hang himself or to pull himself on deck is as the event turns out. If the play which the author builds on an arbitrary supposition of this sort catches the interest of the spectators and holds them enthralled as the story unrolls itself, then they forget all about its artificial basis and they have no leisure to cavil. If, on the other hand, the play is dull and fatiguing to witness, their attention strays away from it and they have time to go back to its arbitrary foundation. And then they rise up in their wrath and denounce the foolishness of the author who dared to suppose that they could ever be interested in anything built upon an absurdity so flagrant.

Audiences are very uncertain quantities; and yet every dramatist has to reckon with them. He is most artistic when he is able to make his play self-explanatory, free from casual coincidences and devoid of self-contradictory characters. If this is a counsel of perfection not always attainable, then he will do well to keep his feebler inventions out of sight, getting rid of them before the play begins or disposing of them

summarily between the acts. And if some one character must be guilty of an arbitrary action in full view of the spectators, this must never be the hero or the heroine, under penalty of alienating all sympathy from them and thereby speedily dismissing the play to the deep damnation of its taking off.

Brander Matthews.

MAGIC

BY ZONA GALE

AN ancient wild-wood showed its heart to me.
(O Little Wind that brought me what it said!)
I went within its fastness reverently.

There lived the silence elsewhere long led
Captive by sound. There the persuading green
Took ancient citadels with soundless tread.

Was not the opening blue of buds between
Soft solitary leaves a lyric set
To airy music of the things they mean?

My hands were mother tender of the net
Of silk they found. My feet were filial light
To loose no dew from the least violet.

The element formed of dissolvéd night
Seemed in the air. A million little minds
Kept concert just without the bourne of sight.

O . . . and suddenly as morning finds
White towers I heard the ancient wood unfold
Its rumoring secret piped by little winds.

"Behold . . . behold
Listen . . . to me, to me?" . . .
And then it told! . . .

The whole world, like a bell, heard echoingly
That which I lost. I found a faery bed
And saw that which the wild-wood let me see.
(O Little Wind that brought me what it said!)

Zona Gale.

PROGRESS OF FINANCIAL RECOVERY

BY ALEXANDER D. NOYES

As there was sufficiently good reason to believe, after the remarkable speculative outbursts of 1908, the year 1909 was not far advanced without a repetition of the same movement. During the past three months, in fact, there has occurred a Stock Exchange demonstration in many respects more noteworthy than any of those which marked the history of last year. The movement, which was sudden and violent, would have attracted less attention but for two facts—one, that it followed immediately after what seemed to be the very discouraging incidents of the early months of 1909; the other, that it was promoted by some of the most powerful banking interests in the city, and by a different group from that to which the millionaire speculators belonged who conducted the stock market booms of a year ago.

There should perhaps be added one other consideration, which is in itself an extremely curious matter. The speculation for the rise, which reached an extremely violent culmination at the opening of June, converged on the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation, and of this stock it will be necessary to say a good deal in the course of this article. Now, if any one had predicted, at the time when the "open market" was declared in the competitive steel prices on February 19th, that within barely three months United States Steel shares would advance 28 points, or something like 70 per cent., that it would pass the previous high level of its history, and that a price would be achieved at which the existing dividend on the shares would net the investor something less than 3 per cent., he would have been regarded with more curiosity than interest. Yet this is precisely what has happened, and it was the central incident of the bull market on the New York Stock Exchange in May and June. Before discussing this curious episode and its possible sequel, it will be necessary to say something about the actual trade developments which preceded it.

In the April number of *THE FORUM*, I described the cut in steel prices which followed the declaration of the open market. It was perfectly well known that the inside interests in the Steel Corporation had stood firm against such concessions, and that their hand had been absolutely forced by the disappearance of orders and the action of independent producers in lowering prices to attract business. When the competitive cutting began, the public and private attitude of

responsible steel trade authorities was in the last degree pessimistic. It was intimated that the important Tennessee Coal plant, the prize acquired by the United States Steel Corporation in the panic of 1907, would have to shut down for lack of orders. Responsible organs of the trade called attention to the fact that contracts entered into under the cut rates would run for many months ahead, and would force the companies to produce, during that interval, at cost or below.

**The
"Steel
War"**

As a matter of fact, the drastic cuts of \$5 to \$10 per ton, announced at the time when the open market was declared, turned out to be only the beginning. Prices were slashed right and left both by the Steel Corporation and by the Independents. Much had been made of the fact that whatever could be said regarding other branches of the trade, the good condition of the building industry left the demand for structural steel at a reasonably high volume. Yet this very fact seemed to converge on that branch of steel manufacture the full violence of the price-cutting. The stand-pat price for structural steel had been \$34 per ton. It had dropped to \$32 at the time of the open market declaration of February 19th, and the violent competitive lowering of prices which ensued brought it to the astonishing figure of \$20 per ton. This was a sample of what was happening in pretty much all the products of the trade. One other product which, because of the farmers' prosperity seemed to promise continued demand—I refer to wire—had an almost similar experience. Its price was cut so low that so excellent a trade expert as Mr. Charles M. Schwab declared that, allowing for costs of transportation and labor, the price was the lowest that had been witnessed in a generation and was far below the cost of production.

This would hardly appear to have been a situation which would encourage a sudden speculation for the rise in shares of the steel manufacturing companies. The situation, however, changed in some respects rather rapidly. When the question of insisting on the maintenance of "boom-time prices" during the period of hard times was under discussion, critics who condemned that policy pointed out that in 1908 the textile trades had reached a point of absolute stagnation so long as a similar policy was pursued, but that as soon as they had made a far-reaching cut in prices, a volume of business was at once attracted which had scarcely been imagined to exist. From this they drew the inference that a similar experience might be looked for as a result of pursuing the same policy in the steel trade.

The Steel Corporation authorities had disputed this conclusion, and had publicly asserted their belief that no more orders would be attracted at the low prices than at the high prices. I have already suggested in these columns my own judgment as to the intrinsic absurdity of such a position. As a matter of fact, the result of the recent price-cutting conclusively demonstrated the value of a lowering of prices during an after-panic reaction. In response to the low prices fixed by the open market of February 19th, followed by the competitive cuts of the ensuing month, a volume of new business gradually developed, which increased as time went on and which, when the deep cut in structural steel and wire were made, reached a magnitude which made it possible to say that the month of April scheduled a volume of orders for those products quite without precedent in any previous month of the Steel trade's history.

Recovery in Prices

This statement, widely circulated, was quite naturally received on Wall Street as a marvel. We know, however, that it merely repeated the experience of the textile trade. Business was going on throughout the United States, and, in the two branches of the steel trade referred to, it was in prosperous condition. The only deterrent influence was doubt as to future demand from the buyers of new buildings and from customers of industries using wire products, and this doubt made it part of a prudent policy to insist on lower prices. Once these lower prices conceded, it was merely a matter of time when the long-delayed orders should pour in at a rate of volume which was bound to astonish the market. If any further proof of the salutary influence of cut prices were desired, it might be found in the fact that only one branch of the trade languished during all this period of resumed activity. The Steel Trust and the independents had alike united in reducing prices for all important products of their trade but one. That product, the price of which was left unchanged from what had been asked at the height of the recent boom, was steel rails. Railways could buy on no better terms—unless possibly through stipulations for a somewhat better grade of material—in the first quarter of 1909 than in the first quarter of 1907, when the boom was at its height. And it is buying from the railway industry which has conspicuously failed, in the general rush of orders into the trade, to contribute its part. At the opening of June it was estimated in Pittsburgh that while other branches of the Steel industry were working on a normal basis, mills which ruled steel rails were not doing more than 60 per cent. of the business usually expected for them. The result was that the trade as a whole stood at 80 per cent. of a normal volume.

Recovery in financial markets began about the time that this brisk recovery in steel trade orders started. That was around the close of March. It was stimulated by the news, received a few weeks later, that prices had been advanced by the various steel manufacturers. This advance was natural for two reasons—first, that the number of orders placed made it no longer necessary for producers to force the fighting; second, that a slight advance in charges has a traditionally beneficial result in hurrying up specifications. That is to say, an order may have been conditionally placed at a good price without exact instructions as to when it should be executed. If the price is slightly raised and the giver of the order notified that if he wishes to get the benefit of the previous low prices he must take his goods at once, he is very apt to make a virtue of necessity. Even as late as the middle of June, however, it still remained true that the recovery in steel prices had brought them back no higher than the level to which they were reduced in the cut of February 19th. This was as much as to say that prices prevalent in the trade were still something like 25 per cent. below what prevailed before the panic.

The State of Trade

As to the profit at these prices to the manufacturers, much dispute existed. The United States Steel Corporation, in its report for the opening quarter of 1909—which included fully six weeks of the open market, showed net earnings which, though \$3,300,000 below the December quarter, were nevertheless \$4,600,000 greater than in the opening quarter of 1908. Furthermore, it reported the dividend on the common stock to have been earned and a surplus of \$3,000,000 left over. This seemed to indicate that even at the lower figures steel prices were remunerative to manufacturers. In the trade itself, however, this conclusion was combated. Writing as late as June 10th, when Wall Street was convinced that the steel manufacturers were again on a footing of abundant profits, the *Iron Age*, perhaps the best known and best-informed organ of the trade, had this to say:

Broadly, the prosperity of the trade is measured by the earnings of the producers. When they are large, through a conjunction of a large volume of work and remunerative prices, every one shares in them more or less. Measured by that standard, the iron industry is not at this time in a flourishing condition. . . . While the volume of business has been improving and promises to expand further, it will take a long period before the active mills and the new plants recently completed or approaching completion are in full operation. The profits in many branches of the industry are below the vanishing point, and are below the normal in nearly all others. The great majority of the producers are committed for a considerable time to come to deliveries at very low figures. That is the situation so far as the condition of the industry is concerned.

The rise on the Stock Exchange, which continued throughout May and during the opening week of June, led to a rather general inference, not only on the part of Wall Street, but of the community at large, that industrial improvement had been so rapid as to restore at once the condition existing before the setback of 1907. We have seen to what extent this was or was not true of the basic steel trade. Glancing over the other indications which are accepted as important by experienced financiers, it was possible to say at the opening of June that some of them pointed to most encouraging results, while others were extremely confusing. In the matter of iron and steel we have seen what the situation was; prices, even after recovery from the lowest, were substantially below what they were two years before, and it still remained to be shown how far the urgent buying of April and May was a result of long-deferred orders, and how far a result of an actual resumption of continuous demand.

Exchanges of checks at the country's clearing houses made the same favorable showing which they made at the time of the November boom. During both April and May, bank checks drawn and deposited in all cities of the United States broke every previous record for the month. This meant financial and commercial activity. Commercial failures in the United States—another test of the situation—gave a somewhat different response. The April failures were the largest of any month to date in 1909 and, except for 1908, exceeded in magnitude the April failures of any year since 1897. Failures in May decreased from April, but still remained wholly out of proportion to the similar commercial disasters in the years before the panic. Railway gross earnings showed in April an increase of 13 per cent. over April, 1908; but April of the earlier year had reported 20 per cent. decrease from 1907. In May a 15 per cent. increase over last year was reported, as compared, however, with a 35 per cent. shrinkage in the same month a year before. Thus it was plain that the volume of transportation business had not yet recovered to its previous magnitude.

Two other factors in the situation require a brief consideration by themselves. One is the outlook for our cereal crops, the other the condition of our foreign trade. It hardly need be said that an abundant yield of wheat is this year a consideration of more vital importance, not only to the United States but to the world at large, than it has been in very many years. In the April number of *THE FORUM*, I described the extraordinary rise in the price of wheat, in connection with the Chicago speculation. Two or three months ago that speculation reached its end,

the professional operators took their profits and the market to all appearances was left to establish its own basis of values. Nevertheless, the extraordinary price which had been reached, not for speculative contracts but for actual spot wheat, continued. In May the cash price for wheat at New York City ran beyond \$1.40 per bushel. With the opening of June it had reached \$1.51.

**The Wheat
Trade
Puzzle**

Higher prices even than this were reported at various interior points. Exhaustion of millers' supplies, and inability to get from their usual sources the necessary wheat to grind, led to such extraordinary incidents as a shipment of wheat in considerable quantity from Chicago to Kansas City, and the sending of wheat by sea from New York to Galveston and thence by rail to the heart of the grain country itself. Nothing so extraordinary as this had been witnessed in the American grain trade during many years. It brought the grain trade as a rule to the conviction that the surplus wheat in the farmers' hands was virtually exhausted. Yet how this could be, was not at all easy to understand.

It will be remembered first, that according to the Government estimate, the wheat crop in the United States during 1908 was 664,602,000 bushels, as compared with 634,087,000 in 1907. Both of these crops were relatively small; the estimate for 1906 had been 735,000,000 bushels. Nevertheless, it will be observed that by this estimate, which until lately was not disputed in the trade, the country harvested nearly 31,000,000 bushels more of wheat last year than it did the year before. Now, since the grain year following the crops of 1907 ended without any demonstration of scarcity, it is a natural inquiry, what operated in the present season to create so different a situation. Receipts of wheat at market from the beginning of last year's harvest movement up to June of the present year were 346,000,000 bushels; in the same period the year before they were 324,000,000. Evidently, then, something like 22,000,000 bushels more of the crop had moved to market by June 1st, than in the same time of the preceding season. But it will be noticed even this increased movement did not offset the considerably greater estimated increase in the actual production. Furthermore, when the export of wheat, between harvest time last year and the month of June this year, is taken into account, the figures show that 15,000,000 bushels less of wheat in the form of grain and flour have been sent abroad than went out in the corresponding period of the year before. Evidently, then, on the face of the figures, we had a larger crop and have disposed of about the same amount of it and yet are in a condition of scarcity to which last year provided no sort of parallel.

Again, the trade is utterly confused over the figures of farm reserves given out by the Government and by private experts on March 1st. The Government then estimated a supply of wheat in farmers' hands of no less than 143,000,000 bushels. This estimate was vigorously contested by the wheat trade, whose ideas were fortified by the very high price to which wheat had already risen on the Chicago market under the auspices of the Patten speculation. But even the speculators themselves, in submitting their counter-estimates, in no case, so far as I am aware, named less than 100,000,000 bushels. Now, if 100,000,000 bushels were available on farms March 1st, it will be in order to see how much of it has apparently been used up since then. Receipts at interior markets in the form of wheat and flour are carefully tabulated by the railroads and the grain exchanges. Between March 1st and June 1st, such receipts footed up almost exactly 70,000,000 bushels. That was a very substantial amount, and was larger than what had been forwarded in many previous years. Nevertheless, this authentic figure was less by 30,000,000 bushels even than the private estimates of the trade regarding the amount of wheat on hand March 1st at the farms. Yet, as I have shown, the salient fact in the markets toward the close of the season was that the farm supply of wheat had apparently been used up.

It may be added that the same perplexity, though in a less degree, surrounds the condition of grain markets in the world at large. The apprehension of a serious shortage, and the declarations regarding difficulty of obtaining necessary supplies, have not been confined to the United States; Europe itself has talked as if confronted with something like famine. Yet the estimates of all experts on the world's wheat crop of 1908 agreed that the total yield fell little if any below the yield of 1907. Our own Government, whose estimates are extremely careful, figured out a 30,000,000 bushel increase. But, assuming that the world's crop of 1908 was exactly the same as that of 1907, the figures of the trade proceed to show that the shipments from exporting countries between the harvest of 1908 and June, 1909, were 413,800,000 bushels, as against 435,800,000 in the same period the year before.

That is to say, the reserve left over after these shipments, supposing consumption at home to have remained about the same, ought to have been larger than it was a year ago, and prices, therefore, at all events not higher. Yet the result has seemingly been something very different. The only statistics for the world at large which run in harmony with the apparent condition of the markets are the estimates of the world's stocks of wheat in granary. On the 1st of June the best known estimate figured

out that the world's visible supply was 92,600,000 bushels, as against 100,400,000 in June, 1908 and 154,300,000 in 1907. This is sufficient illustration of the tendencies; yet it must be admitted that the amount on hand is still so large as scarcely to encourage an idea of immediate famine—especially as the shipments from Argentina, from India and from Russia have continued abundant throughout the intermediate period. There were weeks in the present spring, indeed, when Russia, which is always more or less of a mystery in the grain trade, sent out more wheat to foreign markets than it had shipped at the same time in five or six years past.

This summary of an absorbingly interesting situation may have wearied the reader with figures; but they are necessary to a full comprehension

**Problems
of the New
Wheat Crop**

of what may turn out to be a salient influence in the situation. Naturally, under the circumstances, the keenest interest converges on the growing crop of wheat. It cannot be said that, taking the world as a whole, the outlook is altogether favorable. The Argentine wheat

crop, which had much to do with supplying deficiencies last year, has fallen unexpectedly short of 1908. More particularly, our own early wheat crop, which comes to maturity in May or June, has not matched even the relatively bad showing of the past two years. In the middle of June, the Government estimate on the condition of our winter wheat crop was published. It was summed up in many different ways by the experts of the trade, but the general consensus of judgment was that the indicated yield of that portion of our wheat crop is something less than 400,000,000 bushels, as against 438,000,000 finally estimated by the Government for the yield of 1908 and 409,000,000 for 1907.

That is to say, the winter wheat crop, which makes up nearly two-thirds of the country's total wheat yield, is likely to be less than even in the very short year 1907. The spring wheat crop is not yet far enough developed at this writing to make a trustworthy estimate. Unlike the winter wheat crop, it entered the season under favorable auspices. Its June percentage condition, 95.2, and an increase of nearly a million acres over the area sown last year, were favorable. Chicago calculations, allowing for the average deterioration of spring wheat between June and harvest, have reckoned up a crop of between 250,000,000 and 260,000,000 bushels. One careful estimate figures out a total of American wheat crop for the present year of 650,000,000 bushels, as against 664,000,000 last year, 634,000,000 in 1907, and 735,000,000 in 1906.

It is premature to say what would be the exact result of a crop as short of the maximum as this, or shorter. The season may yet develop extremely good results in the spring wheat region, and the European

crops are still in the realm of conjecture. Much is made in current discussion of the fact that the scarcity of old supplies and the high price of wheat is so remunerative to the farmer that it will compensate him even for a short crop and will surely prolong his period of prosperity. This is probably true, always barring an actual failure of a crop. But it does not follow that high prices taken by themselves will compensate the community at large for the absence of its usual wheat supplies, not to mention the consumer of bread, who certainly must suffer from exorbitant prices throughout a season. The railways cannot get their traffic revenues from wheat when the wheat does not exist to carry, and the price might be \$2 a bushel without in any respect helping them in this matter.

Further than this, there is the curious problem of our foreign trade, and in this regard the situation is in the last degree confusing. It might indeed be said that our foreign trade situation opens up more perplexities even than the matter of the grain crop. In part, these perplexities have arisen from a decrease in our export trade by months, and that will naturally and correctly be ascribed in great measure to the grain trade situation. It is, in fact, the very great decrease in bread-stuffs exports which have cut down our recent export trade as compared with other years. But this is only a part, and the smaller part, of the foreign trade phenomena. For example, during March our merchandise exports as a whole decreased \$2,300,000 from 1908, but our imports actually increased \$44,300,000. Not only did this represent recovery from the period of trade paralysis of a year before, but it raised the total imports of the month almost to the highest record in our history. In April, exports decreased \$8,100,000 from the preceding year, but imports increased \$34,800,000. In May, there was a slight increase in exports, but imports ran \$32,000,000 ahead of 1908. This is the relative showing, but it remains to see what was the actual result by months. In March last year, excess of merchandise exports over imports was \$52,000,000, which was above the usual average for the month; that average, however, having of recent years run pretty close to \$30,000,000. In March this year the excess was less than \$6,000,000. In April last year, excess of exports was \$34,000,000, which was not far from the usual recent average for the month. The excess of exports in April of the present year was barely \$3,000,000. In May, the excess was \$7,300,000, against \$29,500,000 in May last year. The result quite inevitably has been a scarcity of commercial bills on the foreign exchange market, a very high rate for exchange and the export of gold in large quantities.

There are two very different ways of looking at this sudden and

enormous stimulation of the import trade. It is susceptible of a favorable argument, in so far as it appears to represent preparations for a revival of business and industrial demand. It may be said to reflect the continued large consumptive power of the country, which has necessitated exceptionally large imports at the present time to make up for the very small imports which were brought in last year. At the same time, it must be said that there are many aspects of this movement which are perplexing. For one thing, imports which arrived during the months referred to must have been engaged in Europe as far back as February or March. Now, at that time the country was under the impression that tariff duties were to be reduced. Hence it is rather difficult to understand the motive for suddenly increasing importations in such volume, in the very face of the tariff deliberations. The phenomenon might be easier to explain if domestic prices had been advancing with great rapidity. But, as we have already seen, this is precisely what was not happening, and among the imports which have increased most largely are some of the very commodities whose price at the domestic mills was reduced most decidedly in the early months of the present year.

The event will prove just how far the movement was normal and prudent, and how far it may have been taking too much for granted. I showed in the April number of *THE FORUM* how a precisely similar phenomenon occurred in 1895 at a similar two years' distance from a great financial panic, and how the large imports turned out to have been altogether premature. In that year the excess of exports, which had been \$237,000,000 in 1894, was reduced to \$75,000,000, and there were four or five months of the fiscal year when imports actually exceeded exports. This is hardly likely to happen on the present occasion, but if the five months from February to May inclusive are taken into computation, it will be found that the excess of exports over imports has been only \$24,000,000 this year, as against \$211,000,000 for the same period in 1908, \$101,000,000 in 1907 and \$132,000,000 in 1906. For the five months in question, this year's export balance is the lowest of any year since 1897.

It is only fair to say that among the most important financiers, very slight attention has been paid to this phase of the matter. On the contrary, the intimations given out from high quarters regarding the financial and industrial outlook have for some months been optimistic in the extreme. The consensus of judgment as far back as April seemed to be that there was "hardly a cloud in the sky." To come down to some more specific predictions, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff three months ago made the following prediction:

**Prediction in
High Quarters**

As soon as the tariff revision is settled definitely, America will enter upon a period of unexampled prosperity. Everybody wants the tariff revised, but the public is less interested in just what particular changes take place than in getting them made definitely at the earliest possible moment. Once that is done, I am persuaded that the country may look forward to an era of brilliantly good times. Conditions are ripe for them in all directions.

Senator Aldrich, introducing the Tariff Bill in the Senate, gave out the following echo of the hopefulness of high finance:

It must be conceded that the era of prosperity which commenced the first part of March is likely to continue uninterruptedly with the enactment of wise tariff legislation. Those who do not believe in this continued march of improvement have little knowledge of the recuperative powers of the American people and fail to measure correctly the force of the spirit of confidence which will accompany a guarantee of security and industrial peace.

Not all of these interviews took up the Stock Exchange side of the situation, but Mr. Harriman, the day before his departure for Europe at the end of May, had this to say:

The business of the country is now on a very substantial basis. . . . If we have favorable weather and correspondingly large crops, I look for happy times. There will be a big burst of speculation and a rise in the price of everything, but these will quickly grade down from the top to whatever level the crops will make logical.

But to this prediction, which was naturally agreeable to Wall Street's taste, Mr. Harriman added the following interesting qualifications:

We are building now firmly and soundly. If a tide of speculation sets in rapidly again, and we jump things up thirty or forty stories, and then smash, the fall will naturally be greater. . . . The next time we have a serious shrinkage in values it will be because of a change in conditions, and not because of sentiment. There may be a shrinkage in the values of our crops or some change in natural conditions which will bring about a collapse of values.

Just how far this second prediction was designed as a warning against what was actually going on at the time must be left to the average reader's judgment.

For a speculation of real violence, under extremely powerful auspices, had begun in Wall Street simultaneously with these optimistic predictions. It was not confined to this country. In London

**Stock
Exchange
Speculation**

a speculation for the rise in South African mine shares broke out at the end of March and speedily rose to a pitch of violence such as had not been witnessed on the English Stock Exchange in many years. This is the way in which the London movement was described by an observer on the spot:

All the usual features of the regular Kaffir boom are being repeated in the present revival. The work has come with such a rush that most offices are able to cope with it only by the exertion of feverish energy. In the settlement department of the Stock Exchange, part of the staff worked all through Monday night, Tuesday, and up till five o'clock on Wednesday morning, with hardly a break except for meals.

This bears but faint comparison with the record established at the time of the Barnato Bank's introduction to the Kaffir Circus; on the day that the "Bank" came out a firm of jobbers did two thousand bargains. The present excitement also contrasts mildly enough with the famous '95 boom-days, but still there is plenty to do even now. Animated street dealings go on every night until well past six o'clock. Members with pardonable pride tell how they stayed until nine, ten, or eleven o'clock on the account-nights, and their clerks talk of bonuses, present or prospective.

This speculation presently extended to Paris, where a movement at once began to place on the shares of the *Coulisse*, or outside market of the Bourse, some of the best known Kaffir shares of the English market. The stocks were duly listed under the auspices of some of the most powerful credit institutions of France, and the Paris speculation grew almost as extensive as the English. Even in Germany there was a quickening of the speculative markets which attracted attention.

It was as usual, however, New York which made the most violent response to the upward movement. During May, prices advanced continuously on a very large volume of transactions, which on June 4th culminated in a day of 1,600,000 shares. During this period, many of the active speculative stocks passed to higher valuations than had been reached even in the great speculation of 1906. But early in May the attention of the entire Stock Exchange was converged on one stock. It will be remembered that in the after-election boom of last November, the common shares of the United States Steel Corporation went beyond the previous high level of their history. Up to that time their price on the Stock Exchange had never gone above 55, which was the quotation reached in the great speculation of April, 1901. The highest price in 1905, when the steel trade was in an exceedingly prosperous condition, was 43 $\frac{1}{4}$. In 1906, when the net earnings of the company were running 40 per cent. above those reported for the first quarter of 1909, the highest price was 50 $\frac{1}{4}$.

Their high price of last November was 58 $\frac{3}{4}$. Early in the present year at the time when the price-cutting began in the steel trade, steel common had fallen to 41 $\frac{1}{4}$. On May 15th it had reached 58 $\frac{1}{4}$; the next day it passed the high record of the previous year. On May 22d it reached 60 $\frac{3}{8}$. On June 3d it stood at 69 $\frac{3}{8}$. Now, for a movement so extraordinary as this, there must have been some specific cause. It is true that argu-

ments were circulated right and left as to the enormous earning power of the steel corporation. Circulars and interviews laid stress on the fact that \$300,000,000 of earnings had been reinvested in the property during the past half dozen years, and that the \$40,000,000 Gary plant had been built without recourse to the bond market. It was argued that with these large expenditures already provided for, the path ought to be clear for the larger distribution of the common stock. Some of the computations went so far as to estimate as much as 25 per cent. earned on the common stock in the course of the next few years.

All this is possible. It is only prudent, however, to remember in the first place that these facts, if they be facts, were just as well known to all well-informed people, during the reaction of last year and during the period of fright and pessimism last February, as they are to-day. Furthermore, when one is confronted with these very large estimates of future earnings on the common stock, it must be kept in mind that, even in what were not called the best of the steel corporation's years since 1901, the books showed on their face that 14 or 15 per cent. had been earned on the common stock. Nevertheless, it was deemed prudent at that very time not only to keep the dividend rate below the 4 per cent. established at the foundation of the company, but to reduce it to 2 per cent. per annum. The reason was that so great a part of these ultimate earnings were in the ordinary way of prudent business appropriated for replacements and depreciation expenditure and the necessity of accumulating a large cash surplus had been made so plain by the experience of 1903 that it was not deemed safe to make any great experiments with the dividend.

Now, so far as regards replacements and new construction, completion of the Gary plant will undoubtedly relieve the company of one particular burden. But it certainly will not, as some of the arguments set afloat have seemed to intimate, put an end to depreciation charges. That is a normal and ordinary incident of all manufacturing concerns. More than this, the very fact that the surplus earnings have been applied on so large a scale to the completion of the Gary plant has left the corporation with a comparatively meagre cash surplus. All this may doubtless be altered in the more or less distant future. But at the present time, it is only reasonable to recall that the company's large business is being conducted at a comparatively narrow margin of profit. I have already cited what the *Iron Age* had to say regarding the net results to the average steel producer at the recent level of prices.

All this being so, it would have been at least reasonable to ask for something more in justification of so very extraordinary an upward move-

ment of the stock. This was provided, in the middle of May, by the sudden announcement that Steel common would be listed officially on the Paris Bourse. The statement when first circulated in

"Steel Common" the form of rumor was very commonly disbelieved. In
and the Paris 1901 an exactly similar effort had been made and had
Bourse been rejected outright by the authorities of the Paris

Bourse. Presently, however, rumors began to be followed by explicit statements. The matter was apparently in the hands of Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. The New York house declared that negotiations for the purpose had been virtually completed, and a few days later it was stated by the Paris house of Morgan that "Steel is to be admitted to official quotation upon the 'parquet' or floor of the Exchange, with the sanction of the Agents de Change, the ninety-five governors of the Exchange, the Bureau d'Enregistrement, and the minister of finance."

It is easy to see why this announcement should have had the effect it did have on the market for Steel common. The French public has for years and especially last year been credited with possession of enormous sums of ready capital. This money during the past dozen years or so has been invested by the Frenchmen in a somewhat peculiar way. Within that period has occurred the somewhat dramatic rise to financial power and prestige of the great Paris credit institutions. These institutions occupy a place somewhat similar to the American trust companies. But they have carried so much further the function of investing and reinvesting trust funds for their customers that it has become almost the commonplace of financial discussion to assume that the average French investor's capital would go into whatever field of investment his credit institution suggested.

This overshadowing influence of the banking institutions themselves is responsible for the perfect ease with which Russia placed its securities in Paris during the Eastern War. It showed why on the break of that war an effort to cause a serious collapse in the market for Russian shares met with absolute failure. Necessarily, these investments made for the account of a multitude of small investors were conducted with great conservatism and prudence, and this was one reason why the report that they were taking Steel common was received at first with incredulity. It presently appeared, however, that the Morgans had gained the active co-operation of such important Paris institutions as the Crédit Lyonnais and others of its sort, and that the application for listing on the Bourse had been made by them directly, they undertaking to buy a block of the stock, which might in the end amount to one million out of the total five million common shares.

But listing on the Paris Bourse is not so simple a matter as listing in New York or London. The consent of the Bourse itself must be obtained; but, quite aside from this, the Minister of Finance must give permission and the Registry Bureau of the Government must declare itself satisfied with the arrangements for taxation. Now in France, taxation of securities introduced for public trading is imposed on the entire share capital of the organization. In the case of the billion-dollar steel trust, this would have been a prodigious burden which somebody would have had to bear at the very outset. To avert this awkward handicap, the bankers had arranged to have such portion of the common shares as were designed for the Paris market deposited in trust at the Bankers' Trust Company of New York, which, in exchange, would issue its own certificates of deposit. It was these certificates regarding which application was made to the Paris Bourse, the inference being that the public tax would then fall only on the portion actually listed.

It will be observed that this arrangement involved some curious departures from routine finance. Two points attracted the larger share of criticism. It was asked in the first place, how it was possible that the Bourse should show such willingness to list stock, at the moment when it was selling at the maximum value of its history and at a value wholly out of touch with the 2 per cent. annual dividend still being paid. In the second place, it was asked with much perplexity how any stock exchange could consent to the listing of deposit certificates put out by a foreign institution. Under an arrangement of this sort, it might be easy for the American holder to convert his steel shares into certificates, and "unload," in the Wall Street phrase on the Paris public; but for the French purchaser of the certificates in question a very different situation existed. Supposing him to be inspired, through given developments in the American steel trade, with a wish to realize at once and to advantage, he would virtually have only the relatively narrow Paris market on which to sell his shares. In order to get advantage of the much broader New York market for the steel shares, it would be necessary for him to despatch his certificates to New York and await their reconversion into steel shares through the trust company in that city.

Probably this phase of the question in the end played its part in creating opposition on the Paris market. But the blockade of the negotiations, which occurred early in June, had a still more interesting cause. The French authorities apply to the Bourse listings a paternal and protective policy which would be strange to American observers. They have on occasion refused admission to German securities on the ground of possible political complications with that country; they have refused the same privilege to South American Government issues, except on the

condition that the arms and munitions for that country should be bought in France. Taking a leaf out of this book of experience, representatives of the Comité des Forges, the iron and steel association of France, called on Finance Minister Caillaux to protest against this extending of exceptional favors to the shares of a foreign and possibly competing steel industry, whereby it easily might result that French capital would be involved in building up a dangerous opponent to French domestic industries.

It must be admitted that a certain amount of logic existed in this protest, and since French finance ministers are notably sensitive to political pressure, it was not at all strange that this intervention should have been followed by reports that the negotiations had been abruptly stopped. What the eventual result will be, it is not safe at this writing to predict. With this rebuff, the price of Steel common on the New York Stock Exchange declined four points. It so happened that this news at the opening of June was accompanied by some other disappointments. The Reading Railroad, whose stock had been advanced some thirty or forty points within four months, on constant predictions that the dividend rate would at once go up from 4 per cent. per annum to 6, was left by its directors, in their semi-annual meeting at the opening of June, on the old basis of dividend. Signs multiplied simultaneously that the copper trade, which had recovered for a time from the stagnation of the earlier months, was back again in its old and uncomfortable position of over-production. The current uncertainty about the crops began to impress itself rather more on the financial mind, and the result, not at all unnatural under the circumstances, was a general and severe reaction in prices throughout all quarters of the Stock Exchange.

As to what the longer outcome of these various influences which I have reviewed will be, that must depend largely on developments not yet clearly visible. I have shown what the influences are which have really governed and which are bound hereafter to govern the financial developments of the year. The closing of the tariff debate may itself have an influence on business activity and on the Stock Exchange itself—though it remains to be seen what that influence will be. Three months ago, advance in Stock Exchange prices and recovery in general trade were themselves conditioned on the conclusion of the tariff debate. But, as we have seen, both trade recovery and Stock Exchange boom came without waiting for the event which was to give the signal. This makes it not uninteresting to ask whether the natural results of the completion of the tariff schedules and adjournment of Congress have been antici-

pated or are yet to be experienced. Perhaps the real situation and the fundamental influence is best summed up in the following citation from a very important and conservative trade publication:

It is of no small significance that optimism has been an unfailing factor in commerce and industry throughout the depression beginning late in 1907. In this particular the contrast with all preceding depressions has been marked. For several years following 1893 the gloom and apparent hopelessness of the situation were frequently commented on in trade reviews.

On the other hand, apart from the weeks immediately following October, 1907, when business staggered under the stunning blow to confidence, there has been no time in the last eighteen months when the spirit of hopefulness has not been abroad in the United States. Faith in the abundant future of American industry seems not to have been shaken by any development of the recent depression.

Alexander D. Noyes.

INVOCATION OF THE BUTTERFLIES

AFTER A FOLK-SONG OF THE PUEBLO INDIANS

BY THOMAS WALSH

BUTTERFLIES!

Butterflies of daybreak glancing
 O'er the yellow fields and blue—
 White wing, red wing, gold wing, dancing
 In the sun-motes, whence bring you
 This apparel so entrancing—
 Say what gardens came you through?—
 Butterflies,
 Golden, pollen-tousled lovers
 Of the corn-hearts and the sun—
 Lilac-petalled tribe that hovers
 Near the skies wherefrom you won
 Shimmer of the light that covers
 Distant fields when day is done—
 Butterflies,
 Crimson-cheeked—O hither wander
 From the happy worlds afar
 Down the rainbow pathway yonder
 Where the clouds of promise are!
 Haste! and showers of pollen squander—
 Scatter rains from stalk and star,
 Butterflies!

Thomas Walsh.

ARAMINTA¹

BY J. C. SNAITH

CHAPTER XXVIII

A THUNDERBOLT

WHILE the rain was beating with monotonous persistence upon the small diamond panes of Pen-y-Gros Castle, Araminta was summoned to Aunt Caroline's boudoir. So little did that artless being suspect calamity that she obeyed the summons joyfully, because she felt convinced that Aunt Caroline was to confer with her as to whether Muffin would like to stay still longer. But it proved to be something else.

Aunt Caroline was looking very bleak and formidable, and Lord Andover, who was present also, had never seemed so much like a parent, so benevolently unbending was his manner.

"Girl," said Aunt Caroline—she very seldom addressed Araminta in any other style than "Girl"—"sit there and try not to behave foolishly. I am going to speak about your future."

So little was Araminta preoccupied with things in general that she hardly knew that she had such a thing as a future. However, with her usual docility she sat upon the chair that Aunt Caroline had indicated, and proceeded to give her best attention to her august relation.

"I will be brief," said Aunt Caroline with an extremely businesslike air. "My old friend, Lord Andover, has been good enough to take an interest in you, and if you are a good girl he will marry you. You have no objection, I presume?"

It was clear by Aunt Caroline's tone that she merely asked the last question as a matter of form. But that brisk old worldling went a little too quickly for her niece Araminta, who was really a very slow-witted creature. Some little time had to pass before she could accept the purport of Aunt Caroline's announcement. And when at last she was able to do so it literally took away her breath.

Aunt Caroline allowed the creature quite thirty seconds in which to reply. No reply being forthcoming in that space of time, she proceeded to address her as though she were a prisoner at the bar.

"Well, girl," said Aunt Caroline, "what have you to say?"

Araminta had nothing to say apparently. But from the uppermost forehead to the depths of the neck a slowly deepening wave of scarlet

was spreading over the whole surface of her frank and vividly colored countenance.

"Humph!" said Aunt Caroline. "No objection apparently." She then addressed a third person very succinctly. "Andover," said she, "I congratulate you. You are not everybody's choice, and I must confess to some surprise that no objection has been urged. That is the Wargrave in her, I dare say. The Wargraves have always known how to accept the inevitable. They have often gone to the scaffold rather than make a pother."

"Family pride again, my dear Caroline," said Andover in a voice of honey. "Still, in the circumstances, perhaps a slight display of it is pardonable. History is not my strong point, but I seem to remember that between the age of Edward VI. and the age of Victoria the Wargraves went oftener to the scaffold than anywhere else. To a layman that always appears to be one of the baffling points about the pride of old families. If we go back far enough we generally find that a lawyer who was too astute to be honest established their fortunes; or a fellow who managed to cheat the troops in Flanders of their food and clothing."

"Don't be a coxcomb, Andover," said Aunt Caroline sharply. "Remember my niece. I shall expect you to be good to her. Fortunately for herself she has no brains, but she eats well and sleeps well, she is quite healthy in every respect, and her disposition is affectionate."

"Our dear Miss Goose is perfectly charming," said Andover, ogling Miss Perry, who by this time was trembling violently, and who sat in solemn scarlet consternation. "I am the proudest man in England."

Caroline Crewkerne raised a finger.

"You have said enough, Andover," said she. "I have my own opinion about the transaction, but I am inclined to think the creature might have done worse. You can go now, girl. Don't mention this matter to your sister until you have my permission to do so."

Miss Perry rose with her usual docility, but in her countenance was an ever-deepening scarlet. She moved slowly and heavily to the door of the boudoir without speaking a word either to her aunt or to Andover. Her hand was already upon the door when she turned round and faced the former. The blue eyes were full of dismay.

"If you please, Aunt Caroline," she drawled in her ridiculous manner, "I don't *quite* think I can marry Lord Andover."

The old woman sat up in her chair in the manner of a Lord Chief Justice who has been confronted with a flagrant contempt of court.

"What do you mean, girl?" said she. "You don't *quite* think you can marry Lord Andover? Explain your meaning."

In the most favorable circumstances it was never very easy for Miss Perry to explain her meaning. In these she seemed to find considerable difficulty in doing so. Aunt Caroline gave her exactly thirty seconds, but Miss Perry required longer than that.

"Speak, girl," said Aunt Caroline. "Are you dumb?"

Miss Perry was not dumb, but speech had never been so tardy.

"Girl, will you have the goodness to explain," said the old lady, "why you are not *quite* able to marry Lord Andover?"

At last Miss Perry was able to furnish the required explanation.

"If you please, Aunt Caroline," she drawled ridiculously, "I have p-r-r-romised to marry Jim."

The old lady's ebony walking stick fell to the ground so peremptorily that Ponto was disturbed in his slumbers.

"Jim!" said Aunt Caroline. "Who, pray, is Jim?"

"Jim Lascelles," said Miss Perry.

"I presume you mean the painting man," said Aunt Caroline.

"Yes," said Miss Perry.

There was a pause in which Andover and his old friend looked at one another long and particularly.

"Hand me my stick, girl," said Aunt Caroline.

Miss Perry did as she was desired. Her manner of doing it seemed to imply that she expected to receive physical correction.

"Sit down, girl," said Aunt Caroline.

Miss Perry resumed her chair, doubtless with an emotion of thankfulness upon her narrow escape.

"I could not have believed it to be possible," said Aunt Caroline, speaking very slowly, "that a Wargrave could have been so imprudent, so ungrateful, so entirely lacking in self-respect."

This indictment was delivered in the most deliberate and crushing manner; but a good deal of the effect was marred because Andover laughed outright in the middle of it. Aunt Caroline, however, presented a haughty indifference to the behavior of the husband-elect, who of course was not himself a Wargrave, and whose behavior in this crisis showed that fact clearly.

"Are you mad, girl?" said the old lady. "Answer me."

"Jim is awfully nice," drawled Miss Perry.

The ebony walking stick and the headdress performed a concerted piece together, which filled Ponto with consternation.

"The creature must be a natural," said her formidable relation.

Miss Perry grew bolder, however, as the clear conviction that she was pledged to Jim Lascelles took a firmer hold upon her.

"We shall not marry just yet, don't you know," said Miss Perry with the air of one who imparts valuable information. "But Jim is going to get rich, so that he can buy back the Red House at Widdiford, and then we are going to live in it, and it will be too sweet."

Aunt Caroline having grown incoherent with legitimate anger, it devolved upon Andover to say something.

"Capital!" said he in a most benevolent manner.

This expression of opinion helped Caroline through her crisis.

"You inconceivably foolish girl," said she. "Have you no sense of decency?"

"Muffin has p-r-r-romised to wear her mauve at the wedding," drawled Miss Perry.

Had not the husband-elect blown his nose very vigorously there is reason to fear that he would again have behaved unlike a Wargrave.

"Silence, girl," said Aunt Caroline. "Don't speak another word until you have permission. This comes of crossing the breed. Now listen to me. The sooner you remove the man Lascelles from that inconceivably foolish and demoralized head of yours the better it will be for you. Where is your self-respect? Where is your sense of decency?"

"Muffin—" said Miss Perry, but she got no further, because an imperious finger stayed her.

"Don't speak," said Aunt Caroline. "Simply listen. Dismiss the man Lascelles from your mind, and try to remember who you are, and where you are and what you are saying. My old friend, Lord Andover, desires to marry you. Understand that clearly. And he has my permission to do so. Understand that clearly also. Now you may say something."

Miss Perry took advantage of this gracious permission to turn to Lord Andover with a charmingly friendly smile upon her scarlet countenance.

"It is so dear of you, Lord Andover," she said, "and if I were not going to marry Jim I would marry *you*. Perhaps Muffin——"

Aunt Caroline affronted the nerves of Ponto by rapping sharply with her stick upon the floor.

"You have said sufficient," said she. "Dismiss the man Lascelles from your mind once and for all. You are going to marry Lord Andover. Is that quite clear?"

Apparently this was not quite so clear to Miss Perry as it was to Aunt Caroline. For that Featherbrain opened her eyes so vividly that they seemed to acquire the color of violets, and a look of sheer perplexity settled upon her frank countenance.

"But if you please, Aunt Caroline," said she, "I p-r-r-romised to marry Jim."

Aunt Caroline began to storm.

"Is the girl a dolt!" she cried. "Has she no brains at all! Girl, have the goodness to listen once more. Your father, your brothers and your sisters are all as poor as mice, are they not?"

"Yes, Aunt Caroline," said Miss Perry quite simply.

"Very good. Now heed this carefully. By the terms of your marriage settlement, which I may say I have been able to arrange not without difficulty, you will become a countess with six thousand a year in your own right, with a house to live in, and your father or one of your brothers will have the reversion of a living worth eleven hundred a year, which is in Lord Andover's gift. Now have you the intelligence to comprehend all that I have said to you?"

Apparently Miss Perry had. Doubtless her understanding was a slow-moving and cumbrous mechanism which generally found infinite difficulty in assimilating the most obvious facts; but it was very difficult for the most obtuse person to misunderstand Caroline Crewkerne. Slowly but surely her hard lucidity percolated to the recesses of Miss Perry's mind; and just as slowly and as surely as it did, large solemn tears welled into the eyes that had deepened to the color of violets. They rolled in ridiculous procession down the crimson cheeks.

Neither Caroline Crewkerne nor Andover was affected easily, but there was something in the solemn, slow-drawn emotion of Miss Perry that imposed silence upon them. The silence that ensued was uncomfortable, and by tacit consent it was left to Miss Perry herself to terminate it.

"It is so dear of you both," she said, "to be so good to me. I shall write to dearest papa about you, but I pr-r-romised Jim."

Aunt Caroline snorted.

"And what do you suppose your father will say to you, you simpleton," said she, "when he learns what you have done? Now take my advice. Send the man Lascelles to me. I will deal with him. And then you must prepare to marry Lord Andover some time in October."

But Miss Perry sat the picture of woe. It is true that in the opinion of Andover she sat a perfectly charming picture of it; yet at the same time it gave him no particular pleasure to observe that the absurd creature was shedding real tears, tears which somehow seemed almost majestic in their simple sincerity.

Miss Perry was dismissed with strict instructions not to mention the subject to any one.

"What a creature!" said Caroline Crewkerne when the door had closed upon her niece.

She contented herself with that expression. As for Andover he gave an amused shrug and said nothing. For all his nonchalance, perhaps he could not help feeling that he had been tempting Providence. Yet so ingrained was his habit of cynicism that it may not have occurred to him that he had anything to fear from Jim Lascelles. The young fellow had not a shilling in the world; he had a good head on his shoulders; and he had been brought up properly. That in such circumstances he should have taken the unpardonable liberty of offering to marry Caroline Crewkerne's niece was totally at variance with his knowledge of the world, and of human nature as he understood it.

Caroline Crewkerne was the first to speak.

"Andover," said she, "we are both of us old enough to know better. In the first place you ought not to have brought that man to Hill Street, and in the second I ought not to have allowed him to enter the house. However, the mischief is done. We must now take steps to repair it."

"I shall be interested, my dear Caroline," said Andover in his most agreeable manner, "to learn what the steps are you propose to take."

CHAPTER XXIX

JIM LASCELLES WRITES HIS NAME IN THE VISITORS' BOOK

Andover felt a perfectly legitimate curiosity concerning the course to be adopted in this crisis by this eminently worldly-wise, hard-headed and matter-of-fact diplomatist.

"Do you assure me positively that the man is a gentleman?" said Caroline Crewkerne.

Andover ruminated. The term as he understood it and as Caroline interpreted it implied a singular complexity upon the part of the person upon whom it was bestowed.

"Ye-es," said he, after an interval of unusually weighty reflection, "I should be inclined to say he was."

"That being the case," said Caroline grimly, "I shall speak a few words to him myself upon the subject."

Andover gave this determination the benefit of an ample measure of his consideration.

"My dear Caroline," said he, "it is either the worst thing you can do or it is the best."

"I agree with you, Andover," said Caroline Crewkerne. "And it all depends upon the man himself. Tell Burden to look him up in Walford."

Walford preserved so much discretion upon the subject of Jim Lascelles that although several of his name were mentioned, neither he nor his forebears were singled out for special notice. The practical Caroline having duly recorded the fact that "it was as she feared" desired to know whether Walford had anything to say upon the subject of his mother. However, as no one at Pen-y-Gros Castle was acquainted with the maiden name of Jim's mother, Caroline's curiosity in regard to her also had to go unsatisfied. Nevertheless, she had fully decided to speak to the presumptuous young man upon the subject.

To that end Mr. Collins was dispatched after dinner that evening to Jim's lodgings in Pen-y-Gros hamlet with the compliments of his mistress and the request that Mr. Lascelles would call at the Castle at noon on the morrow.

Mr. Lascelles sent back the information that he would be pleased to do so. Yet no sooner had the gate of the cottage clicked behind Mr. Collins than he repented, and it was only in deference to the wisdom of his mother that the emissary was not recalled.

Jim's mother shook her head over him with sage indulgence.

"When will you learn, my son," said she, "that old ladies who live in Hill Street must be treated *au grand serieux* by rising young painters who live at Balham?"

"Yes, old lady, I suppose so," said Jim ruefully. "And if one James Lascelles is ever to find the wherewithal to get back the Red House at Widdiford he will have to learn to keep his tongue in his cheek and his back supple; and also learn how to stroke the fur of every old cat that ever stuck somebody else's coronet upon the panel of her carriage."

"For shame, my son," said Jim's mother.

And she bestowed an embrace upon James which he really did not deserve.

Jim's powers of resentment were unchristian and did him no credit, but perhaps he would have shown less promise in his art had he been less susceptible to the rubs of the world. That is the best that can be said for him.

However, as the morning was wet he did not mind so much that he was due at Pen-y-Gros Castle at noon. He put on his carefully brushed blue suit and the black silk tie that his mother had knitted for him recently with her own fair hands, and at twelve o'clock precisely he was seeking admittance at the gloomy portals. As he did so he looked in

vain for signs of the Goose Girl and the Muffin Girl. He could not help speculating as to what the old heathen wanted him for. Nothing pleasant, he would take his oath. Doubtless the Goose had blabbed. If so a warm quarter of an hour was before him. Yet he felt that he should not mind that particularly. After all, the old beldame was quite likely to receive as good as she gave.

Mr. Collins received him, and handed him over to Mr. Marchbanks himself, who said, "Will you kindly come this way, sir," in the manner that he alone could say it.

Jim followed Mr. Marchbanks after bestowing a somewhat contemptuous glance at a daub in the entrance hall which purported to be the work of one Tintoret. A little further along, however, was a Cavalier by Vandyck which was more to his taste. He glanced at the furniture also, which in its way was magnificent. It was of embossed Spanish leather. At the head of the wide stone-flagged staircase up which he was conducted was a portière of Gobelin tapestry. Passing through this he was taken along a corridor containing good pictures and bad, and mediæval weapons and suits of armor, until at last he found himself in an extremely cosy room containing seductive lounges and strewn with Turkish mats. And there seated alone and singularly upright in a high backed chair with a perfectly revolting little dog sleeping at her footstool was the old woman Jim Lascelles so cordially disliked.

Jim was a little surprised that the heathen deity deigned to offer not two fingers only, but the whole of her hand.

"What is in the wind, I wonder?" mused Jim as he accepted it with his best bow.

"It is good of you to come, Mr. Lascelles," said the old woman, by no means ungraciously. Remember there never was an old woman yet who could not contrive to be agreeable if she really made up her mind to be so. And Caroline Crewkerne was no exception to the universal rule. "Pray be seated," said she.

Jim Lascelles took the chair that was farthest from her ladyship.

The old woman was very concise, matter of fact and businesslike. She spoke slowly, she enunciated her words with beautiful clearness; in short, she was a model of what you would expect her to be. She was all compact of hard-headed, clear-cut, practical sagacity.

"I wish to speak to you upon an important subject," said the old woman. "It has come to my knowledge that you have been paying your addresses to my niece, Miss Perry."

Jim Lascelles was prepared for the speech in its substance, but its calm, matter-of-fact, non-committal air was baffling to him.

"In a sense, Lady Crewkerne, that is correct," said Jim.

The old woman nodded, not, however, altogether unamiably.

"It is a matter of regret to me that you should have done so," said she. "It is likely to be of grave prejudice to my niece."

"I am indeed sorry to learn that," said Jim with excellent gravity.

"I will explain," said the old woman. "My niece is a penniless girl, and I am given to understand, Mr. Lascelles, that you are yourself a young professional man with your way to make in the world."

"Your information is correct, Lady Crewkerne," said Jim, who was sufficiently impartial to admire the old woman's statesmanlike plainness.

"That being the case," she proceeded, "a union between you is undesirable from my niece's point of view and also from your own."

"I hope I am not entirely without prospects, Lady Crewkerne," said Jim, who, however, did not mention them with any great depth of conviction.

"They belong to the future," said the old woman. "They will take time to materialize. I prefer to deal with the present."

"Miss Perry and I had not contemplated marriage just at present," said Jim.

"Quite so," said the aunt of Miss Perry. "It is sensible of you both not to do so."

The old woman's tone was devoid of irony, but the absence of it merely seemed to heighten the amount there was in her aspect of that undesirable quality. Jim thought he had never seen a human countenance that he liked so little.

"What I wish to point out to you," the old woman went on, "is that my niece has lately received an offer of marriage from a person who has more credentials than yourself."

From the first Jim had been expecting some such thunderbolt. Therefore, he contrived to maintain his pose of scrupulously polite attention.

"As far as Miss Perry's well-being is concerned, I am glad to know that, Lady Crewkerne," said Jim with an urbanity that did him great credit. "As far as my own is concerned, I deplore it."

"The offer of marriage my niece has received," said the old woman, "is of such a character that those who have her welfare at heart feel very strongly that she is bound to entertain it. Not only will it give her an assured position socially, but also it will establish the fortunes of her family, which, as you are doubtless aware, are at a low ebb."

Jim gave a little nod to assure the old woman that he was not unacquainted with the fortunes of Miss Perry's family.

"In these circumstances, Mr. Lascelles," said she briefly, "I think your course is clear."

Jim, however, assumed an air of perplexity.

"I wish, Lady Crewkerne," said he, "that I shared your opinion."

The old woman showed no acerbity.

"Have the goodness, Mr. Lascelles," said she, "to examine the matter in a rational light from the point of view of a man of the world."

A short period was conceded to Jim Lascelles for the purpose of doing so.

"I suppose, Lady Crewkerne," said Jim at the termination of the period, "you wish me to give her up?"

"I do," said the old woman.

Jim pondered a little. It was not very easy to give up the Goose Girl. But this uncompromising old heathen in her great headdress and installed in her chair of state of embossed Spanish leather had shown him his duty. And she had used the fewest possible words in contriving it.

"Your duty is perfectly obvious to my mind, Mr. Lascelles," said she after a full minute of silence had passed.

"Ye-es," said Jim, taking in his breath, "doubtless that is so."

Jim Lascelles took another minute to see if there was any way possible of circumventing his obvious duty. And then he rose from his chair.

"Lady Crewkerne," said he, "to-morrow my mother and I will leave the neighborhood. We thank you very much for the hospitality you have shown us."

Jim bowed gravely, and prepared to take his leave with the air of one who has performed a dignified action.

"Thank you, Mr. Lascelles," said the old woman upon a note of veiled sarcasm which yet was not so unpleasant as it might have been. "I am obliged to you. I shall be glad if you will write your name in the visitors' book."

In this fashion the audience terminated with a display of dignity upon both sides. Of course it was proper and natural that it should be conducted in this manner, considering where it was held. So much was clearly demanded by every detail of its surroundings. And in the hall Mr. Lascelles wrote his name in the visitor's book immediately below that of George Betterton, who had left Pen-y-Gros Castle the previous week.

CHAPTER XXX

GOOD-BYE

Before breakfast next morning Jim Lascelles said good-bye to the Goose Girl on the slopes of Gwydr. It was an overwhelming day for that slow-witted but tenaciously affectionate creature. Muffin was leaving also by the eleven o'clock train.

The eyes of Miss Perry were heavy with the tears she had wept and with the tears she had still to weep. Prior to this tragic morning Jim Lascelles had not spoken to her upon the subject of Lord Andover, but the ruthless Aunt Caroline had very unceremoniously imbued her with a sense of duty. All too soon the golden age had ended. Somehow she felt that she would never climb the mountains again.

In obedience to Aunt Caroline's injunction she had told Muffin nothing of the tragedy. That practical-minded person and uncommonly sound sleeper had been awakened six times during the night by Goose's low sobs and convulsive caresses. On each occasion she had given Goose a hug in return and told her not to be a Silly and had immediately gone to sleep again.

When daylight came and Muffin discovered her sister's pink and white countenance to be puckered with distress, that acute intelligence at once sought the remedy.

"I will stay with Aunt Caroline," said Muffin, "if she will have me, and you shall go back, Goose darling, to Slocum Magna to dearest papa. But if you do, you must promise to feed my rabbits, because Milly always forgets them. Now wipe your eyes and don't be a Silly."

Goose promised to feed the rabbits if she went back to Slocum Magna, but she felt sure that Aunt Caroline would not like her to.

Up till the departure of the eleven o'clock train Goose put forth great efforts to be brave, but she had had such little practice in the art, owing to having lived a life for the most part where little bravery was called for, that she did not wholly succeed. However, when she saw Jim Lascelles striding toward them over the mountains at a quarter past six, in response to his cheery "Hallo, you there!" she contrived to greet him in something of the true Widdiford manner.

In the opinion of Jim Lascelles the first thing necessary was to get rid of Muffin for an hour. And this was quite easy, for the devotion of that practical mind to the fauna and flora of the neighborhood often caused her to spend an hour in the investigation of a dozen square yards of the Welsh principality.

Upon this fateful morning less than a third of Gwydr had been ascended when a profusion of rare ferns and mosses claimed Muffin's attention. Jim Lascelles walked forward briskly with his hand firmly holding the docile sleeve of the Goose Girl.

"Come on," said Jim with an affectation of gaiety that was most honorable to him. "Let us leave that Ragamuffin. In she goes over her ankles into the mud. Torn a great piece out of her skirt on a brier. By the way, Goose Girl, has Aunt Caroline said anything to you upon the subject of Lord Andover?"

Mournfully enough the Goose Girl confessed that Aunt Caroline had.

"Well, you must buck up, you know," said Jim cheerily. "You are going to be a countess, and the family of Wakefield—Slocum Magna, I mean—will come again into its own."

Miss Perry's only reply was to break forth into a succession of slow-drawn sobs, which were so heavy and majestic that Jim declared they shook the mountain.

"Here is a dry place," said he. "Let us sit down before you do some damage to the scenery."

They sat down together upon Gwydr with the chill mists enfolding them. For twenty minutes the Goose Girl said nothing, but merely sobbed to herself slowly and softly with the daffodil-colored mane pressed against Jim's shoulder. Such depth and power had the Goose Girl's emotion that it really seemed to Jim Lascelles that had her heart not been a particularly robust organ it must have been broken in pieces.

"I am afraid," said Jim rather miserably, "I have been a bit of a cad for leading you on, you great silly Goose."

Miss Perry flung her arms about Jim's neck with such force and suddenness that she nearly toppled him backward over a precipice.

"Jim," she sobbed, "you m-must m-marry M-Muffin."

As Jim was in the toils of a hug that almost forbade him to breathe he was not able to reply immediately.

"That Ragamuffin!" said Jim as soon as he was able to do so.

"She is such a s-sweet," sobbed Miss Perry.

"You Goose," said Jim. "Give me a kiss, you great Goose."

Miss Perry proceeded to do so.

"That Ragamuffin doesn't know about it, does she?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Perry. "Aunt Caroline said she was not to."

"That is a wise old woman. Quite right for the Ragamuffin not to know about it. She is too young. Now dry them Eye Pieces, Goose Girl, and don't be a Silly. Old man Andover is a very nice, kind, fatherly old gentleman."

"He is a dear," said Miss Perry with a loyalty that Jim was forced to admire.

"You are really a very lucky Goose, you know," said Jim. "You will have a nice kind old gentleman to take you out to parties and to the circus. He will give Buzzard's a contract for the large size, see if he doesn't. And Dickie will get a living, see if he doesn't; and Charley will go to Sandhurst. As for Papa, you will be able to buy him the Oxford Dictionary; Polly is as good as married to her parson; Milly can go to a boarding-school at Brighton; I am absolutely confident that the Ragamuffin will have a new mauve; and, as for Tobias, he will be able to live in Grosvenor Square."

"Do you think so, Jim?" said Miss Perry tearfully.

Jim Lascelles really covered himself with honor that unhappy morning upon Gwydr. For it is due to him to say that Aunt Caroline had knocked the bottom out of his little world. He had been tumbled out of his fool's paradise in such a ruthless fashion that he really did not know how he was going to get over the fall.

From his earliest youth he had had a sneaking fondness for the Goose Girl. He had bled for her, for one thing. And now that she had blossomed forth into this gorgeous being who had conquered the town, she had become so much a part of his fortunes that he found it impossible to dissociate them from her. The portrait he had painted of her had absorbed all he had had to give. It could never have been wrought unless something of her own magnificence had become part of him. Such a picture was composed of the living tissue of love. It was almost more than human flesh and blood could endure to be told in a few blunt words that the source of his inspiration must be a sealed fountain from that time forth.

However, he went through with his ordeal as well as in him lay. Great had been his folly that he had ever come to inhabit his paradise at all. And now that he was tumbled out of it, it behooved him to see that he made no cry over his bruises, if only because that other foolish simpleton was striving not to cry over hers.

The departure from the railway station at Dwygyfy was a seemly affair. The castle omnibus, a contemporary of the Ark, brought Muffin in state. She was accompanied, of course, by Polly's dress basket, marked "M. P." in white letters on a black ground; she was also accompanied by Miss Burden, Ponto, Lord Andover and the dismal Goose. On the way they picked up Jim and his mother and their belongings, including the half-finished picture of "The Naiad."

Muffin herself was in high feather. For the first time in her life she found herself a person of means and position. Aunt Caroline had

marked her esteem for her character and conduct by presenting her with a note for ten pounds. Muffin, with that practical sagacity which always distinguished her intercourse with the world, was at first very uncertain in what manner to convey this royal gift to Slocum Magna. Eventually she tore it in two pieces, placing half in each stocking.

The Goose Girl behaved with signal bravery upon the down platform at Dwygyfy. Jim wished at first that she had not come. But she contrived to restrain her feelings nobly, as of course was only to be expected of a Wargrave who had gone so often to the scaffold. In consequence they were able to snatch a few brief, inexpressibly sad yet tender moments before the train arrived from Talyfaln.

"You are a good and brave Goose," whispered Jim, "and a lucky Goose too, you know. You must come sometimes to see us humble suburban people, and we will lay down a red carpet for you and in every way we will do our best. Because you know you are going to be very grand."

"I don't want to be grand," said the Goose Girl, with whom tears were still very imminent.

"I have a great idea," said Jim. "Get old man Andover to buy the Red House at Widdiford, and then ask me and my old lady to come and stay with you for a fortnight. We will give them such a roasting at the Parsonage—especially that Girl Polly—as they have never had before."

Somehow this scheme of Jim's seemed to infuse a ray of hope in the forlorn heart of the Goose Girl.

"Jim," said she in a thrilling tone, "perhaps Lord Andover might buy the Red House for you and Muffin."

"Or perhaps pigs might fly," said Jim.

"You *will* marry Muffin, won't you?" said she. "P-r-romise me, Jim, that you will."

"What is the good, you Goose, of my p-r-romising to marry the Ragamuffin?" said Jim. "How do you suppose a poor painting chap who lives with his old mother at Balham can marry into a family with a real live countess in it? What do you suppose that the Polly Girl would have to say upon the subject?"

This great idea, however, had insinuated itself into the Goose Girl's slow-moving and tenacious mind, and of course it stuck there.

"Jim," said she, just as the signal fell for the train from Talyfaln, and the solemn conviction of her tone was such that Jim hardly knew whether to laugh or to shed tears, yet hardly liking in public to adopt both courses decided in favor of the former; "Jim," said she, "I am sure Muffin would love to marry you. And she is such a sweet. I shall write to dearest papa about it."

Before Jim could make a fitting reply the train from Talyfaln came snorting and rattling in with a great display of unnecessary violence. Jim had to look after the luggage, while Lord Andover with his accustomed gallantry handed Jim's mother her red umbrella and her French novel into a third-class compartment. Muffin personally supervised the installation of Polly's dress basket into the luggage van, and gave the porter twopence.

"Get in, you Ragamuffin," said Jim sternly, "or else you will be left."

Muffin gave her sister, who was forlornly witnessing these operations, a final hug and received one in return. She was then handed with considerable ceremony into the compartment which contained Mrs. Lascelles.

Jim gave sixpence to the porter, and then had a craving to kiss the Goose Girl, but did not quite know how to manage it, as the down platform at Dwygyfy is such a public place. Therefore he had to be content with squeezing her hand.

"Now remember," was his parting injunction, "you are a very lucky Goose Girl indeed. And your Papa and Polly and Milly and all of them are going to be awfully proud of you. And if you forget the Acacias at Balham my old mother will never forgive you."

As Jim came aboard Andover shook his hand with real warmth.

"Good-bye, Lascelles," said he. "I hope there will be some entertaining at Andover House one of these days. I hope I can count on you and your mother to stand by me. And when the masterpiece is *quite* finished let me know and I will tell you what to do with it."

The guard slammed the door and blew his whistle. As the train moved off, the window of the third-class compartment was occupied by a wonderful yet substantial vision in mauve, waving affectionate farewells to a group of three persons and a small dog assembled on the platform. They all stood watching it until the sunlight was cheated suddenly of the daffodil-colored mane gleaming from under the Slocum Magna cucumber basket by the jaws of the tunnel immediately outside Dwygyfy station, which is two miles and a quarter in length.

(To be concluded)

MAN'S SONG AND WOMAN'S

BY LEE WILSON DODD

ALL along the meadow and up the little hill
Golden ripples in the wheat travel to the blue!
Woman, woman, if I run following my will,
Where shall I find you, whither fare with you?

*Find me—ask not where,
Take me where you will,
Take me over seas,
For the world is old;
And my heart grows cold,
And weary are my knees,
And I wait white and still,
In the shadow of my hair!*

Woman, woman, woman, what is this you say?
Are you not the loveliest, gayest of the gay?
Do you not dance, do you not sing,
With your hair burning round you in a red-gold ring?
Do you not sing, do you not dance,
Till the sun bows before you and the stars advance,
Till the moon courtseys to you and the stars on silver feet
Pirouette in heaven to pleasure you, my sweet?

*These are but words,
And my heart needs fire—
Find me, find me,
Turn not, nor tire!*

*These are but words,
And my heart needs life—
Find me, find me,
Make me your wife!*

All along the meadow and up the little hill,
Sudden ripples in the wheat travel to the blue!
Woman, woman, if I run following my will—
Shall I seek, shall I find you, shall I stay with you?

Lee Wilson Dodd.

THE PURPLE MARK

BY AVERY ABBOTT

WHEN I tapped at the door of the worn house an unknown voice, a strange and toneless voice, said "Come in;" but as I entered I saw that it was Mary Burns herself who had spoken. In the simmering warmth of the bare-floored kitchen her solid, calico-wrapped figure was stepping evenly about.

She took it for granted that I had some work for her to do; in fact, as she paused before the gray obscurity of the window, her body darkly outlined against the deepening twilight, she stood with such an inevitable air of waiting for me to state my business that I stammered as I spoke.

"I expected—I supposed there would be some one with you."

Then, when she realized that my call was one of friendliness, she pulled a rocker invitingly toward the stove.

"Thank you, Miss Knowles," she said. She had been spreading a white cloth upon one end of the table, and now, as she brought a knife and spoon and laid them beside a cup, she went on speaking in that prosaic voice of hers which was empty like the ticking of a clock.

"Yes'm, they had to go home to get their suppers. There's been several here this afternoon. Mrs. Malone was with me at one o'clock. That was when it—" She turned to look with a kind of slow bewilderment at the time-piece on the mantel shelf as if half expecting to find the hands still pointing to that ominous hour, then she repeated, "One o'clock; that was when they—did it, you know."

I knew. I had listened for the stroke of that hour. I had been adding up a column in the office ledger, a perverse column, which, as one o'clock drew near, had stubbornly refused to yield a correct total. Then the beat came, and it seemed to me that clock after clock—so many clocks!—were clanging forth that first hour of the afternoon with conscious malignity. For during the five years that Mary Burns had washed and cleaned for me, I had learned all about the simple matters of her life, and now her trouble was mine as well. Yet this evening, after I had taken my place in the rocker before the stove, she seemed to forget that I was with her, and it was only when she was drawing a chair to the table that she remembered her hospitality.

"Begging your pardon, Miss Knowles, I'm that forgetful! Won't you be taking a bite, too?"

Although I was just from dinner I assured her that I always liked a cup of tea, and after she had brought another plate I moved over beside her.

"And me not having a sip of cream to offer you! I never take it

myself, and since Billy ain't here I've stopped gettin' it. It was Billy was the great boy for cream." She spoke of her son in that same even tone and as unemotionally as though he were perhaps out of town for a time.

But my chief concern now was that she should eat her supper, so I talked to her of minor matters while she swallowed her bread and butter and boiled tea, evidently without thought, simply as a part of her daily duty. When she had eaten a fair portion she leaned back in her chair and was silent. The face of Mary Burns had not been one to grow set, but seemed to have been softly folded into those lines which working days and grief had creased. It was the sort of face of which one says, "She must have been pretty when she was a girl."

I sat long watching her, for she had forgotten me and was looking straight ahead with eyes that were dull from having wept themselves dry. So long she sat thus, the haggard shadows deepening about her mouth, that at last I moved slightly. She roused at once, straightened her bent shoulders and, turning her face toward me, tried to smile.

"I was thinkin'," she said with gentle apology, "thinkin' about Billy, when he was a baby. I don't s'pose mothers ever forget any least thing their children done. I remember all sorts o' little monkeyshines he cut, but then I didn't have any others. Maybe, if I'd had some others I'd get mixed about 'em sometimes, though I don't know as mothers ever do."

She moved her chair back from the table and turned toward the stove in which the soft coal kept up a small fluttering of blaze with gentle, crackling sounds. After a moment she added:

"It was a girl we had first—our first baby. And it seemed we hardly knew how we was goin' to take care of her. We'd only been married a year, and though William was earnin' his two dollars a day reg'lar, we hadn't a penny ahead, bein' young and gay like. We never thought about *not* havin' the baby to take care of. But when she died an' I come mighty near dyin' too, then it seemed like things turned right around, and we just didn't know how to get along without the baby."

I was silent, for I felt that the land of these memories was to me an unknown country. She waited, musing, then she resumed:

"So, when the next one was comin' we lotted on it a heap. I can see just how William looked when they let him come in to see the baby an' me. He tried to make a joke so I wouldn't hear how his voice was shakin'.

"'Don't you think you're smart now,' he says, makin' out to laugh. 'What you goin' to call your son?'

"I couldn't much more'n whisper, but I didn't have to do no thinkin', havin' had my mind made up long before. 'William Burns,' says I.

"'Aw now,' says William, 'is that the best you can do?' But I see

all over his face that it pleased him grand. He was always a good man to me, William was; honest and sober an' bringin' home his money. Likely that way was why I set such wonderful store by the baby when William died."

"How long ago was it?" I asked. Yet I did not want to ask, for it seemed unnatural, at such a time as this, to hear Mary Burns talking so much. Even on her happiest days she had been always a silent woman, but now the barrier was down the floods must have their way.

"Eighteen years," she told me, "eighteen years ago. Six months old the boy was when I started out with him under my arm, as you might say, to earn our livin'. Some places they wouldn't have me, not likin' children, but other places they was awful kind to me an' I got washin's to do a plenty. Billy was reg'lar cradled in a clothes basket an' cut his teeth on clothes pins, till he got old enough to dress the pins into dollies. He liked dolls. Sometimes boys do, you know.

"I worked pretty hard them days, or so it seems now to look back on it; I didn't think nothin' about it then. Most I thought about was Billy, and he grew the fine and handsome boy. I kept him dressed good, too; I was handy with a needle and I could sew for him after I got home nights."

"He has always been a handsome boy," I told her, and most truthfully.

"Now, wasn't he?" she said, looking around at me with a shade of life in her tone.

"And when he come to go to school he had things like other boys—I seen to that. Only trouble was I couldn't be home with him as much as I ought to been. But soon's he was big enough he used to help me. Carried the clothes for me always. We had a better place to live by that time and took washin's in, and Billy wasn't never ashamed to have folks know he was a wash-woman's son. Only he used always to be sayin', 'Just wait till I'm big, mother, then you won't work for other folks, never no more.' And when we'd be walkin' along the streets, on a Saturday night, an' he'd see the grand dresses in the store windows, 'Look, mother, just look,' he'd say, 'when I get big I'll buy you a dress like that, just like that one, and a hat with a long feather.'

"Gay I'd have looked in such fixin's!"

"But you would have looked nice to him," I protested.

"Maybe so, maybe so. Anyhow, when he got a bit older he didn't take any longer to the schoolin'. I had my heart set on his havin' an education, but when he begged so hard I give in at last an' let him go to work. He was a bit restless, Billy was, an' high sperrited, an' maybe I give in to him too easy about many a thing.

"But I couldn't seem to want to cross him. When he'd come a-laughin', an' a-wheedlin,' an' a-cuddlin' a finger in my neck, it wasn't me that could refuse him anything. Or maybe if I did hold out, pretendin' to be firm-like, he'd flare up (he had the fiery temper from his father) an' fling up his head an' slam out of the house. Then I'd set there the long evenin'. After awhile I'd go to bed, but never a wink o' sleep I got till Billy come back again. Nobody don't know—nobody don't ever know unless they've had sons o' their own, what it's like to have your boy out at nights and not know where he might be. Not that I was afraid of Billy's doin' anything really wrong, but when boys is young, you know (Billy was only just turned eighteen), an' cities is full of public dances an' pool halls an' saloons an' other things that boys don't noways rightly understand."

Mary Burns stopped and was silent so long that I thought—indeed I hoped—that she was not going on with her recital. There was something unbearable in hearing her relate these circumstances, to her of such vital moment, in that voice of unvarying monotony. Only her body slowly drooped, settling down as if under the weight of all those anxious, waking nights.

Finally she opened her lips again, trying to moisten their dryness, and spoke in the same tone, but so low that I must listen carefully to hear.

"It's queer how your baby always stays a baby, even when he's grown a big man and you're maybe dependin' on him. It was that way about Billy. I couldn't 'a' felt no different them nights if my little baby had been wanderin' the streets an' me not able to help or to hender. Boys don't know nothin' about that. Billy would 'a' just laughed if I'd tried to tell him.

"He wasn't laughin' so much them days, either. He'd have moods and hardly speak a word for a week together, an' then there might be a short while he would be unnatural gay.

"It wasn't long before, when he left his job at Masson's and went to work at the Grand Hotel. I was sorry about that; I didn't like his being a bell-boy exactly, but he was set on it, and after that he was out nights a good deal. Once I tried to talk to him about it: I went an' set on the side of his bed after he'd come in an' I tried to make him understand how it worried me to have him gone so much, an' how he couldn't do his work good if he didn't have more sleep, an' how there was all sorts of trouble a boy might get into.

"First he wouldn't talk; then he got upish an' said a lot o' things about bein' a man an' able to run his own concerns; an' after awhile he got to cryin', jest like the boy he was, but he wouldn't tell me nothin', an' it didn't do no good.

"So then I let him alone; I was afraid he'd get turned against his mother. It's queer how you can ever have a fear like that about the baby you've loved, even before he was born, an' fed an' washed an' rocked to sleep. It's queer how you can feel that way, but you can, an' I didn't dare say no more.

"So I never knew about the girl till long after. Not that you could call her a girl either. A woman is what she was, a wicked baggage with a pretty face. The first I ever heard of her was when they sent me word—my boy was in jail.

"I got down there as quick as I could. I was never inside a jail before. It was like wild animal cages. An' to see your own boy's face, his white face, lookin' out at you from behind them black bars!

"But I didn't think nothin' worse would come of it. Not even after I knew they said my Billy had shot a man dead.

"I didn't feel so terrible bad as I should 'a' thought I would. It just wasn't true, that was all; none o' the rest of it ain't ever been true; none of it what's happened since, though some of it my boy told me hisself.

"It was like a thing you dream—waitin' for the trial. The lawyer that the judge let us have, come and talked to me, but I couldn't understand nothing about it all. I told 'em Billy didn't do it. I knew he didn't because he couldn't. I hadn't any proofs. You don't need no proofs about a thing that just ain't so. All Billy said was he hadn't done nothing he was ashamed of, an' he kept talkin' about the disgrace for me. I told him I didn't feel no disgrace. He couldn't help it if they was makin' a mistake about it. The trial would clear it all up. I felt glad when the trial come.

"But when it did come they had witnesses to tell that Billy had done it. The woman, too, told all about it. They said they seen him do it, but I didn't believe none of it. I thought Billy's lawyer would explain about all that; I kept tellin' Billy so; I set right beside him. But the lawyer couldn't seem to explain, not so it satisfied the jury, anyhow.

"When they brought in the verdict I thought I didn't hear it right. I didn't at all sense what it was till I looked at Billy's face, an' then I made up my mind that they shouldn't do it. I told Billy so that night in his cell, an' he just says, dead-like: "Tain't no use, ma, cause I done what they said I done.'"

"Then he told me about it. How that woman had promised to marry him, how he'd have done anything in the world for her (he didn't know no better, bein' just a boy) an' then how there come a man, a man with plenty of money, an' she turned right around an' wouldn't have nothin' more to do with Billy.

"He found 'em together that night, an' they just laughed at him—

called him a kid. He told me how he went and pawned his shoes, not havin' any money by him, an' bought a gun. Then he went back there, walkin' in his stockin' feet through the frozen streets—walkin' fast." The apathy had gone out of the woman's voice. Her eyes burned and now, as she paused, her hand shut tight on a fold of the table cloth. "He did that," she said. "He killed that man. . . . He forgot me, his mother, and he did that. He would do it again; he said he would—only for me. He was crazy, clean crazy at the time, and he forgot; but when he remembered, he was sorry. . . . My big boy—my baby boy!"

Once more the woman was silent, and when she spoke again the aching monotone had come back into her voice.

"Early this morning I told him good-bye." Her voice was scarcely audible, and for a time her lips continued to move soundlessly, the drawn lines of her face melting into a softness that was almost a smile. Then suddenly she looked about her, looked up at the clock and said slowly, "Billy's dead." After a little she added, "But maybe it's right. The Bible says it is."

She got up, lighted an oil lamp and reached down a small book from a shelf over the stove. It opened at the place where her spectacles were laid between the leaves, and when she had put on her glasses, she began to read, her finger on the page:

"'And he that killeth a man shall surely be put to death.' It says that over, an' over, an' over, in ever so many other places, too. I always supposed that was right, didn't you?" She looked at me and then slowly shook her head. "But now I don't understand. I guess I shan't never understand again. Because Billy was a good boy—I should think his own mother ought to know.

"If he was headstrong, it's me that made him so; humorin' him as much as I could because he was all I had. But they wouldn't never think o' doin' nothin' to me—nothin' only leave me to live."

She gave a little dry gasp and stopped speaking. Her face as she talked had not appeared to change, but now it looked gray and shrivelled and strangely small.

"Hanged!" she whispered. "Hanged by the—neck—until—dead!"

She raised her drawn, dull eyes to mine.

"Never," she said, "never was a baby had so sweet a neck . . . so warm and soft and white! If I only didn't know . . . if I ever could forget . . ."

She shut her eyes and her hands went over them, but they could not hide, and nothing at all could hide the thing she saw—the black purple mark of the rope.

Avery Abbott.

BOOK REVIEWS

WALT WHITMAN AS A RELIGIOUS SEER¹

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

RELIGION is the most important thing in life; and it is an evidence of the pitiable frailty of men that they usually regard it not at all, or else regard it rudely, in a spirit of contention, rather than serenely, in a spirit of reverent receptivity. Religion is an emotional awareness of the unity of the universe, an imaginative coördination of that vast appalling multiplicity into a single luminous Idea—an Idea that sits central, and radiates purpose and power, wisdom and beauty, through all things great and small. Religion is the human spirit's penetration into the heart of the universal mystery. It sees things not as themselves alone, but as the meaning of all things that are. It is a mood of mind not to be achieved by intellectual endeavor. It is not reasonable—a thing to be progressed to step by step; it is emotional, immediate, and absolute. Religion grants to him who has achieved it a sense of calm acceptance and brave peace; evil becomes to him as night to day—the shadow of eternal light; troubles become for him like waves upon the surface of the sea, which heave and ripple to catch and toss the sunbeams from on high. Seen in the light of religion, nothing is meaningless, nothing is mean. Religion, being positive, annihilates negations. It loves beauty, and forgets ugliness; it loves right, and forgives wrong. Because it believes in all things, it is tolerant toward all. It is catholic toward everything, because it sees everything as one.

Religion is rare, because it may be achieved only by people who are lonely, original, and pure—people of sane bodies and simple minds—common people, who see directly into the heart of common things. Those who achieve it greatly are, by that token, the greatest men on earth. When they speak, they translate eternity into terms of time, rendering the unspeakable speakable, the invisible visible. They annihilate the categories of the intellect, and hurl the whole universe, instant and overwhelming, against the gateways of the awed perception. This power is assuredly the highest which may be attained by mortal man: all other accomplishment dwindles in the light of it. The greatest scientist, the

¹*Walt Whitman.* By George Rice Carpenter. New York: The Macmillan Company.

greatest scholar, the greatest poet, the greatest athlete, look small beside the man who has achieved religion—look small when we regard them in the leisure of all time. Yet such is the perversity of mankind that the great masters of religion are never understood and rightly valued by their immediate fellow-men. Great men of a lesser order—the general, the scientist, the statesman, even now and then the artist—are coronated and laureled in their life-time; but the experience of the great religious seer is always different from this, and always tragic. In his own life-time, he is vilified. Society looks down upon him because he is tolerant toward publicans and sinners. Churchmen accuse him of irreligion because he scorns the letter of ecclesiastical law. He is laughed at as an egotist, because in his sublime simplicity he asserts that he knows because he knows. He is haled to the tribunal as a malefactor and hanged amid the jeers and hootings of the populace. After his death, the experience of what he was becomes even more lamentable. The idea of him is dragged out of the grave and deified. His followers give new and meaner meanings to his words: they ascribe to him thoughts he never thought: they reduce his vision to mere formulas. Later generations commit crimes in his name—such crimes as murder and monasticism. If he be very great, he may survive dark centuries of misrepresentation, and the world may slowly grow to realize what he was, and gladden like a forest after winter. Spinoza is honored now: in his own time he was cast out of the synagogue. Keats is honored now: in his own time he was laughed at. And Whitman is honored now; though in his own time, to quote his latest biographer, his writing was called “muck” and “obscenity,” “full of bombast, egotism, vulgarity, and nonsense”; he was a “lunatic”; he was “as unacquainted with art as a hog is with mathematics”; and he “deserved the whip of the public executioner.”

The reason why the great religious seers are never tolerated by the world at large until after their work has been accomplished is that religious vision is an individual experience, appreciable to other men only through sympathy, which is one of the rarest of human faculties. Whatever is achieved by the intellect is accepted at once by all men save lunatics and imbeciles. As soon as Euclid has proved a proposition of geometry, every one agrees with him. But religious vision is a vision of the universe as one man sees it; and no other man can experience that special and particular vision except by bringing himself for the moment absolutely in emotional harmony with the original seer. This, for the majority of men, is difficult and well-nigh impossible: no two men can see the ineffable in precisely the same way. The small-minded man—and nearly all men are small-minded—infers that the vision of the seer is

wrong because in some manner it differs from his own. The truth is that in all great vision there is no such thing as wrong. Real seeing is, by its very nature, absolutely right: it cannot be wrong. And if two men really see the universe in two different ways, the truth is that neither is wrong, but that each is right in his individual way. Thus with Moses the Idea which sits central in the universe is named Power; with Keats it is named Beauty; with Tennyson it is named Order; with Spinoza it is named Totality; with Dante it is named Love. That these men differ in naming their deific Idea is not an indication that any one of them is wrong. The Idea—if it be regarded as existing objectively—must, in all cases, be the same; but in each case it reveals itself in some different particular guise to the individual mind perceiving it. It is the great frailty of men that they fight about names instead of agreeing about ideas. To one man the *ewig-weibliche* reveals itself ideally as Artemis, or virginity, to another as Aphrodite, or voluptuousness. It is only a wise, clear vision that can perceive that Artemis and Aphrodite are harmonic phases of the same idea, and that in either it is the central sense of the eternal womanly that counts. Thus men, instead of receiving religion reverently, wherever and however they find it, persist in fighting about religious. The truth is that the sole thing that matters in religion is not what idea the seer has, but the mere fact that he has a real idea and worships it. Worship, which is subjective, is in itself important; the thing worshipped, which is objective, is important only for the sake of being worshipped, and is otherwise inconsiderable. It matters not at all whether a man is roused to reverence by a primrose at the river's brim or by an earthen image of the great Gawd Budd—provided that he be roused to reverence. Religion at its highest embraces all religions and reduces their differences to unity. The great seers never argue: they understand. They never dispute: they sympathize. They do not assert that other seers are wrong: they assert merely that they themselves are right.

The mind of the world moves much more rapidly nowadays than it did two thousand years ago; and it is now becoming possible for the world to realize within a generation what formerly required a drear procession of centuries. Thus, although only fifty-four years have elapsed since Walt Whitman first announced his message, it is already becoming possible to realize sanely and without contention who he was and what his message meant. He has already survived his period of vilification and his period of deification. He is now vilified only by people who do not read him, and deified only by people who, in the real sense, do not read anybody else. In his own day he dwelt midway between volleyings

of contentious thunders. Now the day breaks and the shadows flee away.

This calm and uncontentious after-glow, which has made it possible at last to look at Whitman, has made it also necessary that the world should ask, and that men who know should answer, the great question of what manner of man he was. Among recent answers to this question, the clearest is that which has been rendered by the late Professor George Rice Carpenter, of Columbia University, in the brief biography of Whitman which he contributed to the *English Men of Letters Series*. To this biography Professor Carpenter devoted the leisure hours of the last five years of his industrious and serviceable life. He was in nature just the sort of man who was most needed at the present time to tell us about Whitman. The distinguishing characteristic of Professor Carpenter's mind was sanity. He had the rare ability to look directly at the high light of thought with no blinking of the eyes. He was richly endowed with what the great Descartes called the most uncommon of human faculties—common sense. He was never carried away by his emotions: he carried them along with his thoughts. His dominant mood of mind may best be indicated by Matthew Arnold's phrase, "sweet reasonableness." He was entirely thoughtful; but his thought was not dry and sharp, a thing of edges. It led him clearly to an understanding which seemed synonymous with sympathy. It is scarcely necessary to say that his biography of Whitman, which was published only a few days before his untimely death, is the most satisfying which has yet appeared. It is needful only that some suggestion should be given of its most serviceable merits.

The wisest thing about Professor Carpenter's book is his clear and direct understanding that Whitman must be considered primarily as a religious seer and only secondarily as a man of letters. This biographer classes the author of *Leaves of Grass* among the great mystics, like Francis of Assisi, "or many an Oriental teacher of earlier or later times."

"The minds of certain men," he says, "are so constructed that they may at times seem to pass beyond themselves and the pressing actualities of life into a state of ecstatic contemplation, in which the whole universe is apparently revealed to their eyes under a new and glorious aspect, in the light of which they thereafter live and act. . . . That Whitman must be considered as a mystic becomes immediately apparent when one examines the writings of mystics—Oriental or Occidental, mediæval or modern. . . . The mystic has the sense of special knowledge. In his mood, in his vision, he sees—he knows not how—the greater scheme of creation and his own relation to it; but this knowledge is ineffable; it cannot be uttered; it may only be adumbrated or symbolized. It is, moreover, a knowledge that brings peace and joy. The light breaks in upon

and pervades the mystic. The whole universe opens before him. He sees all and is all. There is no beginning or end to what he sees; cause and effect are identical; the spirit of the universe is one, and that spirit is love."

This, of course, is the very heart of Whitman's mystery; and to this, as Professor Carpenter wisely understood, all merely literary consideration of Whitman's writings must be subordinated. For instance, it is from this central point of view that Professor Carpenter explains that habit Whitman had of filling his verse with "multitudinous inventories and catalogues," which has been the stumbling block of merely literary critics.

"It begins to grow clearer," he says, "that this element is of the very essence of his art; that it was perhaps actually the origin of his art. It was, I surmise, through the psychological process of which the inventory is the sign that he reached the peculiar state of consciousness by virtue of which he is a poet; and the inventory is the test of the reader's ability to follow him in this process. Whoever would have the mystic's poetic illusion must use the mystic's means."

Most biographers of Whitman, obsessed with their idea of what he ultimately was, have considered him as a static personality, instead of as a man who grew and varied through the long procession of his years. Professor Carpenter, with characteristic common sense, shows that Whitman was a very different person at different stages of his career; and the main artistic merit of this biographical narrative is the way in which the subject *grows* throughout it. Of Whitman at the age of twenty-two Professor Carpenter says:

"He was a healthy, hearty, well-balanced youth, temperate, free from vicious habits, fond of out-door life, with such education in books as all may have, and such education in life as everybody gets who learns a trade and who knows the country and the city. Such a youth, slow-evolving, unawakened, easy-going, was the normal American boy, whom ambition, personal charm, or force of character might later lead to great distinction or who might live and die a quiet and ordinary citizen."

Again, he says of Whitman at the age of thirty-one, only four or five years before the appearance of the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*:

"Nothing in his dormant, undeveloped personality served to indicate the extraordinary heightening of power which was so soon to make him one of the most remarkable men of his time. An observant contemporary, acquainted with all the facts, could have only said that if genius were to be late born in such a man; if such a mind and body were to be vitalized by some unknown, some tremendously dynamic force; if such a placid mortal were to be transformed

into a poet or a prophet, he would at least be unique. It was not along conventional lines that such a spirit could be developed."

The best passage in the book is Professor Carpenter's speculation concerning those sudden wonder-years of Whitman's awakening, when, at the age of thirty-four or five, he grew overwhelmingly aware of his own awareness of the universe, and began to chant in that strange new language which amazed the literary ears of his contemporaries. This chapter is a contribution not only to the understanding of Whitman, but also to the larger understanding of the nature of all great religious experience.

But the whole book is broad and brilliant, clear, and calmly wise. In this biography the seer has found a seer, and is granted the great boon of being understood. It is a book to be not only read but pondered—a monument not merely to Walt Whitman, but to George Rice Carpenter as well.

Clayton Hamilton.

NEUMANN'S PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WAGNER'

BY FREDERICK R. BURTON

I AM conscious after reading Neumann's *Personal Recollections of Wagner* of a spiritual uplift that is wholly separable from the fact that I am a student of music and an admirer of the author's hero. The word "hero" is the key to the larger influence of the book which, while not a biography, yet throws such searching light on Wagner's incessant tilting with difficulties that it has the atmosphere, and to a high degree serves the purpose, of a complete life with unessential details omitted. We are not introduced here to those storms of the soul that must have accompanied the composition of Wagner's music. The inner life of a composer would indeed find limited appreciation, for they are few who even apprehend the silent struggles of creative energy. Other books, biographies, collections of letters, and Wagner's own literary output, tell something of the psychological history of the man to the few who can comprehend it. In Neumann's volume our contact with the man is on the several sides that are readily understood by all intelligent persons, and that bind him to us by common experience. As the subject of a

'Personal Recollections of Wagner. By Angelo Neumann. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

book he is a veritable hero in that he undertakes and accomplishes big things in spite of huge difficulties.

The literary value of difficulties is too obvious to require exposition at the moment; it should be sufficient to note that the novelist, shaping his fiction as closely as possible to life, invents difficulties that his hero may overcome them, thus to win the sympathy of the reader, and thus, too, in books of high purpose, to help him who has learned to define the word struggle in terms of his own experience. When the difficulties stand in the way of a real personage in history, by the overcoming of which the book of his life necessarily has the desired happy ending, his biography acquires force and charm with which fiction cannot vie. In reading the lives of great men the reader must be impressed in a ratio corresponding to the familiarity of the difficulties encountered. With no personal knowledge of refractory clays and furnaces, he can yet derive profound inspiration from the desperate patience and persistence of Palissy; the problems that confronted Washington at Valley Forge are accepted as difficulties from the overcoming of which the reader with no personal knowledge of war derives at least an exalted admiration for the hero; Wagner's difficulties have a higher literary value than those of Palissy, or Washington, because they are more common to human experience. More persons, to be precise, have been and are concerned in conducting country choirs than in moving an army; more have had to do with organizing and carrying to conclusion enterprises in behalf of a local hospital than in inventing pottery, or any other contrivance for the use of man. And nobody who has conducted a country choir, or been an inconspicuous member thereof, can fail to see in this intimate view of Wagner's struggles the counterparts of his own experience, magnified many times, to be sure, but distinctly and humanly recognizable.

Neumann's recollections have to do mainly with the last few years of Wagner's life, when the master had "arrived" sufficiently to be surrounded by men and women of gifts and attainments commensurate with his own. The greatest singers, the greatest stage managers, the greatest impressarios, the greatest orchestral conductors, were his collaborators. It was a company of giants of whose agenda Neumann has become the historian. Nevertheless, even in those later years, when Wagner's art moved from triumph to triumph, the master on his lofty heights was tormented by vocalists who sang out of tune; he was forever pulling and hauling with such diplomacy as lay in him to keep jealous singers from each others' tuneful throats; likewise did he, on occasion, lapse from diplomacy in a burst of artistic passion and offend his most valued as-

sociates, only to recognize his error quickly thereafter and do his best to soothe and placate them. Neumann gives, for example, with unaffected lucidity of style, a charming picture of Wagner at rehearsal scolding so furiously about an effect that he himself had invented years before and then forgotten that the devoted Materna fell to sobbing.

It was a tragi-comic scene. On the stage the weeping prima donna—in the box the angry author. My first efforts were directed toward soothing Wagner, which I did by reminding him that he himself had originated that passage and approved of its introduction years ago. Finally, when that tempest was laid, he in turn helped me restore the injured artist—patting her gently on the back and comforting her with honeyed words of praise.

Have not episodes similar to the above occurred time out of number at unchronicled rehearsals in New England town halls and suburban theatres?

Of a different sort, but still recognizable as types of common experience, were accidents to scenery, loss of costumes in transit, the interference of petty officials with designs essential to the performance. These things create emergencies that require strong men to meet them successfully. There was the first presentation of the Ring in Berlin. Royalty was to grace the occasion; Wagner had come from Bayreuth to supervise the final preparations. An hour before the last rehearsal of *Valkyre* (performances were to begin on the following evening) the inspector of the fire department informed Neumann that "the donkey-engine we had set up in the court to furnish our clouds of steam was contrary to the fire ordinance and would have to be removed." There was a brief period of despair, for the inspector was adamant in his devotion to duty, and then Heinrich Vogl, the tenor, remarked that next door to the opera house was a distillery. "They have steam enough for anything," said he, "and all we have to do is to lay a pipe in here and connect it with our stage." Neumann relates that he "flew rather than ran" to the distillery and told his troubles breathlessly to the son of the proprietor, who proved to be a Wagner enthusiast. "After a whole night's work we broke through the wall, laid our pipe, and our troubles were finally over. Indeed," he added in conclusion, "I may say I've never seen better or more convincing steam in any other performance of the *Nibelungen*."

Still further in the line of familiar experience were the problems of cost, the exacting, disheartening business details, the risks, the lack of courage on the part of managers at critical moments, the financial uncertainty of the outcome—difficulties of great magnitude, but plainly of

the same class as tax the resourcefulness and worry the heart of the rural music director who measures his outgo by a modest hundred or two, and to whom a deficit of fifty dollars may spell the abandonment of his next season's programme.

There is a special fascination in this book in that it deals with so many persons, like Anton Seidl, with whom Americans became familiar; there is much that is purely entertaining in the pictures of Wagner at rehearsal, singing tenor, bass and soprano in turn as the exigencies of the occasion called on him to instruct one individual or another (again the experience of the rural conductor), and acting male and female rôles with histrionic ability that amazed his stage-trained associates; but these features may be held as wholly secondary to the higher quality of the book, which is truly inspiring. It tells not only of great achievements, but of high ideals, and the affections of big-hearted men and women. Although Neumann is almost as much the hero of it as Wagner himself, for the story in the main is of that wonderful tour of the Wagner Opera Company by which Neumann forced Europe to become acquainted with the master's works, there is in no line, or between any lines, the faintest hint of egotism on the part of the author. Like all of that coterie of giants, Neumann held the master as high above them, very human, to be sure, and in need of frequent and sometimes stern guidance, but always as the creator of an art work which kept him and his collaborators in thrall, and to the firm establishment of which they devoted their energies with the spirit of self-effacing proselytism. Much of the story is told in letters, many of which have never before been published. The pervading spirit of Wagner's utterances, as here disclosed, even when he quarrelled with those who sought to be good to him, was devotion to the best that lay within human accomplishment. Cost, material obstacles, hostile critics, all, everything, were to be disregarded in favor of rigid adherence to the plan of his works and the working out of the plan on the highest possible plane of artistic efficiency. That there was such a master to direct, and such subordinates to obey, is surely an encouraging fact in the history of human progress, and the record of the fact makes for fresh courage and higher ideals on the part of the reader.

Frederick R. Burton.

RECENT BOOKS ON ECONOMICS

BY ERNEST L. BOGART

THE economist seems to be applying himself to the solution of problems, if we may judge by the samples which have been brought together for purposes of review in this fortuitous group of books. The transportation problem, the marketing problem, and the problems of social relief, of race adjustment, and of economic reorganization are here discussed. Whether the reader agrees in all cases with the conclusions of their authors, he will in every case find the books stimulating and interesting. Almost uniformly of a high order of merit, they give evidence of increasing care in the formulation of social problems and in the suggestion of remedies. Whether socialist or individualist, reformer or reactionary, each and every writer speaks from the broad standpoint of social well-being. Modern scientific and dynamic tendencies find clear expression, and give interest and value to the product, while the subjects treated are catholic in their range and appeal.

It is significant of the increased interest in organized philanthropy that a second edition of Professor Warner's classic has been made necessary.¹ The first book to cover systematically the whole field of American charities, it has held its own as indisputably the best work on the subject

"American Charities"

from the time of its first publication in 1894. Mrs. Coolidge, a pupil, friend, and colleague at Stanford University, has now performed in an admirable manner the difficult task of bringing the work down to date and supplementing a few gaps in the treatment of the principles of relief. The fact that only one new chapter has been added—on "Facts and Conditions of Poverty" for which the recorded data did not exist at the time of the first edition—shows how firm a grasp the author had on the essential principles of social philanthropy. From the first he insisted upon the dynamic and constructive elements in this field; "people are tired of the gospel of inaction," he exclaimed. As general agent of the Charity Organization Society in Baltimore, and later as superintendent of charities for the District of Columbia, he showed the beneficent results of the efficient administration of practical charities. "The dominant idea of the modern charity," says Dr. Devine, "is embodied in a determination

¹*American Charities*. By A. G. Warner. Revised by Mary Roberts Coolidge. New York: T. Y. Crowell and Company.

to seek out and to strike effectively at those particular causes of evil, at those particular causes of dependence and intolerable living conditions which are beyond the control of individuals whom they injure and whom they too often destroy." In the first third of the present book Professor Warner has clearly set forth these insidious causes of poverty and degeneration; the remainder of the volume is devoted mainly to a description of the various agencies of relief and care. The happy blending of the practical with the theoretical makes it a book that should appeal to every student of sociology, every citizen interested in philanthropy, and every official engaged in the administration of practical charities.

To the average Southerner the paramount problem, in comparison with which all others fade into insignificance, is the Negro problem. Mr. Stone is a Southerner, and, as he himself admits, the white man who has lived in the South inherits or absorbs from his environment a certain bias in his point of view: "racial antipathy is a present, latent force in us all." But in spite of this, the essays which make up this volume¹—most of which have been printed before—are written in a fair, unprejudiced, and objective manner. The thesis which underlies the whole book is stated in the first chapter and can best be given in the author's own words: "the attitude of the so-called Anglo-Saxon people toward the Negro the world over is essentially the same under similar conditions."

"At no time in the history of the English-speaking people, and at no place, of which we have any record, where large numbers of them have been brought into contact with an approximately equal number of Negroes, have the former granted to the latter absolute equality, either political, social, or economic." The denial by the white man to the Negro in the South has often been ascribed to the existence of slavery, but this Mr. Stone denies. Indeed he insists that fundamentally the North and the South hold the same attitude on this matter; here and there some Northern man permits some favored individual to cross the line between the races, but the South draws the line against the race as a whole, and makes no exceptions whatever. As to political equality, Mr. Stone does not mince words; the programme of the South is unflinchingly stated: the Negro masses "will not be permitted to share equally in the Government of English-speaking white men—where their numbers are sufficient to menace white control." If the South has taken a

**"Studies in the
American
Race Problem"**

¹*Studies in the American Race Problem.* By Alfred Holt Stone. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

firmer stand on these questions than the North it is simply because the numerical strength of the Negro in the former section has made their settlement imperative. Finally, the book contains a plea for a calmer discussion of the whole question and greater tolerance, appreciation, and understanding of each other's point of view. "The essence of the race problem," he truly says, "is that of the peaceful common occupancy of the same territory by two widely differing people. Whatever builds up amicable relations between these tenants in common tends to minimize the problem of their tenancy. Whatever tends to create friction between them renders their problem more acute." For this reason the author deprecates the constant criticism of the South by Northern politicians and papers. "What the Negro needs just now is a political 'rest cure.' His daily litany should include a prayer to be let alone."

All in all Mr. Stone has made a valuable contribution to the discussion of the American race problem, and one that should help, as he pleads, to a better understanding of the situation. His chapters on the economic aspects of the Negro problem seemed to the reviewer the most valuable as well as the most interesting, while that on the mulatto was least free from animus. It is, moreover, somewhat reminiscent of *ante-bellum* writings to find appeal made to "this fixed and inexorable law of human conduct" (p. 9), "the scientific truth" (p. 426), "nature's laws" (p. 436), etc., to establish doubtful positions. Three well-known and excellent essays by Professor Wilcox, of Cornell University, also printed before, complete a volume which may be commended to all interested in the subject.

No discussion of recent economic literature would be complete nowadays without including a book on socialism, and of the many recent books Mr. Hilquit's volume may be named as one of the best.¹ This book marks a great advance over the author's earlier *History of Socialism in the United States*, as it does indeed over most of the earlier literature on the subject of socialism. It aims to present the socialist philosophy in its relation to individualism, ethics, law, the state, and politics, and to state the attitude of socialism to various present-day reforms—industrial, political, and social. As the first book that has presented clearly and consistently the socialist viewpoint on all these various subjects, it will undoubtedly be welcomed by many people who honestly wish to know what socialism is and what it aims at. "So-

¹*Socialism in Theory and Practice*. By Morris Hilquit. New York: The Macmillan Company.

cialism," says Mr. Hilquit, "is a criticism of modern social conditions, a theory of social progress, an ideal of social organization, and a practical movement of the masses." It is, indeed, this many-sidedness of socialism that makes it so difficult to deal with and discuss. Like the half-inflated balloon of a child it gives way wherever you place your finger upon it, but at the same time bulges out larger than ever in the other places. It must, however, be said in justice to Mr. Hilquit, that he does not consciously evade the issues; but more than once he meets objectors by insisting that they do not understand, or that the particular kind or phase of socialism they attack is not the real simon-pure article, or finally that socialists themselves disagree on this point.

The brand of socialism presented by Mr. Hilquit is evolutionary. He is struck by the development of civilization from the primitive tribe of cave-dwellers to modern industrial problems. "But we have not reached perfection." We are now in the industrial stage, and although "in the earlier stages of its career the capitalist class was revolutionary and useful" it is already outgrown. The trust magnate now holds the center of the stage, and the next step will be "the transfer of ownership in the social tools of production . . . to the people, to be operated for the benefit of all." This has a strangely familiar sound, after all. Finally, he concludes, "our social progress is a movement toward perfect democracy." It may be suggested at this point that neither socialist nor individualist can forecast or direct the course of social progress. Perhaps it will lead us into socialism, and out of that again, as Mr. Spencer prophesied, into a purer individualism; or perchance the latter may be attained without the previous bath of fire. The book is interesting in avoiding for the most part the well-worn grooves of controversy and stating the socialist philosophy in fresh aspects. Indeed some much-controverted phases of the subject—which have never been satisfactorily solved are passed over altogether, such as the problems of value and of over-population. The rationale of the socialist attitude to various practical reforms is clearly and consistently set forth. All reforms are tested by their effect on the wage-emancipation of the working classes; and all those which look to the strengthening of the middle class are summarily rejected, as laws for furthering free competition, the single tax, and similar nostrums. The book concludes with a summary sketch of the socialist movement in all lands.

In a short but forceful little book¹ Mr. Hepburn appears as a warm

¹*Artificial Waterways and Commercial Development.* By A. B. Hepburn. New York: The Macmillan Company.

advocate of the policy of extending and improving our canals and artificial waterways. The impulse to the book seems to have been given by the inability of the railroads to provide adequate service in moving our cotton, grain, and other products in the fall of 1906 and at other periods of special pressure. It is perhaps also the building of the Panama Canal by the National Government, to which a short chapter is devoted, aroused the attention of the author, as it has that of the people generally, to the importance of our inland waterways. But it is principally as an advocate for New York City, fearing the loss of commercial supremacy through the effect of discriminating railroad differential rates and the development of the Gulf and Pacific ports, that Mr. Hepburn writes. Two-thirds of the book is taken up with a description of the Erie Canal and a plea for its continued improvement. While recognizing the splendid achievements of our railroads, the author insists that there is also room, as well as need, for artificial waterways, and indeed might have added much more on this point. There is no country in the world so bountifully provided with navigable inland waterways as the United States, and their value would be greatly enhanced by the building of a few connecting links in the form of ship canals. One may heartily endorse such a programme without, however, committing himself to the more doubtful proposition of developing a system of long, shallow canals with extended lockage, such as most of our longer canals would necessarily be. The distinction between these two types of canal is not kept clearly enough in mind by Mr. Hepburn, who has confined his attention almost exclusively to the former type.

**"Artificial
Waterways and
Commercial
Development"**

The increasing application of science to business, which is transforming the old rule-of-thumb methods and placing our industrial processes on a firm basis, promises not only to render our business men more scientific, but also to make our scientists more practical. Methods of production have very generally been subjected to the critical scrutiny of trained scientists, especially in the larger enterprises. The most recent development, dating back not longer than a decade, has been the application of psychology to the sale of products, which has been most successfully presented by Dr. Scott,¹ the director of the psychological laboratory at Northwestern University. The only wonder is that such studies have not been made earlier, when one considers that the advertising bill of the American people is over \$500,000,000 a year, and that the

**"The Psy-
chology of
Advertising"**

¹*The Psychology of Advertising.* By Walter Dill Scott. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

success of such advertising depends almost entirely upon the use of psychologically correct principles. In the volume under review the author first states briefly the psychological principles underlying the subject of advertising. He then takes up such topics as appeal to the customer's sympathy, the various human instincts which may be successfully aroused, the motives which lead readers to respond to advertisements, the habit of reading advertisements, the attention value of large and small spaces, the unconscious influence in street, railway advertising, and similar topics. The text is illustrated throughout by examples of successful and unsuccessful advertisements, with the reasons for their success or failure, a feature which for the ordinary reader is by no means the least interesting part of the book. The volume will be found of value both by the psychologist and the advertiser, and of unique interest to the general public that reads advertisements. It is, however, curious that a psychologist should have failed to include an index.

Ernest L. Bogart.

PROFESSOR CROSS'S LAURENCE STERNE¹

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

OF the many blended impressions which one brings away from a reading of *The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne*, by Professor Wilbur L. Cross, the dominant one is that of tireless patience and exhaustive research. That the same amount of zeal and wealth of material might have been used in a number of different ways may be cheerfully conceded; that some of these ways might have offered advantages over that pursued by the present author is a matter of personal opinion; but that every writer is entitled not only to choose his own method, but to be judged primarily from the standpoint of his avowed purpose is one of the axioms of literary criticism. Therefore it is important to note at the outset Professor Cross's warning that the reader must expect little in the way of critical essays and much in the way of straightforward and impartial biography—and to remember that his avowed purpose is to answer as fully as he may the following questions:

What sort of a man was Sterne? How did he conduct himself in the days of his obscurity and after he had come into his fame? What did he do and what did he say? What books did he read? What were his pastimes? And what were his pleasures? Who were his friends? and who were his enemies, if he had any? And what did they say or think of him? In a word, wherein lay the secret of the man whose speech and conduct filled the imaginations of all who knew him intimately, whether in York, London or Paris?

¹By Wilbur L. Cross. New York: The Macmillan Company.

And having thus explicitly defined his task, Professor Cross applies himself to it with a singleness of purpose and a rigid self-restraint which he succeeds in maintaining consistently throughout the five hundred pages that make up this searching and vivid biographical record. Of Professor Cross's personal opinion we receive little or nothing; he evidently conceives it to be his province not to do our thinking for us, but to furnish us with the maximum of available data, from which to do our own thinking and draw our own conclusions. To this end, he has gathered together a rather surprising amount of biographical detail in view of the somewhat inconsiderable volume of existing material, gleaning little luminous side lights from most unexpected and apparently unlikely sources, and fitting them painstakingly together, as one fits the incongruous fragments of a puzzle picture until in the end he shows us the finished mosaic, clear and complete through the blending of its thousand component parts. He is not content to piece together the scattered details of Sterne's own personal history, year by year and month by month. The man he thinks cannot be even approximately known unless the background is filled in with equal care. Consequently, he feels that it is never labor lost to pause and picture the successive environments in which Sterne moved; to study the people who frequented any house at which he, himself, was often a guest; to identify and analyze even certain quite obscure individuals who played their humble part in the list of Sterne's acquaintance—in short to reconstruct the social atmosphere of a vanished epoch and show us one of the most remarkable literary figures not only of the eighteenth, but of any century, living and moving in the environment of which he was the logical and yet most extraordinary product.

Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of Professor Cross's achievement is that he has succeeded in making his chronicle of Sterne's life not only complete, but distinctly readable even through periods where the events themselves are distinctly monotonous and barren. This result he achieves in part, of course, through an agreeable style, but more especially, it would seem, by the simple expedient of throwing over the most trivial and banal details the glamor of *Tristram Shandy*—of making us feel that his experience in planting cabbages or his expense accounts for carpenter's and plaster's repairs possesses a peculiar and unique interest. For instance, after quoting an itemized bill of expenses from the inside cover of Sterne's parish registry, ending with the item, "Spent in Shapeing the Rooms, Plastering, Underdrawing, and Jobbery—God knows what—",

Professor Cross adds the characteristic comment:

It is curious that Sterne should first appear as a jester in this old dog-eared parish book. The dash he drew across the page on bringing the account to a close, leaving it to Omniscience to write in the long row of figures, is whimsical enough for *Tristram Shandy*.

And, of course, the reason why Professor Cross succeeds in throwing this special glamor over his book is because he himself is profoundly convinced of the large place that Sterne occupies in modern literature, a place "perhaps by the side of Rabelais and Cervantes." However carefully he has eliminated the personal equation, there is no possibility of misunderstanding his own attitude toward his subject. It reveals itself, in spite of him, in a hundred different and quite harmless ways. Indeed, were this not so, one must needs infer his enthusiasm from the bare fact of the book's existence, since no man could be conceived as setting forth deliberately to accomplish a task of such minute and patient labor, unless profoundly convinced that his subject has an abiding place among the few great luminaries of literature.

And yet, paradoxical though it may seem, one questions whether Professor Cross's volume will make converts; whether it will add to the ranks either of Sterne's admirers or of his detractors. For, taken all in all, it does not give us a new or different Laurence Sterne; it simply fills in with a thousand careful brush strokes the portrait of the man whose features, in a general way, we already know quite well. Indeed, it would have been unreasonable to expect it to be otherwise. In *Tristram Shandy* and *The Sentimental Journey* Sterne revealed himself to the world; and no amount of patient delving among old records will avail to efface or contradict these self-revelations. Professor Cross's book serves in countless ways to accentuate, to amplify, and to explain; but its practical effect will almost always be to intensify one's predetermined verdict upon Laurence Sterne. For the qualities and the foibles that have won him both friends and enemies are all here and in greater abundance than in any previous biography. There will always be those for whom his genius is overshadowed by his indecency, his profanity, his sentimentality; always those who insist upon seeing Sterne through the spectacles of Thackeray:

He used to blubber perpetually in his study, and, finding his tears infectious, and that they brought him a great popularity, he exercised the lucrative gift of weeping; he utilized it, and cried on every occasion. I own that I don't value or respect much the cheap dribble of those fountains. He fatigues me with his perpetual disquiet and his uneasy appeals to my risible or sentimental faculties. . . . The humor of Swift and Rabelais, whom he pretended to succeed, poured from them as naturally as song does from a bird; they lose no manly dignity with it, but laugh their hearty great laugh out of their broad chests as nature

bade them. But this man—who can make you laugh, who can make you cry, too,—never lets his reader alone, or will permit his audience repose: when you are quiet, he fancies he must rouse you, and turns over head and heels, or sidles up and whispers a nasty story. The man is a great jester, not a great humorist.

There cannot be the slightest doubt in any thoughtful mind that if Thackeray were alive to-day, and should have the privilege of reading Professor Cross's book, he would remain of precisely the same opinion as before; he would still think of Laurence Sterne as a cheap buffoon decked out in ruff and motley, and performing grotesque antics on his carpet. And this is inevitable, because no amount of side-light can eliminate any part of those features in Sterne which offended Thackeray's in-born fastidiousness and will continue to offend others like him, so long as Sterne continues to be read.

But on the other hand, all those who possess that better and broader tolerance which recognizes greatness in spite of human foibles and weaknesses will find themselves heartily in accord with Professor Cross's final summing up of his subject, which is so sane, so just, so liberal that it deserves to be quoted at some length.

Sterne is, I dare say, the most complete example in modern literature of a man whose other faculties are overpowered by a sense of humor. He feels, he imagines, and he at once perceives the incongruities of things as ordered by man or by nature; but he does not think, nor has he any appreciation of moral values. What to others seems serious or sacred is to him only an occasion for a sally of wit. In a measure, all great humorists since Aristophanes and Lucian have resembled him, for unrestrained utterance is essential to humor. . . . But most humorists have had their moods of high seriousness, when they have turned from the gay to the grave aspects of things. In *Don Quixote* there is so much tragedy behind the farce that Charles Kingsley thought it the saddest book ever written. . . . Sterne had no such reserve powers, for he was compounded of sensations only. In his life and in his books he added extravagance to extravagance, running the course to the end, for there was no force to check and turn him backward. He was a humorist pure and simple, and nothing else. The modern world has not seen his like. . . . With Swift, Sterne said *vive la bagatelle*; but he added—what Swift could never say—*Vive la joie*, declaring the joy of life to be “the first of human possessions.”

It is only upon reading this concluding chapter, in which Professor Cross throws aside his mask of impassivity and consents for the time to talk with us freely and intimately regarding his own personal estimate of Laurence Sterne that we suddenly find ourselves asking whether the impartial narrative method of this volume is after all so admirable as it has hitherto appeared—whether, indeed, by studiously eliminating all impressionistic criticism, he has not really robbed us of a book of even greater value than that which he has given. It is true that *The Life and*

Times of Laurence Sterne is likely to hold its place for a long time as a definitive biography, and to be recognized as a part of the indispensable equipment for any future critical study, either of the man or of his works. And yet, there is scarcely a page where one would not like to lay a restraining hand upon Professor Cross and say to him, with privileged intimacy, "These facts are all very well in their way, but the value of facts lies not in themselves, but in what one makes of them—now, what do you, who have so saturated yourself with the personality and the spirit of Laurence Sterne, what do you yourself make of them?" There is, of course, a modern type of so-called biography, which is deliberately written to the greater glory, not of the subject but of the author; the type in which an unknown critic seeks to climb into prominence by the cheap and easy trick of overturning accepted standards, denying the greatness of an accepted masterpiece, discovering the wonder of some hitherto neglected poem or letter or story, in short, by a paradoxical and wholesale reversal of the world's earlier verdict. And the pity of it is that because of the paradox, and the startling novelty, it requires only a moderate degree of cleverness in order to convince the general public that here indeed is another Daniel come to judgment. But, between the cheap charlatanism of this sort of literary criticism and Professor Cross's sustained impartiality there is a broad and safe ground for compromise. Personally, the present reviewer believes that the finest, and in the long run, the most valuable sort of study is that in which an impartial treatment of fact is illumined by a steady undercurrent of sane and conservative criticism, so that the effect of the whole book will be that of a personally conducted tour, under wise and able guidance, through territory in which, if unaccompanied, one is likely to miss one's way. This trick of unobtrusive guidance is one which the French critics have developed to a finer and subtler degree than we have yet obtained in the Anglo-Saxon countries. It is, in fact, one of those things which they manage better in France. Professor Cross, of course, had his own good reasons for refraining from what in his case might so easily have been done. Indeed, there are times when in spite of all his care the thing almost does itself—his own personal opinions and convictions slyly and triumphantly slip themselves in between the lines. One wishes only that this had happened oftener.

Nevertheless, just as it stands, *The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne* is a brave and splendid achievement, an enduring monument to the author's industry, and a worthy tribute to that unique and whimsical genius, to whom we owe one of the very few perfect and indispensable things in English literature, *The Sentimental Journey*.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

The Forum

AUGUST, 1909

THE GERMAN MERCHANT MARINE

BY EDWIN MAXEY

NOT less remarkable than the rise of the German military and naval power within the past half century has been the growth of her merchant marine. Though the former is too well known to need comment, the latter is by no means sufficiently appreciated. The policy of Germany, particularly under her present ruler, has been toward the building up of a great navy. To him, this has seemed so essential to the highest welfare of his country that he has been willing to sacrifice anything, except his army, for it. And it must be admitted that such a policy is no mere whim, but is rather a natural consequence of the imperial desires of the German people and of their determination not to take second place among the nations of the world. Such ambitions may be unwise, may be too expensive luxuries, but they are nevertheless facts to be reckoned with. It is, therefore, reasonably sure that for some time at least Germany will attempt to maintain a first-class navy.

But among the things made clear by the history of nations is that a first-class navy cannot be maintained for long without a strong merchant marine. Nor is it strange that such should be the case, for the taxpayers of a nation will not very long support the burden of a first-class navy unless they have a large merchant marine to be protected by it. Furthermore, an effective navy—and no navy is first class if it is not effective—demands the existence of a large merchant fleet as a training school for its seamen. This has recently been well illustrated in the achievements of the Spanish and, more recently still, the Russian navy. Battle ships and torpedo boats do not make a navy. Any wealthy nation can purchase them, but a national aptitude for the sea is not so easily purchased. Its acquisition usually results only from a faithful apprenticeship upon the carriers of commerce.

Such being the significance of a merchant marine, a study of that

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one of the European Marines whose development has been most recent, and also most marvellous, should certainly be interesting and valuable. Particularly so to Americans, for the regaining of her place among the carrying nations of the world is one of the greatest problems which is pressing for solution by the United States to-day. The phenomenal growth of our exports and our foreign acquisitions serves to emphasize this need and the assured completion of the Isthmian Canal increases its urgency.

Whether or not Bismarck may be called the Father of the modern German merchant marine, it is but fair to him to say that he clearly foresaw the necessity of it, if Germany were to maintain her position as a first-class nation; and that he recognized the duty of the nation to see that the development of those things necessary to its welfare be not left to dwindle because of a lack of co-operation. In defining the duty of the State toward this enterprise he said: "The Empire cannot but extend its protection as far as it is able to those commercial enterprises in which German subjects acquire the possession of property." Bismarck was a statesman, and it is the business of a statesman to grasp principles and discern tendencies. Having foreseen that commercial expansion was necessary to prevent national stagnation, and that one of the most effective means of promoting said expansion was the development of the German merchant marine, he did not let doctrinaire theories outweigh practical necessities in determining policies.

The same idea which is here expressed by Bismarck and by which his policies were guided, has taken root in the national consciousness. It is thus expressed by their great economist Schmoller: "We mean to extend our trade and industries far enough to enable us to live and sustain a growing population. We mean to defend our colonies, and if possible, to acquire somewhere agricultural colonies." I have included the last sentence partly because of its bearing upon the present question and partly because of its significance to Americans in connection with the Monroe Doctrine. Though upon his colonial policy German opinion is divided, his proposition as to commercial expansion voices the conviction of practically the whole German nation. It is expressed less pointedly, though perhaps more clearly, by Professor Sering as follows: "Here we are a people of nearly sixty millions, in a territory smaller than Texas, with a yearly increment of eight hundred thousand souls, with a gigantic export industry and foreign trade threatened in the highest degree by the policy of exclusion and annexation on which the world empires have embarked. The facts of population (or emigration)

point in the same direction to the vital and primary importance of our seas and the instruments which make them of value to us."

The champions of *laissez faire* find little in the history of the development of the German merchant marine to support their theory. The fact is that the directive force in transforming it from a negligible factor to the second largest merchant marine in the world has not been the tendency to move along the line of least resistance; but the foresight, undaunted courage, and determination of such statesmen as Bismarck and Kaiser Wilhelm. Had any one, but twenty years ago, possessed the rashness to have asserted to a *laissez faire* philosopher that to-day Germany would be the home of the second greatest merchant marine, said philosopher would have forthwith told him that such a thing was impossible—and would have taken great delight in proving it.

The geographical location of Germany is not such as to give her an advantage in the competition for the carrying trade of the world. On the contrary, she is very unfavorably located. Her ports upon the Baltic are cut off from the ocean by Denmark, which until the middle of the last century levied "sound dues" upon all vessels entering and leaving the Baltic. Not only that, her ports upon this sea are frozen up during a considerable portion of the year. Her ports upon the North Sea are more favorably located in this respect. The communication between the two sets of ports has been greatly improved by the construction of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal. Yet for all this, Germany is still less favorably located for communication with the markets of the world than any other first-class power except Russia and Austria (if either may still be called a first-class power).

Nor does Germany possess any great natural harbors. In this respect also her national energies have been compelled to overcome the handicap placed upon her by the niggardliness of nature. Even after the expenditure of millions of dollars in dredging and millions more in other forms of engineering she has not now any pre-eminently good harbor. Yet the success which she has achieved in this line proves that the energies of a great nation, when wisely directed, will achieve a high degree of success, whatever the difficulties.

In the matter of shipbuilding she was almost equally handicapped by nature, for her natural resources were very limited as to both wood and iron, the materials for construction; for though wood has now become an almost negligible factor in shipbuilding, iron, in some form, is indispensable. As Germany is not rich in either iron ore or coal, she is sorely handicapped in the production of iron; and of course any industry is more or less hampered which must look to

foreign countries for the supply of its raw materials. When compared with the United States, Germany is at a decided disadvantage as regards the raw material for shipbuilding.

As an offset to these natural disadvantages Germany has resorted to the free introduction of shipbuilding material, low freight rates over government railways, and the granting of subventions to such lines as were most in need of encouragement. The development of the German merchant marine was incidentally assisted by the breaking up of the Spanish Empire in America in the twenties, by the rush of immigrants to America in the forties and fifties, by the Crimean War and by the declaration of Paris in 1856, abolishing privateering. With regard to all these, except the first, circumstances were such as to give to Germany an exceptionally large share of the benefit. For example: during the Crimean War most of the great powers of Europe were at war and the trade naturally sought the protection of a neutral flag. German shipping reaped, until recently, a greater benefit from the protection resultant upon the abolition of privateering than did that of England and France, whose navies were far more capable of promising protection to their shipping had it not been provided by international law. But notwithstanding these adventitious stimuli, the German merchant marine was still relatively small in 1885, having a tonnage of but 1,231,062, less than one-third of which was steam; as compared with a tonnage of 4,265,930 American and 9,314,496 British, nearly half steam.

In 1881, Bismarck presented a memorandum to the Reichstag providing for the payment of an annual sum of money to steamship companies. This was introduced in the form of a bill in 1884, and became a law in 1885. It provided for authorizing the Imperial Chancellor to make an agreement with steamship companies for the establishment of a steamship service between Germany, China, Japan, and Australia, for the term of fifteen years. In pursuance of this authorization, Bismarck entered into a contract with the North German Lloyd Line providing for three main lines of steamships: one from Bremerhaven to China, with a branch line from Hongkong via Yokohama to Korea; one from Bremerhaven to Australia, to stop at some Dutch or Belgian port, with a branch line from Sydney via the Tonga Islands to Apia and back to Sydney; and a third from Trieste via Brindisi to Alexandria.

According to this agreement, the ships for these lines were to be built in German shipyards. They were to be built of steel, and must have a registered tonnage of not less than 6,000 metric tons, to maintain a speed of not less than thirteen knots an hour on the main lines, and

twelve knots on the branch lines. Provision must be made on them for the transportation of troops, sailors, military and naval officers as well as ammunition, at special rates. Articles of export from Germany were also to be allowed favorable rates. As a return for this, the Imperial Government agreed to pay a yearly subvention of 4,400,000 marks, or a trifle over a million dollars, payable in monthly instalments. Of this subvention by far the larger part, 4,000,000 marks, was for the Eastern lines. The first steamer under this contract left Bremerhaven on the 30th of June, 1886.

At the same time an attempt was made to subsidize a line to the ports of South Africa, but it failed owing to the opposition of the centre party. The proposition was renewed in 1890, and owing to the benefits which had resulted to German commerce from the Eastern lines a subvention of 900,000 marks was secured, with little delay or difficulty, for the German Southeast African line. The agreement provided for south sailings every four weeks, the ships to be built in Germany of home materials, as far as possible, and manned by German crews. The contract contained the same provisions with regard to transportation of soldiers, etc., as the previous one, and was awarded to a new company formed in Hamburg. After two years, the company, without additional subventions, extended the line to Durban and established a branch line between Zanzibar and Bombay. July 21, 1900, a contract containing the usual provisions was entered into with the German East African Line, providing for a fortnightly service with a subvention of 1,350,000 marks per annum, for fifteen years.

April 13, 1898 a law was passed authorizing the Imperial Chancellor, Von Bülow, to negotiate with the two steamship companies, that were parties to the Chinese and Australian contracts of 1885, for the purpose of continuing a regular fortnightly service between Germany and the principal ports of the Far East for a further period of fifteen years. In consideration of increasing the speed of their ships by one knot an hour, and an agreement further to increase it, should competition make it necessary for them to do so in order to hold the mail contracts, they were granted an additional subvention of 1,500,000 marks per annum, and a renewal of the contract for fifteen years.

Since 1901 the Zaluit Company has been receiving an annual subvention of 120,000 marks for maintaining a regular service between Sydney and the German colonies, New Guinea, the Caroline, Marianne, and Marshall Islands.

From the above, it will be seen that the German Government is paying 7,000,000 marks annually to its merchant marine. It will also be

seen that the conditions attached to the grants are such as to encourage other industries besides that of marine transportation, e.g., the iron and steel industries. While the degree to which it has promoted German industries must needs be more or less a matter for speculation, there can scarce be a doubt that it has beneficially affected the development of the merchant fleet of Germany, whose steamships in 1886 had a net tonnage of but 420,605 tons, whereas in 1906 they have a net tonnage five times as great; while during the same period the American merchant marine engaged in foreign trade has not only shown no increase, but has actually decreased. Just how much the German merchant marine has done toward promoting German commerce, it is, of course, impossible to say, for where several causes operate, it is never possible to tell just what part of the result is due to each cause. Yet it would require a peculiarly constructed mind to conclude that the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American lines—the two greatest steamship lines in the world—have not been powerful agencies in finding an outlet for the products of German factories.

That the ships of a nation, as well as its railroads, are an important factor in developing the trade of that nation is too fully attested by consuls, and others who are in a position to judge, to be any longer considered a debatable question. There are few lines of trade in which any nation has such a monopoly that it can safely disregard the instrumentalities of commerce. Where competition is at all close the aid of a steamship line may readily turn the scale.

In granting subventions, Germany has pursued the wise policy of subsidizing lines which are to tap new fields of trade, leaving the old established lines to take care of themselves. Thus to the lines which for years have been running from Europe to America she pays no subsidies, but to those running to Africa and the Orient she does. Should the United States conclude that the development of its merchant marine is a matter of sufficient urgency to warrant the adopting of a policy of subventions, it may well profit by the experience of Germany.

Edwin Moxey.

A SAFE AND SANE FOURTH OF JULY

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

A LITTLE more than a year ago the *Century Magazine* contained a vigorous and convincing article by Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, entitled "Our Barbarous Fourth." It was a protest against a condition of affairs in the United States which had long attracted attention but which no one, up to that time, had criticised in such emphatic terms. "The grim statistics of the Fourth of July," said the article, "probably furnish a sadder commentary of human folly than that afforded by any other celebration in the world."

It is worth while to present in detail the indictment upon which the article in question arraigned the nation. It showed the heavy penalty which this country has for many years paid to the god of gunpowder under the mistaken notion that noise was patriotism, and that civic and national pride were measured by the explosion of firecrackers and canon. The figures gathered from accurate sources, although admittedly incomplete, were startling in their presentation. They showed that during the celebration of five national birthdays, from 1903 to 1907 inclusive, 1,153 persons were killed and 21,520 were injured. Of the injured, 88 suffered total, and 389 partial, blindness; 308 persons lost arms, legs or hands, and 1,067 lost one or more fingers. "But these figures, startling as they are," commented Mrs. Rice, "convey only a faint idea of the suffering, both physical and mental, which went to swell the total cost of these five holidays; in this we must include the weeks and often months of anguish of the injured, the suspense of entire families while the fate of some loved one hung in the balance, the horror of a future of sightless years, the pinching poverty now the lot of many because of the death or maiming of breadwinners."

It is true that a few thoughtful people had in more or less nonchalant manner observed the terrible toll of death and injury which the evil celebration of the day demanded. Quite a number of newspapers—notably the *Chicago Tribune*—were questioning the wisdom of a method which in one day had resulted in the death of 164 people, and the injury of nearly 5,000. "How can any satisfaction," asked the *New York Tribune*, "be taken in the perversion of a holiday to purposes of disorder and destruction, and how can any pride be felt in methods of observance which inevitably condemn hundreds—if not thousands—to be shot, burned, maimed, and otherwise disfigured and tortured in propitiation

of the great god of senseless uproar?" The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* deplored the fact that a day which ought to be the most enjoyable in the calendar had become a day of general carnage; while the New York *Commercial* characterized the popular celebration as ridiculous and senseless.

Notwithstanding these occasional utterances of truth, which indicated a growing sentiment, the fact is, that at the time of the appearance of "Our Barbarous Fourth" there was only one city in the country wherein any curb had been placed upon the insensate and reckless custom of observing the Fourth of July with dynamite and gunpowder. The cemeteries and the hospitals were claiming their victims and yet no one in authority seemed courageous enough to call a halt for fear of being charged with lack of patriotism. I believe, however, that the article in question appeared at the psychological moment. It was so straightforward in its presentation of the facts, so earnest in its appeal and so logical in its assertion that there were numerous sensible ways of celebrating our national holiday, that it made a profound impression everywhere. At any rate, the fact is, that before that article appeared only one city in the country had prohibited the sale and explosion of fireworks, while within a short period after it had been printed the authorities in several cities took radical action along the lines therein suggested. It is no exaggeration to say that within the next ten years the old barbarous Fourth of July will have entirely disappeared, and it is also within the bounds of accurate statement to add that the one greatest individual factor in accomplishing the much-needed reform is the author of the *Century* article.

All this is by way of preface to the fact that the experiment of a safe and sane Fourth of July was tried this year in the National Capital; and in the belief that its details will prove of general interest, they are herewith recorded. If, as now seems to be the case, we are on the verge of a revolution in the customs which have been in vogue for half a century, the methods by which the change is to be accomplished are not without their value and significance.

The celebration of the national holiday in the capital a year ago had been marked by so many accidents and fires that some protest against the indiscriminate use of fireworks was uttered, and the Commissioners who govern the city declared themselves in published interviews in favor of a safer and saner observance of the day. No definite action was taken, however, until last November, when the question became acute because

hundreds of dealers in fireworks in the city were naturally anxious to know whether they would be permitted to handle explosives. Inquiry of other cities brought forth the fact that Cleveland had already enacted an ordinance forbidding the sale and discharge of fireworks, and a copy of this ordinance was secured. In Washington, as ought to be generally known, there is no common council or board of alderman, but all regulations governing the municipality are promulgated by the three Commissioners under authority delegated to them by Congress. The question whether Washington should undertake the experiment of a non-explosive Fourth rested, therefore, with these three men, and it did not take them long to reach their conclusion. One of them had, more than a year previously, formally expressed his sympathy with the object sought to be attained by the opponents of the barbarous Fourth, and his colleagues were, happily, of the same opinion. In November, therefore, eight months before the arrival of the holiday, the following regulation was enacted:

No firework, squib, or other fireworks of any kind shall be sold and delivered, discharged or set off within the city of Washington, or the fire limits of the District of Columbia, or in the more densely populated portions of said District; provided, however, on occasions of public celebration and exhibition fireworks may be discharged or set off on special permits issued by the Commissioners defining the time, place, storage and such other conditions to be observed in reference thereto as they may deem necessary to the public safety. No gun, air gun, rifle, air rifle, pistol, revolver, or other firearm, cannon or torpedo shall be discharged or set off within the city of Washington, or the fire limits of the District of Columbia, without a special written permit therefor from the Major and Superintendent of Police, nor within five hundred yards of the Potomac River, Eastern Branch, or Anacostia River, Rock Creek, or any public road, highway, schoolhouse, building or buildings, shed, barn, outhouse, public park, reservation, graveyard or burial place, playground, golf course, tennis court, picnic ground, camp ground, or any place where people are accustomed to congregate, inclosure for stock, railroad track, outside of such fire limits for the District of Columbia, without the written consent of the owner or occupant thereof and a special written permit from the Major and Superintendent of Police."

No law or regulation can, however, be effective unless it is sustained by public sentiment. The Commissioners were fortunate in securing the voluntary and enthusiastic support of the members of the Board of Trade and the Chamber of Commerce, the representative local organizations, and, in general, the citizenship of the capital was favorably disposed to the new order of things. Committees were formed for the purpose of providing two patriotic public entertainments, one in the

**Sustained
By Public
Sentiment**

morning to consist of the reading of the Declaration of Independence and appropriate addresses, and the other to include a fine display of fireworks at night upon the ellipse south of the White House. The funds for the latter were promptly supplied by public subscription, and the affair was managed most successfully by a volunteer committee, no less than forty thousand people witnessing the display. In the meantime, the residents of various sections of the District undertook to uphold sympathetically the Commissioners by devising their own collective celebrations. In Cleveland Park, an attractive suburban district, there was a public meeting with a programme of fireworks handled by experts, while Bloomingdale, another well-settled section, enjoyed a day of athletic sports, speeches and aerial fireworks. In short, the people of the District of Columbia cheerfully accepted the proclamation, which was issued by the Commissioners, inviting attention to the police regulations which had been adopted "to provide against the dangers incident to the manner of observing the Fourth of July and Christmas, which previously prevailed," and appealing "to the people of the District of Columbia heartily to second their efforts by observing and counselling the observance of these regulations."

Nor were the entertainments already mentioned the only forms of celebration. The *Washington Post* conceived the idea of an automobile floral-flag parade, and this event proved to be a genuine spectacular and artistic success. There were over a hundred motor cars in line, and the decorations were extremely novel and pleasing. One automobile was reconstructed into an accurate representation of the Confederate ram *Merimac*, and was manned by young men in sailor costumes; another was converted into a yacht with masts and sails; another was a floral boat apparently drawn by an enormous white swan; and still another was in the form of a pergola, decorated with wistaria vines and blossoms. An electric machine which elicited the applause of the thousands who lined the route of parade was apparently a huge wicker basket of pink roses, in the centre of which and surmounted by a canopy of roses was seated the lady who operated the car. Another electric machine was a symphony in red, white and blue. Altogether, the event proved to be a most unique and beautiful celebration, and the committee of artists who awarded the cups and other prizes, valued at \$1,500, was confronted by a most difficult task of selection. When it is considered that the affair was the first of its kind in the National Capital, and was merely suggested as one form of rational enjoyment, its successful execution occasioned deserved felicitation, and when it is repeated next year, as it will be, the national holiday will be made literally a day of delight.

The real value, however, of the experiment in the National Capital still remains to be recorded. Instead of a long list of dead and injured, there was not a single gunpowder accident in the city, and the two minor alarms of fire were not occasioned by explosives. The contrast between the recent Fourth of July celebration and those of previous years, is strikingly shown in the following figures:

**Empty
Hospitals**

Number of persons treated at local hospitals for injuries from explosives:

Hospital.	July 4, 1908.	July 5, 1909.	Hospital.	July 4, 1908.	July 5, 1909.
Emergency	25	0	Providence	0	0
Casualty	6	0	Homeopathic	52	0
Freedmen's	5	0	Children's	2	0
Georgetown	10	0			
			Totals.....	104	0

Before the Fourth there was some division of opinion as to the outcome; after the Fourth the public sentiment was practically unanimous as to the humanity and wisdom of a safe and sane celebration. This sentiment found editorial expression in the daily newspapers, and those communities which are considering the advisability of abolishing the dangerous customs of the past, might with great profit read these comments. They are here incorporated almost in their entirety:

Washington Herald:

Having celebrated the Fourth of July in a safe and sane manner, it is reasonably sure that Washington will not hereafter entertain the thought of going back to the stereotyped, unsafe, and insane way of observing the anniversary of the country's independence. It is true that the day, for the most part, was so quiet as to be almost Sabbathlike; but, thanks to an ideally delightful spell of weather, every hour, from dawn until the night festivities concluded, was full of wholesome enjoyment. A welcome relief it was, indeed, to be spared the affliction of the ear-splitting firecracker and toy cannon nuisance and kindred evils that made other Fourths so hideous. And a more welcome relief still is the knowledge to-day that Washington, at least, has not a long hospital list of maimed and suffering victims of the reckless use of explosives.

Washington Times:

On the day following the Fourth, it will be difficult to find many people who will not give their approval to the innovation. Nobody's home was burned up, nobody succeeded in killing himself or his neighbor; there are no incipient cases

of lockjaw under observation. The tendency to those other forms of disorder which grow out of indulgence in the cup that cheers—and perhaps deafens—was less marked than ever before. The police and the hospitals alike had an easy time of it. Not a single accident worthy the name, of the distinctive variety which has made Independence Day an occasion of carnage and terror, took place in Washington. That is a remarkable record.

Safety and sanity, in short, vindicated themselves to perfection. Promiscuous noise was simply impossible because of the strict prohibition of the sale and use of fireworks and other abominations in the racket-making line. Altogether, it was a glorious day, and it is sincerely to be hoped that it will come in similar fashion once per annum, and in time lead people to a cheerful ability honestly to rejoice that their country did attain its freedom.

Papers in unsafe and insane communities please copy.

Washington Star:

After yesterday's experience it is doubtful whether Washington will ever return to the old customs of Independence Day celebrations. The "safe and sane" Fourth idea was carried out in a manner to please practically the entire community, to give some form of entertainment to the greatest possible number throughout the day, without contributing a single accident of any kind to the records.

Taken in detail, yesterday's celebration features were calculated to please all classes. For those who wished to dwell seriously upon the patriotic aspect of the occasion there was the open-air meeting, where exercises appropriate to the day were held. For the children there was no lack of amusement, with the daylight fireworks diverting them on three different occasions. The floral automobile parade was a novelty that drew large numbers to the line, while the day was appropriately closed with an exceptional exhibition of fireworks, concluding with the illumination of Pennsylvania Avenue.

An ideal day in overhead conditions, yesterday afforded the best opportunity to try the new idea of Independence Day celebration. In consequence of all the arrangements and restrictions there was a remarkable lack of noise from morning till night. There were no fires and the hospital ambulance was less busy even than on ordinary occasions. The policemen had an easy time, being occupied chiefly in preserving lines at the various points of congregation. There was a noteworthy lack of public intoxication. In short, Washington demonstrated that it can enjoy itself in a dignified, decent manner.

With the experience of yesterday in mind, the authorities and citizens who engage in such enterprises can proceed next year to organize an Independence day celebration that will be even better. It has been proved that it is possible to stop the promiscuous discharge of firecrackers and other forms of explosives. This is in itself an immense advantage. There is no reason to doubt the ability of the Commissioners to maintain order in the same manner next year. It may be suggested that the 1910 programme should include more public music of a patriotic character at intervals during the day and that the chief feature of the occasion be some form of historic pageant.

In the face of this splendid and sensible record, it is appalling to read the reports from other cities. The death of Arthur Granville Langham, uncle of the Baroness von Sternberg, which occurred in Louisville, as the result of the explosion of a cannon cracker, was especially tragic, but the occurrences in other municipalities are none the less sad because the victims were not as prominent in social and financial circles. Here are some of the figures:

The Appalling Record Elsewhere

NEW YORK. Five killed, 197 injured by fireworks, 82 injured by pistols, 23 injured by cannons and 3 injured by torpedoes; also, 116 fires started by explosives. Notwithstanding this list of victims, one of the most prominent New York papers remarked that New York had broken all records for a safe and sane Fourth of July.

PHILADELPHIA. Five dead, 3 fatally injured, 8 seriously injured and 420 painfully injured; 80 fires.

ST. LOUIS. Four dead, 205 injured.

WILKESBARRE, PA. Four dead.

PITTSBURG. One dead, 295 injured; fire loss, \$50,000.

MEMPHIS, TENN. A crippled newsboy burned to death.

WHEELING, W. VA. One dead, 50 injured.

BUFFALO. Fifteen children injured, 40 fires.

BOSTON. One hundred and ten persons injured.

TOLEDO. Boy's left hand necessarily amputated and a fifteen-year-old boy blinded for life.

KANSAS CITY. One death from lockjaw.

ELMIRA, N. Y. Two deaths from lockjaw.

WOONSOCKET, R. I. One dead and a dozen persons injured.

Other cities, without regard to section, afford a painful repetition of casualty. It seems strange that this annual holocaust should be tolerated. There is not a civilized country in the world which pays such a fearful debt to alleged patriotism as the United States. There is no question as to the devotion of the Japanese to their country, and yet their three national holidays are not marred by sad fatalities. Germany celebrates the Emperor's birthday with the greatest enthusiasm, but without wholesale death and injury. France is patriotic, and yet France observes its festal days in a safe and sane fashion. In the City of Mexico, as the writer knows by personal experience, the celebration of Independence day is a great popular success, and yet not one firecracker is exploded. The experiment in Washington demonstrates that dynamite and gunpowder are not essential to a thorough and patriotic enjoyment of the day. Surely the time will come when other cities will appreciate the importance of celebrating in some manner which will appropriately mark the day, and yet not leave a sanguinary trail of dead and wounded.

It goes without saying that the safe and sane method will not be departed from in the National Capital. In that city, at least, there will be an example of common sense which other municipalities might well emulate. There will be ample opportunity for the expression of patriotic sentiment, unaccompanied by death and disaster, and in less than a decade the people will look back to the ancient and barbarous customs, and wonder how they were ever tolerated for a single hour. Next year new methods of entertainments will be devised, and more consideration will be given to the children. This year the pupils of the public schools sang patriotic songs at the various gatherings, and the children enjoyed the automobile parade and the fireworks. The Fourth of July, however, is essentially Young America's day, and in any programme arranged by a municipality especial consideration should be given to the little ones. With this detail not overlooked, there will be no question of the real success of any Fourth of July celebration. Certainly the experiment which the National Capital has successfully inaugurated has proven worth while; and if the example is generally followed by other cities, there will be safety and sanity everywhere, nor need the splendid fervency of our full-blooded patriotism suffer loss.

**A Safe
and Sane
Future**

Henry Litchfield West.

A SURVIVAL

BY CHARLES T. ROGERS

THE courteous bow that once left light imprint
 Of lips on hands whose dust he cannot trace
 Lives in his stoop. Their clouds cannot efface
 From his old eyes a flickering rapier glint.
 Unto the last his palsied hand a hint
 Keeps of the gesture large and equal grace
 That once swept free a cuff of flowing lace
 To proffer snuff or pick a pistol flint.
 Some deep-ashed spark the time's rude mirth deters:
 As in some missal where artificers
 Of elder day with patient craft did limn
 The margins—though the page and print be dim,
 The virtues of the school that molded him
 Flash forth in fadeless golden characters.

Charles T. Rogers.

THE STATUS OF WOMEN IN CHALDEA, EGYPT, INDIA, JUDEA AND GREECE TO THE TIME OF CHRIST

BY WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER

IN general, the status of women has been controlled, in all civilization up to the highest, by their power to help in the work of life. Where women have had important functions they have been valued. Where they have needed protection and support, and have not been able to contribute much, they have been treated with contempt. If the economic situation is strong, so that each man can pay a good price for a wife, girls are valuable. In the contrary case female infanticide arises. If the women's contribution to the food supply is essential, women are well treated. If the men are warlike meat-eaters, they treat women as drudges, tempering the treatment with respect for them as necessary mothers of warriors. Among nomads the status of women is low. Women, children, and the aged are burdens. The two former are necessary. They are treated capriciously. In agriculture women win a position of independent co-operation. When towns are built women incur dangers on the streets, and complications arise. Their position in rural life is then far more free than in towns. Public security in the latter once more changes the case. When women are valued for grace and beauty, and are objects of affection, not means of gain, they win, as compared with earlier stages. An Arabic Jew of the tenth century, Ibrahim Ibn Jakub, says of Poland at that time that grain was cheap and the bride-price for wives high. Therefore, if a man had many daughters, he was rich; if he had many sons he was poor.¹ The interplay of interests under the forms of material gain, sex passion, and vanity is here most complicated and fierce. The interference of philosophy and religion is noticeably slight. The phases are many, and there is not a feeling of the human heart which does not bear upon the sex-relation in one way or another. Masculine love of rule and domination, and masculine generosity to an object of affection, have modified every status. Fuegians prefer boys who when they grow up will be a means of strength and protection to their parents.² The Amarr-Bambala (38 E., 5½ N.) celebrate the birth of a boy with a banquet. Boys will become the strength of the country as hunters and warriors.³ The Ossetes celebrate the birth of boys only.⁴ Such is the

¹*Geschichtschreiber der Deutschen Vorzeit*, XXXIII, 141. ²XIII, *A Voice from S. Amer.*, 201. ³Vannutelli e Citerri, *l'Omo*, 195. ⁴II, v. Haxthausen, *Transkaukasien*, 54.

usual sentiment, but in frequent cases girls are preferred. The Basutos find it a financial calamity if a woman bears all boys. Girls are salable and constitute a capital.¹ In Kamerun a girl is preferred because she will soon bring a bride-price.² Amongst Hindus, "when a son is born there is great rejoicing in the family and friends come with their congratulations, but on the birth of a daughter there are no sounds indicative of gladness in the house."³ When a boy is born the conch shell is blown to call all the neighbors to rejoice. When a girl is born the conch shell is silent and neighbors offer condolences.⁴ "It is believed by an average Hindu that a male child is the fruit of the propitiation of ancestors."⁵ The Aryans thought "daughters are a sorrow; sons are the father's pride and glory."⁶

The status of women is therefore a symptom of the mores because all the interests and feelings of man converge in it. It furnishes one of the most prominent illustrations of the traditional persistence of the mores through ages, even in spite of changes in interests, and of the ultimate triumph of interests in the mores. The phenomena are intricate and perplexing, but it is certain that we can never understand them unless we follow those indications in them which show us the mores as their ultimate explanation.

The remotest stage of civilized society which is known to us is that represented in the laws of Hammurabi as existing in the Euphrates valley 2,500 years before Christ. In those laws men and women appear to be on an equality of personal rights. Three classes, wives, concubines and slaves, are recognized.⁷ The laws of Hammurabi and the laws of Moses point back to a common law of the Semitic peoples of Western Asia (Müller traces this out), and the society is evidently an old one, with well-established folkways, which are codified in these laws. Winckler⁸ is able to show, from the position of the vernal equinox in the signs of the zodiac, that Chaldean culture must date back to the fifth millennium B.C. The code of Hammurabi is elaborate and systematic. It can hardly have been the first one. Back of it there must have been a long period of usage and custom. Barton states dates as far back as 6,000 B.C. It is assumed in the laws of Hammurabi that a man will have but one wife, but as to concubines and slaves he arranges his affairs as he judges expedient for his own welfare. The laws define the rights of the parties in certain contingencies, and thus make wedlock a legal status,

¹XXXI *Archivio per la Antrop.*, 459. ²LXXXVI, *Globus*, 393. ³Wilkins, *Mod. Hinduism*, 339. ⁴*Ibid.*, 10. ⁵V, *Jo. Asiat. Soc. of Bombay*, 72. ⁶Zimmer, *Alt.-Ind. Leben*, 318. ⁷The story of Abraham, Sarah and Hagar conforms exactly to the law of Hammurabi (Müller, *Hammurabi*, 140). ⁸*Babyl. Kultur*, 30.

not a contract. The status, however, is plainly the product of mores which have been matured through a long period. The marriage gifts also show that long usage had produced elaborate customs. The bridegroom pays a bride-price (a survival of primitive purchase), but he also gets a dowry with his wife. Furthermore the bride's father gives her a gift which is a peculium of hers—pin money, and the groom also gives her a present. Men can repudiate their wives at will, but they must provide for the wives if the latter are not guilty. If the woman is childless, the relation has failed of its primary purpose. It is dissolved as a matter of course. A woman who has borne a child to a man, even if she is only a slave, has a claim on him and security by his side. Women can also leave their husbands, if the latter fail of the duties of a husband. There were consecrated women under religious vows, but not vowed to virginity, and public women. Müller¹ thinks that perhaps these two classes (in § 178) are priests who dress in woman's dress and women who dress in man's dress—two classes of hierodulas. The former were provided for under a system which was equivalent to life-annuity.² Among the Tel-el-Amarna tablets (1500 B.C.) No. LXXXVI is a story of a god and his wife. He abuses her, but when she remonstrates they make up the quarrel and "Whatsoever she wished to have done was done from that time forth forever more."

The laws of Hammurabi show that the problems of matrimony were the same 2500 years before Christ that they are now, and have been ever since. It is asserted that the excavations of Telloh show that the mother-family existed in Chaldea in the third millennium before Christ; that the wife was "goddess of the home"; and that she could expel her husband from it.³ Later, perhaps through Semitic influence, the man got control and the institutions of the father-family were fully developed (*patria potestas*, sacrifices by the father to ancestors). A son could take only a concubine, not a wife, without the father's consent. A slave woman would resent it if her master took no notice of her. The popular poetry represented her case, and there was reason to fear her arts and magic.⁴

In the old Babylonian kingdom the husband could dismiss his wife at will, by giving her a bill of divorcement, and frequent injunctions not to do it show that it often occurred. Consequently the woman was powerless and rightless against her husband, although her dignity and authority in the house and over her children were great. If repudiated she could marry again.⁵ Repudiated wives, however, were the "strange

¹Hammurabi, 144. ²Winckler, *Gesetze des Hammurabi*, 22. ³524 Harper's *Magazine*, 201. ⁴I Maspero, *Peuples de l'Orient*, 735. ⁵Meissner, *Altbabyl. Privatrecht*, 14.

women" of antiquity; wandering adventuresses, without husbands or status where they were met with, and living by vice.¹ As wealth and social activity increased in the Euphrates valley, polygamy became commoner, women were secluded more and more, and they lost their primitive independence of status. In Chaldea all women of the higher classes were cloistered in the harem and never appeared by the side of husbands and brothers as they did in Egypt.² The harem system, at least for Western Asia and Europe, originated here. The contracts of the period of Babylonian and Assyrian glory show that wives were then rarely bought. One such contract only from that period is known, but the terms in it are more crassly commercial than in the contracts of the old Babylonian period.³ A wife brought a dowry to her husband, or there were no gifts, or each father stated in the contract what he would give to the young people. If there was a dowry the ownership remained in the wife, but the husband had the use. If a man refused his approval to the marriage of his son, the woman whom the son took became a slave. Married women could do business and make contracts without the intervention of their husbands in any way.⁴ A very important device, which helped to produce monogamy, was the stipulation in the contract that, if the man took a second wife, he should pay a specified amercement. Many contracts have been found in which slave concubinage and prostitution are provided for in the most matter-of-fact commercial terms.⁵ The Assyrians were fierce and cruel; the Babylonians were more poetical, industrial, and artistic.⁶ The former represent on their monuments very rarely any domestic scenes. A queen is once shown feasting with the king.⁷ The only other women on the monuments are captives. Female charms are rarely noticed. We must, however, note that the monuments are all from public buildings.⁸ In Babylonia every woman must, once in her life, submit to a stranger, in the temple of Melitta (Venus), for money, which was put in the temple treasury.⁹

Wherever women are treated with tyranny and cruelty, and are denied rights, that is, redress, they kill their husbands. In the laws of Hammurabi a woman who killed her husband was to be either hanged or impaled, the meaning of the word is uncertain.¹⁰ With increasing wealth and the distinction of classes, the mores for rich and poor diverged. Women who had property could defend their interests. They held and administered property, made contracts, etc. In the poem of

¹I Eрман, *Ägypten*, 223. ²I Maspero, 707. ³Marx, in 4 *Beiträge zur Assyriol.* 6. ⁴Marx, 11, 30, 49. ⁵I Kohler und Peiser, *Babyl. Rechtsleben*, 7, 8; IV, 28 fg. ⁶II Rogers, *Babyl. and Assy.*, 316. ⁷I Rawlinson, *Five Great Monarchies*, 492. ⁸Tiele, *Babyl.-Assyr. Geschichte*, 596. ⁹Herodotus, I, 199. ¹⁰Müller, *Hammurabi*, 128.

Gilgamesh, the hero, addressing the ghost of his friend, and enumerating the miseries of the dead, says: "Thou canst no longer embrace the wife whom thou lovest, nor beat the wife whom thou hatest."¹ We must take this to represent the mores of the highest classes. Women of the lower classes in Chaldea, whether legitimate wives or not, went about the streets freely unveiled. Women of the upper classes lived in seclusion, or, if they went out, were surrounded by attendants.² In all societies, women of the poorer classes have to encounter annoyances and have to protect themselves, while seclusion becomes, for the richer, a badge of superiority and a gratification of vanity. Usages which were devised to cherish and pet women become restraints on their liberty and independence. When they are treated as unequal to the risks and tasks of life by men who take care of them, the next stage is that the men treat them as inferior and contemptible, and will not grant them dignity and respect. When they escape responsibility they lose liberty. Nevertheless, the customs, if introduced by the higher classes, spread downward by imitation. So it must have been with cloistering and veiling. Men got security without care. Women got the sense of refinement and elegance, and of aristocratic usage. The interest of men and the vanity of women co-operated to establish the folk-ways which lowered the status of the latter.

In the early Aryan society the status of a wife depended on whether she was childless, bore daughters, or bore sons. In the first case she was blamed, being considered guilty, and was treated accordingly. In the last case she enjoyed honor.³

In that form of the religion of India which appears in the laws of Manu, and in the Mahabharata (about the beginning of the Christian era), fathers chose husbands for their daughters and proposed the marriage, but women also proposed to men who pleased them. Manu allows them to choose, but disapproves of it because the motive would be sexual desire. For the same reason he classes love marriages as a bad form of marriage.⁴

"Husband-selections" were public ceremonies at which the suitors of princesses entered into competition for them, although the woman could, to some extent at least, set aside the result.⁵ Devayani was given as a wife by her father to Yayati. He also gave her maid with her, telling Yayati to honor her, but not to make her his wife. Yayati begot two sons by his wife and three by the maid. Therefore Devayani went home to her father, saying: "Yayati has learned what duty is [from the Veda] and yet he has committed sin."⁶ In the Naha episode, the hero, charmed

¹I Maspero, 588. ²I Maspero, *Peuples de l'Orient*, 739. ³Ihering, *Evolution of the Aryan*, 343. ⁴III, 39. ⁵I Holtzmann, *Indische Sagen*, 254. ⁶*Ibid.*, II, 108.

by the consent of the heroine, promises her life-long fidelity.¹ "The best medicine of the physicians is not so good for a man, in any ill, as a faithful and beloved wife."² There are, in the poem, very striking love stories, especially about the fidelity and sacrifice of lovers, but one woman says that a woman turns away from a husband who has cherished her as soon as he gets into trouble. A little trouble outweighs in the minds of women long happiness. They have fickle hearts, and no great virtues can win them to fidelity.³ In the early philosophical period, women were freely admitted to hear and share in the discussion of theological and philosophical questions.⁴ The law of India is full of hostile expressions against the female sex. It not only puts them in a position of inferiority to men, but even refuses them the position of persons endowed with independent rights. Manu⁵ says: "It is the nature of woman to seduce man in this world." "Women are able to lead astray in this world, not only a fool, but even a learned man, and to make him a slave of desire and anger." A woman is to be always under tutelage. She can have no property, give no testimony, maintain no suit, make no contracts, and conduct no affairs. The books, however, contain also expressions of praise of women, and these fundamental principles are traversed to some extent by more humane ideas. "Where women are honored there the gods are pleased, but where they are not honored no sacred rite yields reward." "In that family where the husband is pleased with his wife and the wife with her husband, happiness will assuredly be lasting."⁶ The law-givers conceive of woman as a necessary evil. She is the soil which man requires to produce the desired offspring of marriage. This is one of the many cases in which the status of woman has been influenced by the accepted notions about the respective shares of the sexes in procreation. Marriage is the only sacrament in India in which woman has a share. The essentials of the wedding are the ceremonial joining hands and taking seven steps together around the sacred fire with recital of formulas of blessing. The ceremony was entirely domestic. The parties married themselves. Marriage by purchase is one of the honorable forms, but Manu says:⁷ "No man who knows the law must take even the smallest gratuity for his daughter; for a man who, through avarice, takes a gratuity is a seller of his offspring." The bride-price is to be construed otherwise. Other texts recognize this form of marriage with less reserve. Jolly says that the apparent revulsion against purchase was not in the mores, but was a symptom of a more friendly tone of mind of the law-giver toward women. In southern India now purchase is almost the only form of marriage.

¹I Holtzmann, *Indische Sagen*, II, 18. ²*Ibid.*, II, 27. ³*Ibid.*, II, 266. ⁴Hopkins, *Religions of India*, 382-384. ⁵Manu, II, 213. ⁶*Ibid.*, III, 56, 60. ⁷*Ibid.*, III, 51.

In the vedic hymns the relation of husband and wife is represented as one of intimate affection, confidence, and co-operation. The place of the wife was especially marked by the fact that she participated with her husband in the household sacrifices. In the house she was in authority over all the inmates. Only one could occupy this position. Manu's¹ precepts for a wife are that, although the husband is destitute of virtue, or seeks pleasure elsewhere, she is to regard him as a god. She is to make no vow or sacrifices apart from him. Manu also expresses the "one flesh" idea: "Learned Brahmins propound this maxim likewise: 'The husband is declared to be one with the wife.'"²

The jurists expressed this mystical unity in the provisions that man and wife could not go surety for each other, bear witness, contract debts, maintain suits, or divide property with each other. These are necessary corollaries of the "one flesh" doctrine. In respect to joint property there has been an important development toward the independence of women.³ In the wedding ceremony the groom led the bride around the domestic fire-altar three times, saying: "I am male; thou art female. Come, let us marry. Let us possess offspring. United in affection, illustrious, well-disposed toward each other, let us live for a hundred years."⁴ Although this formula was here directed only to procreation, it is an interesting historical parallel to the Roman formula, and to a German formula, which latter ones had relation to rights.

"We shall not err if we understand that women in Iranian antiquity had substantially the same status as in vedic India, or amongst the ancient Germans, or in the homeric age of Greece. In all these cases, we meet with the same conditions."⁵ That is to say, that at the ultimate forms of civilized society, the status of women which we find is the same.

In the Zend Avesta, the sexes appear equal in rights and honor, but they never were so in fact in historical times. Zoroaster, according to the tradition, had three wives.⁶ Each man had concubines and slaves according to his means, and his own judgment of his personal welfare, as was the case throughout the whole ancient world. The most remarkable feature of the Iranian social system was the injunction to practise the closest incestuous marriages as the most meritorious.⁷ This is a very interesting case of the survival of primitive mores into a later religion. The reason for it was intense desire to maintain the blood-purity of a caste, a desire which had become a predominant motive.⁸ For this reason,

¹Manu, V, 154. ²*Ibid.*, IX, 45. ³Jolly, *Stellung der Frauen bei den Alten Indern*, 421-439. *Münch.-Akad.*, 1876. Zimmer, *Altind. Leben*, 315-318. ⁴Monnier-Williams, *Brahmanism and Hinduism*, 363. ⁵Geiger, *Ostiran.-Kultur*, 243. ⁶Jackson, *Zoroaster*, 20. ⁷Darmstetter, *Zendavesta*, 126. ⁸Tiele-Gerich, *Religion im Altert.* 165.

although courtesans existed, intercourse with them was strongly disapproved, and the mores imposed strict rules on women of the nation.¹ A man was praised for giving his daughter in marriage and ordered to do so as penance for his own sins. Thus the interests of the daughter might be subordinated to those of the father. The wedding ceremony was a union of hands with prayers and formulas of words. In this, and the ceremonies of transfer to her husband's house, she is spoken of as the comrade and equal of her husband, and as his companion in the household.² On the one hand, these rules imposed on a man a status-wife, and on the other hand, as in all such cases, they caused love unions with foreigners, and defeated their own purpose. Marriage was encouraged and premiums were given for large families, which seems to show that the premiums were necessary.³ There are historical cases in which Persians showed very great attachment to their wives.⁴

The status of women in the Old Testament is that which has been described as prevailing in Western Asia in the earlier form. Very little is said about women. They play no rôle. They had no function in religion. Ruth is a heroine because when she, as a widow, had a right to return to her home and people, she chose to remain with her husband's family and nation, and to adhere to his religion. Esther is a political heroine. Athaliah and Jezebel seize power, as women did upon occasion in other states. In the Proverbs we hear what a good thing a good woman is; what a bad thing a bad woman or wife is. This might all be equally well said of husbands, but it is not said, because it was not in the mores to think of men in the same light. The model woman in Prov. 31 is an industrious housewife. Woman is a coadjutor to man. According to the story in Genesis, she brought woe upon him. "The status of woman is characterized by the fact that she was always the property of some man." She was the property of her father. He sold her to her husband. Her duty was to bear children and do household work. The man was not bound to exclusive fidelity; the woman was, under penalty of death. A priest might not mourn for his wife.⁵ She was not as near to him as his family kin, including his unmarried sister. This excluded his married sister, as if she went into the kin of her husband, which is inconsistent. A widow did not inherit from her husband, but the heir must care for her. A woman's vow required the confirmation of her father or husband.⁶

A man could have concubines and slaves. It was, however, a very

¹Geiger, *Ostiranische Kultur*, 337. ²*Ibid.*, 241. ³III Spiegel, *Eranische Alterthmsk*, 679; I Darmstetter, *Avesta*, 46. ⁴Herod, 9, 111; Plutarch, *Artaxerxes*. [⁵*Lev.* 21:1; *Ezek.* 44:25. ⁶*Num.* 30:4. Cf. Buhl, *Soc. Verhält. der Israeliten*, 30.

important effect of the later strict endogamy of the Jews, that these could be only Jews, and were, therefore, in a protected status, and were nationally equal to the wife. In Deut. 21:10 the case of a war-captive, necessarily a foreigner, at the mercy of the captor, is allowed for. Polygamy is the current usage.¹ Divorce was easy at the will of the man. Motherhood was the chief function of women. Throughout the canon of the Old Testament violation of the sex taboo is earnestly condemned and made a subject of warning and of prohibition in the name of Yahveh. Sex vice, including abortion, exposure of infants, and child sacrifice, are set forth as the distinguishing traits of the heathen, and an abomination to Yahveh. The prophets were constantly fighting the mores of the Jews, which coincided with those of the other people of Western Asia.² The Jews who returned to Judea were a selection of those who had the strongest national feeling and who thought that the captivity had been a chastisement of Yahveh. In the rabbinical period, with intenser national feeling, the antagonism to heathenism and sex vice was even more strongly emphasized, and they often hold the first place in ethical exhortation and discussion. The importance attached, in the New Testament, to eating things offered to idols might not seem comprehensible, but it is conjoined with denunciation of sex vice, and sex vice and heathenism went together, and were the antipodes of Christianity. These sentiments entered deeply into the Jewish mores of the rabbinical period. The standard of marital life, the conception of matrimony, and the status of women remained about on the level of the surrounding nations. Women were held to be inferior. They were agents of seduction and evil. A father or husband had a hard task to keep daughter or wife from evil.

In 1 Esdras 3:13 is an interesting argument to prove that woman is the most powerful thing amongst men. She is alluring and may be wicked, and is classed with wine as a cause of ruin to men.³ All the wisdom of all the ages and nations reiterates the same few propositions. The woman was held to strict fidelity in marriage, but not the man. The rule of divorce in Deut. 24:1 was greatly enlarged, although sects differed about it. "Hardly anywhere in the rabbinical writings do we find any high conception of wedlock."⁴ In the rabbinical period there was a tendency to depreciate all sex relations, as a consequence of the strong antagonism to heathenism. There is even some glorification of virginity, and of long widowhood⁵ and a legend that Rachel withdrew from conjugal life, and chose continency.⁶ The Essenes, beginning in the second century B.C., rejected marriage and depended on new adherents to continue their sect.

¹Deut. 21:15. ²Ezek. 8:6 11; 22:9-11. ³Eccles. chaps. 9, 19, 25 and 26.

⁴Cf. 1 Cor. 11:9-15. ⁵Luke 2:36. ⁶Bousset, *Relig. d. Judenthums*, 401-404.

The Therapeuts did not reject marriage, but they honored celibacy.¹ The talmudists said that a man might marry as many wives as he could support, but he was exhorted to take not more than four. It appears doubtful if many men in that period (early centuries of the Christian era) took more than one.² Polygamy was put under definite taboo A.D. 1020. Women were also given more and more definite right of divorce, and divorce by the man from caprice or malice was restrained. Still dicta are quoted which allow wide freedom of divorce to both.³

The biblical scholars⁴ now tell us that the story of the creation of woman in the second chapter of Genesis dates from about 775 B.C. It is very primitive myth making. The processes and machinery are all described. So the woman is made out of a rib of man. The man perceived that he and she were "one flesh." Then follows the enigmatical utterance that the man shall leave father and mother and go to his wife. In what social horizon could that rule arise? Nobody in the father-family ever did it, except heiress-husbands, as in Num. 36. However, but for this rule there would be no establishment of pair-marriage in this text. If the husband goes to the wife he will have but one, unless it be exceptionally, or by some confusion of usages. The first chapter of Genesis is held to have been written not before 500 B.C. It is very simple and direct, and is written as history not myth. The human race is created in two sexes, and nothing states or implies pair-marriage. It cannot be supposed that the man was said to go to the woman, in opposition to almost universal usage, in order to suggest pair-marriage. Then modern men have read their own mores into these texts, and established such a tradition that we do not perceive that the text does not contain the institution. How could the Jews practise polygamy through their whole history, if on the first page of the law stood an injunction of pair-marriage? They did not see it there because it is not there.

The position of women amongst the Jews at the time of Christ was what it was generally in the greco-roman world. Their place was domestic and their chief function was to bear children. The New Testament Gospels contain very little about women. Later Christian hagiology created myths about the two Marys and Martha to satisfy the demand. The Epistles contain doctrines of marriage which are not fully consistent. In 1 Cor. 7 marriage is a *pis aller* for sin. The same doctrine appears Rev. 14:4. The most important question is that of the effect on a pre-existing marriage of conversion of husband or wife to Christianity. The

¹Bousset, *Relig. d. Judenthums*, 443, 445. ²Bergel, *Eheverhält. der Juden*, 10. ³Klügmann, *Frau im Talmud*, 37-46. ⁴Smith, *Old Testament History*.

rabbis held the current contemptuous opinion of women. Hillel is quoted: "More women, more witchcrafts."¹ Woman, according to the current belief, was not saved through the Law, but through child-bearing.² Philo gives as the reason why the Essenes did not marry that "a wife is a selfish creature, immoderately smitten with jealousy, terrible at shaking to their foundations the natural habits of a man, and bringing him under power by continual beguilements. For as she practises fair fake speeches and other kinds of hypocrisy, as it were upon the stage, when she has succeeded in alluring eyes and ears, like cheated servants, she brings cajolery to bear upon the sovereign mind. Moreover, if there are children she begins to be puffed up with pride and license of tongue, and all the things which before she speciously offered in a disguised manner in irony, she now summons forth with a more daring confidence, and shamelessly forces her way into actions, every one of which is hostile to communion. For the man who is bound under spells of wife or children, being made anxious by the bond of nature, is no longer the same person toward others, but is entirely changed, having become, without being aware of it, a slave instead of a free man."³

The status of women in Egypt was so free that the Greeks ridiculed the Egyptians as woman-ridden. Herodotus⁴ says that the women went to market and the men wove at home. Descent was through women and was marked by the mother's name, which the child bore. The tie of father and child was slight.⁵ In the tombs of the old kingdom (before 2000 B.C.) the wife and mother of the deceased are represented; hardly ever the father. A very peculiar arrangement was that a man's next heir was his grandson by his eldest daughter, and that a boy's next friend and protector was his maternal grandfather. This arrangement was very ancient and was deeply rooted in the mores.⁶ The women of the harem of Thothmes III got up a conspiracy against him (about 1600 B.C.) and were able to organize a large force of men and officers in it.⁷ From about 740 B.C. a college of priestesses at Thebes became the political authority in that city, the chief priestess concentrating the political power in herself.⁸ Some of these features of society seem to be survivals of the mother-family, but Herodotus saw 341 statues of successive priests in descent from father to son, which covered, as the Egyptians said, 11,340 years,⁹ and would indicate father descent for that period. Herodotus¹⁰ says that each man had but one wife "like the Greeks," but Diodorus¹¹ says that only priests were restricted to one. Kings certainly had more than one and

¹II Cook, *Fathers of Jesus*, 127. ²I Tim. 2:15. ³Philo, *Apology of the Jews*, frag. apud Eusebius; II Cook, 7. ⁴II, 35. ⁵I Maspero, 51. ⁶Erman, *Aegypten*, 224. ⁷*Ibid.*, 87. ⁸III Maspero, 172. ⁹II Herodotus, 142. ¹⁰Diodor. II, 92. ¹¹*Ibid.*, I, 90.

probably great men also. There were also concubines and slaves. Prostitution was in effect organized in the service of religion.¹

In the *Precepts of Ptah-hetep*, which date from about 2600 B.C., it is said: "If thou wouldst be wise, rule thy house and love thy wife wholly and constantly. Fill her stomach and clothe her body, for these are her personal necessities. Love her tenderly and fulfil all her desires as long as thou hast thy life, for she is an estate which conferreth great reward upon her lord. Be not harsh to her, for she will be more easily moved by persuasion than by force. Take thou heed to that which she wisheth and to that to which her desire runneth, and to that upon which she fixeth her mind [and obtain it for her], for thereby shalt thou make her to stay in thy house. If thou resistest her will, it is ruin to thee. Speak to her heart and show her thy love."² The extremest "friend of woman" in any age might admit that these precepts are excessive. If they ever were approximately in the mores, the derision of the Greeks did not lack justification. A later writer of unspecified date warns against the "strange woman" like the writer of Prov. 6: 24: "Beware of a strange woman who is not known where she is. Do not look at her when she comes and do not know her. She is like a current of deep water, the whirling force of which one does not know. The woman whose husband is absent writes to thee every day. If there is no witness near her, she rises and spreads her net! O crime worthy of death when one hears of it." Have nothing to do with her and take a wife in thy youth, because "the best thing is one's own house," and because "a wife will give thee a son like thyself."³

In Egypt in the class of nobles every woman "brought some land to her husband as dower, but daughters took it away again, so that the fortunes of a family depended on the proportion of females born in it."⁴ Each wife had her own house, given to her by her parents or her husband. There was no conjugal domicile and the man was not "head of the family," but a guest in his wife's house. The wife administered her own property and received a stipend from her husband. If she contributed to the expenses, she did so voluntarily. In a marriage contract of the time of Ptolemy III (247-221 B.C.) the man promises not to claim the authority of a husband, to give to the woman slaves who are named, and to let her dispose of them without interference from him. He recognizes as hers all debts due to her and makes them collectible by her agent. If the husband collects any of them, he promises to pay the proceeds to her and to pay her a penalty besides. In a corresponding document, by a woman, she acknowledges the receipt of the marriage gift, and of her

¹II Maspero, 536. ²II Budge, *Egypt*, 150. ³Erman, *Ægypten*, 223. ⁴I Maspero, 300.

share of the goods, and promises to return the same if she is unfaithful.¹ This last stipulation is an exact inversion of the case where the man, by custom or contract, receives a dower which he must repay if he repudiates the woman. Erman² thinks that conjugal relations were happy and affectionate. A widower who had been told by a magician that his second wife had caused an illness from which he suffered, wrote and put in her tomb a letter of remonstrance, in which he rehearsed his attentions and devotion to her.

The Egyptian mores must be accounted for by the extreme traditionalism of that people which caused survivals of old customs to persist by the side of new ones. Contact with Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians and Greeks produced change but very slowly, although Egyptian men must have been instigated to borrow foreign customs by all motives of selfish interest and vanity. Paturet³ thinks that he can discern a change in the marriage system after about 500 B.C. From a free and equal relation it became more servile on the part of the woman and the Semitic notion that there could be no full marriage without a property pledge was accepted in Egypt. Later the woman, without selling herself entirely, made a contract of limited duty. She was lower than if she had sold herself permanently or given herself away. "Nothing in his home experience had prepared a Greek to see a respectable woman come and go in liberty, without veil and without escort, carrying a burden on her shoulder instead of on her head, like a man, running about the market, keeping shop, while her husband or father was shut up at home, weaving fabrics, mixing potter's clay, and turning the potter's wheel or working at his trade. It was an easy inference that the man was a slave and the wife mistress of the family."⁴ Accordingly, as soon as a Greek dynasty was seated on the throne, we find that Ptolemy IV (221-205) made an ordinance which restrained Egyptian married women by Greek law. Gifts and contracts between man and wife ceased, and the wife needed the authorization of her husband for her acts.⁵ Under Mohammedanism in Egypt, we find the mores completely reversed. The Roman conquest and christianization acted to remold Egyptian mores as to the status of women. The change may have been brought about before Mohammedanism came in. All the conquerors were antagonistic to the Egyptian mores in regard to this matter and they favored the change which was in the interest of men.

In Homer the relations of young unmarried persons is free and unconventional although there is a code of propriety. Wives were bought and the bargain is very purely commercial in motive. Fathers were also

¹Paturet, *La Condition Juridique de la Femme dans ancienne Egypte*, 42, 50, 54, 72. ²I *Aegypten*, 217. ³14 to 20. ⁴III Maspero, 797. ⁵Paturet, 42.

moved by political and dynastic motives. The purchase contract and the formal ceremony distinguished the status wife from the concubine. There were also slaves and captives who were at mercy. By the side of the status wife, the concubine or slave was chosen for love. "When the chief wife was also the loved wife, affection was very strong and true." The best example is that of Hector and Andromache. Wives were held to fidelity. Penelope was a heroine; Clytemnestra "led to bitter words against all women." There is no sex-honor in Homer. The fidelity of women is a duty on account of the rights of which they are the object by capture or purchase. If they violate it the paramour must pay a fine. No divorce occurs in Homer. The gods and goddesses present a picture of another community marked throughout by disreputable conduct as compared with the human community.¹ The quarrels of Zeus and Hera give us a completer picture of conjugal life than any which is presented of men. The pair are vain, frivolous, and jealous and give cause for jealousy. Their love-making is not dignified. They live like a couple in a French novel who have decided to get on by not demanding too much of each other. It is a mistake to think that the custom of "purchase" degraded women. Hera was not purchased. We find that, in barbarism, purchase is explained as a remuneration to the father for the expense of rearing the girl. She is not "bought" like a slave. Purchase also runs down through all grades of ceremony and survival. Then, too, the woman's father gave her a dowry, a transaction which shows that the purchase idea no longer characterizes the relation of the parties, but is a survival by the side of a new conception of marriage. In a pecuniary point of view the two gifts were incongruous, but as regards the sentiments which determined their meaning, they could well continue together.² The wooing in Homer is simple and natural, open and straightforward. The language is often naïve and to our usage, unrefined. The mores are not clearly defined because of the military and heroic plane on which the poems move. The women attend the heroes in the bath, a custom which to us seems inconsistent with the other sex mores, but it illustrates well the power of the mores to extend approval, for the sake of an interest, to an incongruous usage. The gods give wives, so that marriages are made in heaven. They bless the marriage of a man who pleases them.³ They give children.⁴ "Nothing is so desirable and full of rejoicing as to see man and wife united in hearty love and ruling their house in peace."⁵ Achilles says: "Every brave and sensible man loves his wife."⁶ Cases occur in which a man renounces a

¹Keller, *Homeric Society*, chap. V. ²*Od.* I, 277; II, 53. ³*Od.* XV, 26; IV, 208. ⁴*Od.* IV, 12; XVI, 117. ⁵*Od.* VI, 182; *Il.*, VI, 407. ⁶*Il.*, IX, 341. Friedreich, *Realien d. Il. and Od.*, 197-200; espec. 199 on the sex mores.

slave woman out of respect to his wife.¹ But others in which he declares that he prefers the slave woman.² The case of Penelope was complicated. It was not sure that her husband was dead. Her son was a boy, but he grew to manhood and became her guardian as she had been his. She was clever and wise and managed well a difficult situation the phases of which changed as time went on, but always presented new difficulties. Telemachus declared to her with rude plainness that he was master.³ He told her to go to the women's quarters and attend to the housework and to leave deliberation to men. Thus he defined her "sphere." Hesiod is quoted in the *Anthology* of Stobæus.⁴ "If a man has had the luck to get a wife who suits him, that is the acme of good fortune; if he has a bad one it is the worst disaster." Menander is also quoted: "If we rightly judge the matter, marriage is indeed an evil, but necessity imposes this evil on us."

Augustine⁵ has preserved from Varro a myth of early Attica. In the time of Cecrops an olive tree suddenly appeared at one place and water burst forth at another. The oracle explained the portent to mean that the people must choose between Minerva (the olive tree) and Neptune (the spring) as patron of their new city, Athens. Cecrops summoned all the people, male and female, for women then voted, to make their choice. The men voted for Neptune and the women for Minerva, and the latter triumphed by a majority of one. Neptune was angry, and he inundated Attica. The Athenians punished the women by taking from them the right to vote, by abolishing the usage that children took their names from the mother, and by depriving them of the name of Athenian women. This story seems to be a myth embodying a tradition of the mother-family, and accounting for the change from it to the father-family, with a decline in the societal position of women. There are two obscure but very interesting Greek myths in which women rebel against marriage. The daughters of Proetus treated with contempt the temple of Hera, patroness of marriage. Aphrodite punished them with madness. After wandering about they were cured in the temple of Artemis. Their example led Argive women to forsake their husbands and slay their children. The women on Lemnos despised Aphrodite and slew their husbands.⁶ The myths suggest that the marriage institution was such that women revolted against it.

In the seventh and sixth centuries a series of lyric poets developed a strong erotic conception of love (Sappho, Anacreon) which was passionate and, according to later standards, vicious.⁷ Such a sentiment the

¹*Od.* I, 431; *Il.*, IX, 132; XIX, 261. ²*Il.*, I, 112. ³*Od.* I, 356. ⁴69. ⁵*De Civit. Dei*, XVIII, 9. ⁶Farrell, *Cults of the Greek States*, 448. ⁷I Beloch, *Griech. Gesch.*, 258.

Greeks always understood by "love." They felt a great joy in living. They were gay and light-hearted, but heartless and superficial. "The systematic repression of a natural appetite was totally foreign to Greek modes of thought." "The Greek conception of excellence was the full and perfect development of humanity in all its organs and functions."¹ To such a scheme of life women were essential, but it offered them little honor. Simonides of Amorgoo (sixth century ?) classified women. God made of earth the lazy ones, of the sea the fickle ones. Other classes Simonides distinguished by the animals whom they resembled in character. The bee class was those who were industrious, thrifty, faithful—healthy mothers with grace and high virtues.² Aristotle says that in former times all Greeks bought each other's wives.³ Lykurgus in Sparta and Solon in Athens⁴ adopted very low and different policies about the discipline and relations of the sexes. Their standpoint was that of man or the state, and woman was used for purposes assumed to be good, and in ways assumed to be expedient and practicable. Whether any good resulted to the male sex or the state under either plan is very doubtful. The women were degraded in each case. At Athens, in order to have children of full civil standing it was necessary that a man should marry the daughter of a citizen. The women of this class were so secluded in the woman's apartments, and lived such a remote life, that young men could not know young women. Therefore the wife of full rank was a status wife. In the fifth century very many Athenians married foreign wives, in spite of the disabilities which their children would incur. It seems evident that they became acquainted with these women and formed attachments, which it was impossible to do with Athenian women. By the side of the legitimate order there came into existence a class of courtesans, who exercised, by education, beauty, wit, grace, and coquetry, the influence over men which belonged to woman, and to which Greeks were especially susceptible. If Athenæus may be believed, this class was very numerous. He gives a collection of the *bon mots* attributed to them. He specifies the ones who were in more or less enduring relations with all the well-known men of Athens. While the status-wives were shut up at home, keeping house and nursing children, these love-wives enjoyed the society of the men and influenced the state. Some of them became famous in more ways than one. Aspasia made a trade of educating courtesans. Socrates refers to her a man whom he sought to indoctrinate with higher doctrines of conjugal duty.⁵ Cicero⁶ tells a story in which she appears as the instructress of

¹II Lecky, *Morals*, 291. Mahaffy, *Soc. Life of the Greeks*, 104, 117. ²II Bergk, *Griech. Literat. gshte*, 197. ³*Politics*, II, 5, 11. ⁴Athenæus, *Deipnos*, 25. ⁵Xenophon, *Economicus*, 3, 14. ⁶*De Inven. Rhetorica*, I, 31 (51).

Xenophon and his wife, showing them by the Socratic method that every man wants the best wife, and every woman the best husband possibly to be had; therefore, to satisfy each other, each should strive to be as good as possible. She was, it appears, the competent teacher of the art of matrimony. She is credited with a share in the great movement to emancipate women. Aristophanes¹ attributes the Peloponnesian war to the anger of Pericles, on her account, against Megareans, who had stolen two of her courtesans. Socrates² says that she was skilled in rhetoric and had taught many orators, including Pericles. Such were the mores by the end of the fifth century; wives at home like servants, intellectual recreation sought in conversation, sexual passion gratified in dissipation with courtesans. This ran through the society according to wealth. In an oration against Neæra, Desmosthenes (?) said: "We have courtesans for pleasure, concubines for daily companions, wives for mothers of legitimate children and for housekeepers."³ This expressed exactly the mores of that time. In discussing the reasons for the headlong descent of the Greeks in the third and second centuries, it is to be remembered that they were breeding out their nationality, by begetting children with foreigners and slaves, and by family and social mores which selected against the women of full blood.

The Greeks thought that a wise man would never confide entirely in his wife; therefore he never had complete community of interest with her. The reason was the same which would keep him from community of interest with children. He looked to women for the joy of life in all its higher and lower forms.

In the tragedies of the fifth century general statements about women often occur. They are almost always disparaging. In Æschylus's (fl. c. 475) *Suppliants* the king says: "A woman's fears are ever uncontrolled." The female chorus says: "A woman by herself is nothing worth." In the *Agamemnon*, Ægistheus says: "Guile is the woman's function." Women have no judgment. They are persuaded before the facts are known. In the *Seven against Thebes* Eteocles says women are a nuisance in trouble and prosperity. They are arrogant when they have power. In war-time they get frightened and flutter about doing no good, but helping the enemy. Let them be kept out of affairs. "Oh, Zeus, what a tribe thou gavest us in women!" In the *Ajax*, Tecmessa, a captive, says to her lord: "Since the hour that made me thine I live for thee." In the *Eumenides* Apollo says that woman does not beget. She is only nurse. The mother only cherishes the germ. He uses Pallas as a proof that one could be born without a mother but not without a father. In Sophocles's (fl. c.

¹*Acharnians*, 524. ²*Menezenos*, 236. ³Quoted by Athenæus, XIII, 81.

460) *Trachinian Maidens*, Deianeira, "the most real woman's soul that the Athenian dramatists ever put upon the stage,"¹ the heroine says that love is invincible. She feels it herself. It would be madness for her to blame her husband and his new love, if they too have fallen under it—"No shame to them and it does not harm me." Antigone says: "We must remember that we are only women and cannot strive with men. We are under authority."

In the Periclean age Athens had become a great city, and it was hard for women to move about in it freely. Women were in need of escort and protection. Hence they became secluded, especially in the higher classes. They had more important functions, contributed more, in the country, and therefore were more free there.² Thucydides³ attributes to Pericles the saying that women are best when men never mention them, either to praise or blame. Pericles himself, in his relation to Aspasia, "lightly broke the barriers of the conventional morals of the time." "According to the spirit of that age, the natural right of love must prevail over the right of marriage which human ordinances had created. Deliverance from every constraint was the effort of that age, and it was realized most at Athens."⁴ The current view was that marriage was a necessary evil. It was a business arrangement, part of the arrangement of an establishment. The arrangement was as unsentimental as a contract to buy or hire a house. Property interests might make a marriage between near relatives advantageous, and half brother and sister by the same father (not mother) might marry. Marriages of persons brought together by affection occurred but were very rare. Women were married very young and their will or choice did not enter into the matter. There was no purchase after the sixth century, but the woman received a dowry from her family, sometimes with a promise to double it if she bore children. If such a dowry was not given, the union was regarded as hardly more than concubinage, because the man could so easily divorce the wife if he had no dowry to restore. Hence the dowry was a security for the woman against his caprice.⁵ The change from the custom that the suitor pays the father, to the custom that the father pays the suitor, is undoubtedly due to the fact that suitors became rarer than marriageable girls. The variations in customs about marriage gifts are always significant of the conjuncture of the interests of the parties. Women who disposed of themselves were those who had no dowry, when the custom was to bring a dowry in marriage. The marriage in Greece was preceded by a formal betrothal. The wedding consisted in the delivery of the bride to the bride-

¹II Rohde, *Psyche*, 237. ²Mahaffy, 133. ³II, 45. ⁴I Beloch, *Griech. Gesch.*, 474.

⁵Blumner, *Griech. Privatalt.* 260-264.

groom by her kurios, the man who had authority over her. No officer of church or state had any function. The proceeding was entirely domestic and belonged to the family. Religious sacrifices were made some days before the wedding. They were incidental, and were made for good fortune.¹

The distresses of the Peloponnesian war compelled the Athenians to admit to citizenship the *nothoi*, or children of Athenian men by non-Athenian mothers. There is some evidence that they allowed men to take two wives each (e.g., Socrates and Euripides).² Possibly the public necessities also forced them to think of emancipating women.³ Secluded wives could hardly take the initiative in such a movement. Very strangely the initiative has been ascribed to the courtesans. That there was such a movement is best proved by the ridicule which Aristophanes (fl. c. 385) poured out on it in his *Lysistrata*. Either somebody even proposed community of women or Aristophanes meant to affirm that emancipation would lead to that. In his *Women's Parliament* he developed the farcical element in such a plan. Evidently he regarded everything as mere suggestion for his fun-making. In his *Thesmophoria-festival* he took up the defence of women against utterances in Euripides's *Hippolytus*. Hippolytus is a woman hater and celibate. Hera, enraged at such rebellion against love, inflicts love for him on his stepmother, Phædra. The chorus develops the idea that love is a mighty catastrophe for joy or ill, and that Hera allows no contempt for it. Love maddens the hearts and deludes the senses of all whom it attacks. The conception is that of an erotic passion. The relationship of the two does not enter into the tragedy at all, but only that a wife may fall into such a passion, and be torn between it and fidelity to her husband. The result is torment for Hippolytus, and he vents his rage on women. Why did Zeus ever create them to man's sorrow on earth? They are a curse. If more men were wanted they should have been bought. The father gives his daughter a dowry to get rid of her. She costs her husband heavily for dress, etc. He puts up with her if he gains anything by marriage; if not, he makes the best of it. If she is a simpleton that is best. "Deliver me from a clever one!" They plot wickedness with servants. He hates them all. Let some one prove them chaste.

In the tragedies of Euripides (fl. c. 430) the characters often discuss women. Evidently the woman question had been rising through the century. In the *Hekuba*, Agamemnon says: "I have a contemptuous opinion of the female sex." Iphigenia says, in *Iphigenia amongst the*

¹Müller, *Attisches Eherecht*, 746. ²Müller, *Attisches Eherecht*, 795-797. ³Bruns, *Frauen-Emancipation in Athen*, 19 ff.

Taurians: "A man is a great loss to his family, but a woman is not of much account." Women sympathize with each other, and keep each other's secrets loyally. Orestes says that women are clever at inventing tricks, and again, that they have the gift of winning sympathy. In *Iphigenia at Aulis*, the heroine says that the life of one man is worth that of ten thousand women. In the *Hippolytus*, Phædra says: "I found out thoroughly that I was only a woman, a thing which the world dislikes." In the *Andromache*, Andromache says to her maid: "Thou art a woman. Thou canst invent a hundred ways." Again she says: "No cure has been found for a woman's venom, worse than that of reptiles. We are a curse to man." Hermione: "Men of sense should never let gossiping women visit their wives, for they work mischief." In the *Phœnician Maidens*: "It is the nature of women to love scandal and gossip." In the *Medea*, Medea in soliloquy says to herself: "Thou hast cunning. Women, though by nature little fit for deeds of valor, are expert in mischief;" and she says to Jason, who is a scoundrel, "Thou shouldst not sink to the level of us poor women, nor meet us with our own childishness." He says that women are weak and given to tears, and that it is natural for a woman to rave against her husband when he is planning another marriage (as he is). She could bear his second marriage if she had self-control. He says that women think all is well if married life is smooth. Men should have been able to get children some other way without the existence of any women. Medea appeals to Jason's oaths and promises to her which he pledged with his right hand. She would not complain if she was childless, but they have children. The sneak says that he is going to marry the king's daughter for the good of the family. Medea says: "He who was all the world to me has turned out a villain; my own husband. Women are unfortunate. They buy a husband at a high price and get a tyrant. It is always a great question whether they make a good choice. Divorce is discreditable to women. If we are clever enough to manage a husband, it is well; otherwise we may better die. The husband can go out, if vexed; the wife must stay at home. Better go through battle three times than through childbirth once." She is led to discuss the status of woman: "The dawn of respect to women is breaking. They shall be basely slandered no more. The ancient poets wrote much about their faithlessness. This shall cease. If Apollo had given us the gift of versifying I would have answered them. History shows up their sex as much as ours." In the *Bacchantes* the question is raised whether chastity is native to women. If it is, they will not fall when assailed in the mysteries of Dionysus. In the *Andromache*, the heroine says that a wife must learn the ways of her husband's country and his

own, and not try to impose the ways in which she was brought up. Her lord also has taken a wife who maltreats Andromache, the bond-maid. The wife says to her: "Do not bring amongst us barbaric customs which we think crimes. It is a shame here for a man to have two wives. All men who care to live honorable lives are content to devote themselves to one lawful love." Andromache says that for Hector she would have borne a rival, if Hera had charmed him with another woman, and that she often nursed his illegitimate children to spare him annoyance. The chorus affirms that a husband should be content with one wife and not give her rights to another. In the *Electra*, Clytemnestra says that she killed her husband because he brought home a captive concubine. Women are fools, but if a man humiliates his wife, let her retaliate. She is then blamed and not he. Electra answers that if a woman has sense, she will always submit to her husband. It is not befitting for her to insist on rights. In the *Trojan Women*, Hekuba tells how she behaved in wedlock in order to describe an ideal wife. She stayed at home and did not gossip. Going abroad gives a bad reputation. She was modest and silent before her husband, and knew when to rule him and when to yield to him.

Athenæus quotes a great many writers, of whom we otherwise know nothing, in regard to love, marriage, and women. They are nearly all contemptuous, sarcastic, or hostile, except where they speak of women as a means of pleasure. In no case is conjugal affection described. There is no evidence of knowledge or appreciation of it.

Aristophanes devoted three comedies to the woman question. In the *Lysistrata* the women determine to bring peace and, at the end, Lysistrata having brought together representatives of Athens and Sparta, reconciles them by arguments which any modern historian would say covered the common sense of the situation and do credit to the statesmanship of Aristophanes. If it was conceivable that women could see and urge such a solution of the case great honor was done them, and it was most unfortunate for Greece that they were excluded from diplomacy. In the *Thesmophoria-festival*, the female chorus leader asks why, if women are a curse, men woo them, pursue, guard and watch them, and follow them when they go away. She tells the men that they rob the public treasury and that some of them threw away their arms in battle, and ran. Bruns¹ takes the comedies of Aristophanes as proof that there had been earlier a discussion of woman's right and status which is not in the literature, and that in this discussion it had been proposed to admit them to political functions and military service.

Thus it appears that at the end of the fifth century there was some

¹*Frauen-Emancipation in Athen*, 21.

agitation of the question of woman's status and function in society. The philosophers of the fourth century took part in the discussion. The first document is the dialogue in Xenophon's *Economicus*. Ischomachus is supposed to be Xenophon. The statement which he gives is rhetorical and artificial. It is, however, very remarkable that, even in the way of fiction, any man of that time could imagine a man making such an attempt to get upon a basis of affectionate confidence and co-operation with his wife, for the story stands entirely by itself in the literature. The other participants in the dialogue hear his story of his method with his wife with astonishment, and what he tells of the response of his young wife shows that she had had no education to enable her to understand it; that is to say, it was entirely outside of the mores of the society. Plato thought that the question was real, because one-half of the state was losing its effective force and happiness. He wanted women educated better, but he thought of Spartan ways with favor, even those which seemed devised to eradicate feminine modesty and sex propriety. In this way his discussion became a Utopian speculation which had no value.¹ In the *Republic* he advances to a more sweeping theory.² He denies that any fundamental difference of capacities or capabilities goes with the sex difference. He lays stress on the difference of muscular strength only. From these dogmatic assumptions he argues that women should have the same education as men and share all social and political functions with them.

Aristotle also thought that women should be better educated. He regarded them as, by nature, inferior to men, and therefore created to obey. In the *Problemata* he asks why it is considered more direful to kill a woman than a man although any male is better than any female.³ In the *History of Animals* he says that a woman is more compassionate, tearful, envious, complaining, fond of slander, quarrelsome, despondent, imprudent, unveracious, confiding, vindictive, watchful, less active, and requires less food. In his time the bankruptcy of the Spartan system was known to all the world. The Spartan women were useless and in the way in war. The population had fallen so that the state was ruined by a single lost battle. Women held the property.⁴ The Spartan women were free, bold, intemperate and luxurious.⁵ Aristotle ended by putting women back just where they were according to the existing mores. Their powers were limited; they had a sphere which was suitable for them; let them do their duty in it.⁶

If we may judge of the views of Menander (f. 341) by the frag-

¹*Laws*, 781, 805, 806. ²5th and following books. ³Prob. XXIX, 11. ⁴*Politics*, II, 9, 2. ⁵*Politics*, IV, 8, 23; 15, 13. ⁶*Politics*, I, 5, 7; I, 13, 3 and 9; III, 4, 7.

ments in *Stobæus* LXX, he held very adverse judgments about women and marriage. Jerome, in his first tract against Jovinianus, quotes Theophrastus (fl. c. 310).¹ The question is "Ought a wise man to marry?" The preliminary answer is: "Yes, if the woman is pretty, of good morals and breeding, and of honest parents, and if the man is in good health and rich. These conditions are rarely all fulfilled. Hence the wise man will not marry." The author proceeds to justify this opinion by very derogatory assertions about women. "Whatever defect she has, you do not know it until after the marriage. Nothing else do you buy without a trial. A wife is not shown until she is given to you, lest she may not suit you." "Women are frivolous, vicious, intriguing, exacting, and selfish. None of the reasons given for marriage will bear examination." None of these philosophers had any influence to make the sex mores better. They had no criticism of the existing mores, no conception of the evils, no plan of reform. At most the contrast with Sparta suggested some reflections.

We may gather together the features of these mores into a distinct picture as follows. Women were valued to procreate children for their husbands and the state; also to serve the pleasure of men. They were "by nature" inferior. They had no schools and their education depended on chances at home, while they lacked the stimulus of social intercourse with men. Wives and courtesans were both injured by their juxtaposition and competition, and by the love of boys, which was not recognized as a vice.² Beloch says that it is an unfounded prejudice that Greek women, in the classical period, had an unworthy position, or that their status had fallen since the Homeric period. He lays too much stress on purchase in Homer.³ He further argues that the *hetærae* gave back to Greek women in the Hellenistic period equality with men. With that their rôle was played out.⁴ The lot of wives was endurance, submission, and sacrifice to the egoism of men, although there were some noble exceptions, due to the personal character either of the man or the woman. Culture bore on only one-half of the nation. The "virtues" of a woman were in the main the same as those of a slave. The parallel in our time would be found in servants. Although there was no harem, the women's apartments were retired and secluded. The women and the men would meet in the house more or less. The men might be satisfied with the women and like them. The latter were supposed to be where they belonged, performing the functions which were

¹Friedländer, *I Sittengeschichte Roms*, 276, refers this tract to Seneca, and it is given amongst the fragments at the end of Seneca's works, ed. Haase, a pupil and legate of Aristotle, *de nuptiis*. ²I Beloch, *Griech. Gesch.* 232. ³*Ibid.*, 471. ⁴*Ibid.*, 473.

incumbent on them. They could go out only rarely and for especial reasons. Religious festivals gave them the only opportunity to go abroad and see public activity. The purchase of supplies and visiting were also recognized occasions. One or two passages are cited which recognize walking exercise as a reason for going out. The laws of Solon helped to establish the tendency of the mores in this direction.¹ No woman could go out unless she had passed her youth. The turtle was the symbol of woman; seclusion and silence. It is still an open question whether Athenian status-wives went to the theatre to see the tragedies. It is believed that they never were present at the comedies. In this matter also the hetæræ were free. In the *Woman's Parliament* of Aristophanes, line 21, there is reference to a law requiring that men and women sit separately. It must be taken as a very significant symptom of the mores of a community, if some comedies of Aristophanes ever could have been presented before a public audience even of men only; much more if any women were present. If the latter were hetæræ the case might be worse. We miss the evidence of the refined taste and æsthetic sense of limits with which the Greeks have been credited. Every woman had a "lord" and was under tutelage. No respectable woman would appear at table with men, even with her husband's guests in his own home. It was a great breach of propriety for a man to enter another man's house when the women were there and the man away. There were strict rules of propriety of conduct and language in the presence of women, but the motive was respect for the men to whom they belonged, not to themselves. In spite of all this, adulterous wives are spoken of as a familiar fact; also women often ruled. In Sparta they were said to do so commonly. This was in part because the system concentrated land and other property in their hands.² In the fourth century there were some women who were distinguished for the kind of learning which was current in the period. One woman of good birth at Athens, about 320, married a cynic for love and followed him into his "beggar-life." Her parents disapproved but did not forbid. There were also some women in that period who wrote poetry.³ After the conquest of Alexander there is nothing more to be said about the sex mores of Greece. In the general relaxation of all mores, all social energy, and all national traditions, the family fell into the general form which prevailed throughout the Hellenistic world. The facts which we have found show that the Greek family would easily undergo modification toward the Oriental form.

William Graham Sumner.

¹Plutarch, *Solon*. ²Plutarch, *Agis and Lykurgus*. Becker-Hermann, *Charikles*, last chap. ³II Beloch, 442.

WHY AMERICANS ARE UNDER-LANGUAGED

BY CHARLES C. AYER

AT the international tuberculosis congress held at Washington last fall, the Americans present again demonstrated their inability to cope with modern foreign languages. They could, on the whole, neither follow the papers read, nor engage in conversation with the distinguished foreigners who honored the congress with their presence. This inability, indifference, or whatever it may be, on the part of the American toward foreign languages, has since brought forth numerous articles on our "under-languaged" condition, all of which make interesting reading. But among the reasons to be set forth, there are several which seem as yet not to have appeared in print. One of them is this:—The upper class Americans feel no incentive to learn to speak the modern European languages when at home in the United States, since they have little opportunity to speak them with persons whom they can regard as their equals socially or intellectually. The steerages of the transatlantic liners are bringing thousands of foreigners to this country every week, it is true, but with these thousands the better class of Americans have nothing in common. The upper-class European seldom comes to America, and when he does come, the chances are, as has been shown, that he will be able to speak English better than any but a very few Americans would be able to reply to him in his native tongue.

And likewise, as matters now stand, when the American goes abroad and meets with a cultivated European, the latter often, though not always, as might be inferred from recent panegyrics, is able to speak English satisfactorily; so well, at least, that the American does not regret his own shortcomings as he otherwise might. Furthermore, Americans travelling abroad usually travel with friends or relatives, and English is the language of the trip. Personally conducted parties are escorted by a guide who speaks English. The members of the party do not come into contact with the Europeans. They travel in reserved compartments on the trains, and are taken to hotels frequented by Americans. What opportunity have they, then, to practise whatever French or German they may know? None whatever, as long as they persist in their gregariousness; and Americans are evidently only human in this respect. Like most people, they do not enjoy travelling alone. It is a fact, nevertheless, that association with one's own countrymen abroad means a minimum of advance in any foreign tongue.

The casual American then, travelling abroad on a summer trip, does

not suffer seriously from being "under-linguaged." At most, he wishes in a vague way that he knew French and German, but his enjoyment on the whole is not marred. He imagines, perhaps, that if he lived abroad he should soon learn to speak the various languages. But would he? How many Americans living abroad speak the languages or even pretend to speak them creditably? Very few. When we read in the society column that "Mrs. So-and-So and daughters have returned from a three years' residence abroad in Berlin, Paris and Rome," we can feel pretty certain that they have not worried much over German, French and Italian, but have enjoyed life to the full in the agreeable American colonies of the cities in which they have lived, where English is, of course, the vernacular. These colonies are often very attractive. Indeed, most Americans abroad see no society excepting that to be found in the American colony. This is not because European society is necessarily exclusive, but because the average American, it would seem, is indifferent to Continental society, to say the least, while the strictly fashionable American seems to be seriously interested only in English society.

Nor is this to be wondered at. In the first place there is no barrier of language in England as there is on the Continent. Secondly, the English at the present time lead the world socially. Their social prestige amounts practically to a challenge to wealthy Americans with social aspirations. Even though they may despise us, many of us are willing to accept the snub and take part in the London season. This again is quite logical. The London season is the most brilliant social epoch to be found on the face of the globe, and happily for us, English is the language spoken, English the social language par excellence. Why spend time and labor learning French and German, when for our immediate purpose, they will be of no use? Even the French and Germans themselves look upon English as an aristocratic language, for milord and milady had travelled on the continent long before the American invasion; and even at the present time, in spite of the invasion, the Continentals are accustomed on the whole to hear English well spoken by the best element of English and American society travelling or residing abroad. To them it does not smack of the rabble as the European tongues in the United States do to us. On the contrary many high-class Europeans cultivate the more desirable Americans, taking part in the goings-on of the American colony, and even attending church. Incidentally of course they improve their English.

Turning now aside from the purely social significance of modern languages, let us consider their commercial value. If it be true that the bulk of the foreigners who come to America are, in the nature of things,

socially undesirable, it is equally true that our merchants do not need to go to the trouble of learning their languages, in order to do business with them, for only a few bring with them a mark or a franc or a lira more than is required by law per capita. They bring no money to spend, and they soon learn enough English to satisfy their small needs in trading. Compare the financial status of the emigrants to America with that of the plethoric Americans who go to Europe every year. It will then be easy to see why our business men are "under-languaged" as compared with the hotel keepers in Switzerland and the milliners of the Rue de la Paix. It is merely a matter of business.

Social and commercial seem to be the chief reasons for our indifference to foreign languages, but there is another reason why we are not ambitious to speak foreign languages well. As a people we do not as yet look upon our own language as a thing sacred. We are notorious for our slovenly speech. Indeed an American wishing to teach English abroad would do well not to mention his origin. Our lack of interest in spoken English is unfortunate. Of course it is only lack of interest. Most of us know right from wrong, at least we say that we do, but have not the time to take pains. This attitude is an interesting one in that it is so different from that of the Germans, the French and even the English, who take such a keen pride in their language, that they would be ashamed not to speak it well. Good speech is with them a requisite in good society. It is in other words good form. Not so with us, though we are punctilious in some kinds of good form. We dress well, entertain handsomely at dinner, have automobiles, give box parties, etc., as if they were all that constituted good form. But our speech we neglect. In the United States, in spite of the agitation over the teaching of English in the schools, the matter of spoken English is sadly neglected. By many Americans a person who pronounces well, uses good language and is interested in discussing the niceties of speech is regarded as a prig and a bore. Bad English is heard in college classes, bad English which often is allowed to pass unchallenged, because a professor is embarrassed to correct a senior. School teachers and even college professors often treat their language as they would an outing suit and this without losing status in the communities in which they live. Nevertheless, a person who does not use his own language well, will never go very far in a foreign tongue.

To speak a foreign tongue well is an accomplishment just as it is an accomplishment to play, sing or paint well. The Germans of good social standing, for example, look upon their ability to speak English as an accomplishment which they cannot afford to neglect. They desire to speak English well, just as they wish to possess the other accomplish-

ments. In other words, it is good form to speak English. In this country good form, for reasons already given, does not as yet require the ability to converse in a foreign tongue. English is the language of the country, the language of the prosperous, and as such it appeals especially to the incoming hordes, from the moment they land. This is quite natural. They have come here to better their fortunes. English is the language of commerce, the language of prosperity, and also the language of people of higher social position. Thus it is that so many of our better immigrants, if they are not too old, lose no time in Americanizing themselves as soon as possible in language, manners and customs. If the attitude of Mayflower Americans toward the newly arrived may seem snobbish, it is equally true that many of the incoming foreigners, as soon as they have learned a little English, anglicized the pronunciation of their names, and become, as they think, American, adopt the same supercilious attitude toward their newly arrived cousins at Ellis Island. This rapid Americanization of immigrants is an interesting phenomenon, with regard to its effects on the destinies of the Continental languages in the United States. In spite of the numerous foreign colonies to be found in many of our large cities, the work of destruction goes steadily on. Children born of foreign parents in America, though they may understand the language of their ancestors, seldom speak it purely. They do not wish to speak it. They are ashamed of their German, Italian or Scandinavian origin, they are proud to be Americans. Many economists see in this attitude one of the most hopeful assurances of the ultimate power and prosperity of the United States as a homogeneous nation. This is doubtless so, but it is bad for modern languages. Therefore let those German Americans, for instance, who are intending to go into teaching take warning and not neglect the language of the fatherland. It is only too true that many of our American born language teachers are not able to speak the languages they teach. This condition is doubtless partially due to the reaction against the so-called natural method, according to which not so many years ago any smooth foreigner with his wits about him could start in as a teacher. A good talker could easily gather together a Monday morning eleven o'clock French class in bonnet and gloves with the inevitable results or lack of results. But times have changed and our present French classes in college are all too often carried on with excessive profundity under the guidance of doctors of philosophy made in Germany. The living, spoken language is scarcely heard in the classroom. The time is spent in drill on the rules of grammar, translation, prose composition, phonetics and etymology—in other words, the time is spent as it inevitably must and should be in classes

as large as the college classes of the present day. The fundamentals are, after all, essential, and these can be learned in college. After they have been acquired, the ability to speak and to understand will come with practice. It will then depend upon the individual to decide whether or not he will go to the trouble of learning to speak a foreign tongue, whether he will burden himself by attempting to acquire such a delightful but elusive accomplishment.

To learn to speak French or German well one should go about it with as much concentration as he would expend on piano or singing lessons. Having mastered the syntax he should place himself for the perfection in pronunciation and tone production under some critical private teacher who would give him a thorough drill in the technique of the spoken language. Few persons probably realize that it is a far greater accomplishment to speak a foreign language than to sing in it. Some of our American singers, for example, who have achieved distinguished success in singing in German are said to be very mediocre in their pronunciation of the spoken tongue. The ability to speak a foreign language well is indeed an accomplishment, a fine art, but one that will never, like a brilliant performance at the piano or a beautifully rendered song, win the applause of the multitude. Whether this accomplishment is worth the sacrifice necessary for achieving it, must be left to the individual. His only reward must be the interior joy which can never be realized by the "under-languaged."

Charles C. Ayer.

UNANSWERED

BY CHARLOTTE BECKER

DEAR Heart, where you are lying
Beneath the budded rue,
Do joy and love and laughter
Call through the dark to you?
Does ever the old longing
Your quiet pulses thrill,
To stray with bird and blossom
Across the Spring-swept hill?
And, is your sleep too dreamless
To feel my shelt'ring grief,
Breathe through each bending blossom,
Sigh through each falling leaf?

Charlotte Becker.

THE MODE OF ELECTING UNITED STATES SENATORS

BY GEORGE R. BISHOP

ON January 28th, at Albany, Mr. Root, then just elected a United States Senator for New York for the term beginning on March 4th, made a speech to members of the Legislature in which, on a subject much discussed during the last few years, he expressed a decided opinion—in these words:

I am opposed to the direct election of United States Senators, as I am opposed to the initiative and referendum, because these things are based upon the idea that the people cannot elect Legislatures whom they can trust.

He had previously declared that he believed in maintaining the two grants of power of the Constitution: the National power, at its full limit, and the power of the States; and was opposed to everything that tended to weaken or discredit the authority of the State Legislatures.

It is matter of common knowledge that there are numerous manifestations of impatience over political and social conditions; an impatience that voices itself in the demand for change in electoral systems and methods. From Mr. Root's words we are justified in inferring that he refuses to believe that such change—the passage of new laws or the amending of constitutions, can be greatly relied on for the attainment of those beneficent objects of government which the experience of ages has taught mankind can be won only by ceaseless vigilance and unremitting effort on the part of patriotic and public-spirited citizens; that he does not believe that mere machinery can be looked to for the attainment of those objects. When he stands steadfastly by the terms of our national charter, we may assume that he does this on mature reflection, and with full knowledge of the peril that impended, in the Convention of 1787, when the small States which had conceded for the House of Representatives a proportional representation, demanded equality in the Senate, and the larger States at last yielded to their ultimatum. In that crisis in the Convention, when it was still uncertain if the larger States would yield, it must have been a solemn moment when John Rutledge, the South Carolinian, almost despairingly exclaimed: "Had we not better keep the government up a little longer, hoping that another convention will supply our omissions, than abandon everything to hazard?"

At a time when many have faith in mere machinery, in the possibility of finding some royal road to more perfect conditions, when the

impatient and unreflecting are clamoring for change in methods—it may be worth while to recall that crisis; to bring before our minds just the situation in the Convention in Philadelphia, when the mode of electing members of the Senate (the “second branch”) was under discussion.

On June 6, 1787, John Dickinson, delegate from Delaware, outlined views which he more explicitly expressed in a motion made on the next day; while Delegate Pierce, from Georgia, favored election by the people of members of the House of Representatives (the “first branch”), and by the States of those of the second branch: this in his view would result in citizens of the States being represented both individually and collectively. On June 7th, Mr. Dickinson moved, “That the members of the second branch ought to be chosen by the individual Legislatures”; which motion was seconded by Roger Sherman. The mover proceeded to give the reasons for this:—that the sense of the States would be better collected through their governments than through the people at large; and he wished the Senate to consist of the most distinguished characters. James Madison amplified this; explaining that the use of the Senate would consist in its proceeding with more coolness, with more system, and with more wisdom, than the popular branch.

James Wilson of Pennsylvania—who later became one of the Associate Justices of the United States Supreme Court—feared that if the two branches rested on different foundations, one chosen by the Legislatures and the other by the people at large, dissensions would arise between them; which apprehension led him to doubt the wisdom of the motion. On the final vote, three months later, however, he joined in approving that method of election. Delegate Elbridge Gerry thought the moneyed interest would be more secure in the hands of the State Legislatures than in those of the people at large; but the Madison papers do not show that any other delegate concurred with him in that view. Obviously, the problem was one for the Convention to solve for itself. It had had no preliminary instruction from any teacher better informed. The 1783 pamphlet of Pelatiah Webster, which Hannis Taylor in his recent work, *The Science of Jurisprudence*, claims to have “unearthed,” and prints as an Appendix—and from which he claims the delegates who met four years later (in 1787) in Convention, had become familiar with a rational and consistent scheme of government—that pamphlet, while it advised the establishing of a legislative system having two branches, gave no hint concerning the mode of electing the members thereof.

The solution proved to be most difficult. The convention voted, ten ayes against one nay, against postponing consideration of Mr. Dickin-

son's motion, and later the same day, by a unanimous vote, approved the proposal that the Senators ought to be elected by the individual States. This, however, was only a step toward a solution. There was a failure, until much later, to fix the number of Senators from each State, whether the number from each should be the same, or should be chosen in proportion to population. Again and again in some form the question recurred. The small States insisted on equality of representation in the second branch: Mr. Patterson of New Jersey declared that sovereignty presupposed equality; he was opposed to a large State having a greater vote in that branch than a small one; said New Jersey would never confederate on any plan of inequality. On June 11th, Roger Sherman proposed that the House of Representatives be chosen in proportion to population, and that in the Senate each State have a single ballot—perhaps meaning also a single Senator. Delegates Rutledge and Butler of South Carolina advocated giving a vote in proportion to money contribution; which proposal seemed to find no favor. Roger Sherman, impatient at the delay in arriving at anything definite, urged that the Convention *then* pass on the question whether each State should have a single vote in the second branch.

The Madison papers disclose the great solicitude members felt as to whether it were possible to harmonize discordant views and agree on a Constitution, and their appreciation of the grave consequences that must flow from failure. On June 26th, Madison expressed this feeling when he pointed out that it was more than probable that they were digesting a plan which, if it became operative, would decide forever the fate of Republican government. Alexander Hamilton concurred with him in this, and added that if they did not give that form due stability, it would be "disgraced and lost among ourselves—disgraced and lost to mankind forever."

On July 2d it was moved that in the second branch each State should have an equal vote; but this was not agreed to: it "passed in the negative." On the 7th, however, on the report of a Committee, it was voted that each State should have one vote in the Senate. On the 14th, Mr. Pinckney proposed that the Senate should have thirty-six members, and specified the numbers for each State—e.g., five from Virginia, one from Delaware; the numbers unequal. This was not accepted. On the 16th, on the question of agreeing to the report as amended, including equality of votes in the second branch—it "passed in the affirmative." But this was not decisive. Patterson of New Jersey was ready, if Mr. Randolph should move an adjournment *sine die*, dissolving the Convention, to second the motion, "with all his heart." Mr. Randolph disclaimed hav-

ing thought of making such a motion: he had in view merely an adjournment till the next day, in order that some conciliatory expedient might if possible be devised. It was in this immediate connection that Mr. Rutledge made the pathetic appeal before mentioned—to keep the government up a little longer. Mr. Randolph could see no reason for an adjournment, as he could see no chance of a compromise: the little States were evidently fixed in their determination. Evidently it was for the large States to decide if they would accept the ultimatum of the small ones. The Convention then adjourned till the next day. Before it met next day, representatives of the large States consulted. The spirit of compromise had become strong with them, and in the Convention on the 17th they did not press for consideration of the controverted point, apparently fearing to do so; but entered upon a discussion of the powers with which the Legislature should be endowed.

On July 23d further consideration of the matter was resumed. A Committee of Detail, of which John Rutledge of South Carolina was made Chairman, was appointed, to whom were referred resolves and motions previously favorably acted on, that they might be put into acceptable form. One resolution so referred was, that in the second branch each State should have an equal vote; another was, that the representation in that branch should consist of two representatives from each State, who should vote *per capita*. On August 6th a report was presented, in the form of a draft of a Constitution; this draft showing changes in phraseology, but prescribing that each State Legislature should choose two Senators, and each Senator should have one vote; that the Senators should be divided into three classes, those of the first to retire (unless re-elected) in two years, those of the second in four, those of the third in six; this latter proposal being, as we know, finally adopted, and securing the alternation in official terms with which we are familiar. The Convention refused to refer this report to the Committee of the Whole, and itself proceeded to consider parts of it.

The hot midsummer days wore away, but those indefatigable men worked on in Independence Hall, to accomplish the task for which they had met. Not till September 8th did they name a Committee of Five, to arrange and revise the style of the articles they had agreed to; choosing then as such Committee Messrs. Johnson, Hamilton, Gouverneur Morris, Madison and Rufus King. On the 18th this Committee reported a draft, which definitely provided that the Legislature of each State should choose two Senators, for six years each, each of whom should have one vote. Concessions were in order, in the Convention, at this time. Mr. Gerry declared compromise was necessary; that without a similar

disposition several of the States would never have had constitutions at all. Madison argued persistently in favor of provisions which he ultimately waived. Dr. Franklin confessed that there were several parts of the Constitution as finally presented which he did not approve—though as men changed their views he was not sure he never would approve them: he hoped, that for their own sakes, and as part of the people, and for the sake of posterity, they would heartily recommend it, and that every delegate would sign. Alexander Hamilton hoped all would sign:—no man's ideas were more remote from the plan than his own were known to be; but he asked, "Is it reasonable to deliberate between anarchy and convulsion on one side, and the chance of good to be expected from the plan on the other?" Obviously those views impressed him and Madison more and more, for in *The Federalist*, in co-operation with John Jay, they advocated ratification, in pages that have won the encomiums of publicists and statesmen not only of our own, but of foreign lands. It is no doubt more becoming to cite what those of other lands have said about that political classic than eulogies written by Americans; and what the former have said seems relevant. They have also expressed themselves most clearly on the point on which the words quoted from Mr. Root were uttered—the wisdom of leaving the electing of Senators to the State Legislatures.

All Americans recognize the wisdom, as well as the friendliness, with which Ambassador Bryce has commented on our institutions, in his *American Commonwealth*. Coming into intimate relations with us in many ways, he nevertheless possesses an advantage of perspective which no American can claim. He comments on what he calls this "master-piece" of our Constitution-makers, this mode of choosing Senators for the National Legislature; says it was a happy accident; that it grew up under the hands of the Convention as the result of the necessity of reconciling the conflicting demands of the large and the small States. As respects the "executive functions" of the Senate, he says, "it stands alone in the world;" further, that it has succeeded by effecting that chief object of the fathers of the Constitution, the creation of a centre of gravity in the Government—an authority able to correct and check, on the one hand, the "democratic recklessness" of the House, and on the other the "monarchical ambition" of the President. He says: "The Senate, albeit not chosen by direct popular election, does represent the people; and what it may lose through not coming in immediate contact with the masses, it gains in representing such ancient and powerful commonwealths as the States." He contrasts it with the British House of Lords, whose debates on occasion he thinks rank probably the higher,

but adds: "The Senate seldom wears that air of listless vacuity and superannuated indolence which the House of Lords presents on all but a few nights of every session." He approvingly quotes from Woodrow Wilson a paragraph which concludes with the assertion that the Senate "contains the most perfect product of our politics, whatever that product may be;" and himself says, "the place seems consecrated to great affairs." Further, that it has been a stouter bulwark against agitation than the House has been; has usually kept its head better; has "expressed more accurately the judgment, as contrasted with the emotion, of the nation." He adds that it has well discharged the duty of restraining the propensity of a single and numerous assembly to "yield to the impulse of sudden and violent passion." Mr. Bryce seems to have recognized, at its full value, the Federal element utilized in our Constitution and most clearly exhibited in the election of Senators. He says: "Federalism, if it diminishes the collective force of the nation, diminishes also the risks to which its size and the diversities of its parts expose it"; and "To create a nation while preserving the States was the main reason for the grant of powers which the National Government received; an all-sufficient reason, and one which holds good to-day."

To the above quoted judgments of the author of *The American Commonwealth* should be added one expressed by another eminent Englishman and student of politics, the late Sir Henry Sumner Maine, who, in his *Popular Government*, in the chapter on our United States Constitution, approvingly quotes Hamilton in *The Federalist* as predicting that the Senate will be peculiarly out of reach of "occasional ill-humors, or temporary prejudices and propensities," and himself concludes:

We may not reasonably doubt that the Senate is indebted for its power—a power that has rather increased than diminished since the Federal Constitution came into force—for its hold on the popular respect, to the mature age of the Senators, to their comparatively long tenure of office, which is for six years at least, and above all to the method of their election by the Legislatures of the several States."

George R. Bishop.

PRESENT AMERICAN POETRY

BY BRIAN HOOKER

HERBERT SPENCER once wrote a chapter on *The Substance of Mind*, wherein he proved that no such thing could exist. The above title might suggest a similar intent: for it is a critical truism nowadays that we have no poetry, and are suffering from the want of it; and the popular notion disagrees with this only in that it denies the suffering. Any good publisher will tell you, with a grave sad smile, that there is no market for poetry: short lyrics are good to fill blank half-pages in the magazines, but "verse isn't commercial." There has always been a certain truth in this last; yet the proverbial poverty of poets has not made their existence impossible. And in any special reference to contemporary America we may well discount the statement for that superstitious tendency of editors to despise either their own artistic intelligence or that of the public. Although few living men, and probably no Americans, are making a living by poetry, yet the best we have fails not of normal appreciation: the poems of Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. Alfred Noyes, and Mr. Kipling, are bought and read and discussed among us almost as eagerly as they deserve. Nevertheless, these men are not Americans, and no present American is nearly as good. Realizing which uncomfortable fact, we examine after the reason for it, with that nervous self-consciousness of ours which is such an enemy to good work. And instead of contenting ourselves with such considerations as that genius is rare, and that we are some five hundred years younger than our cousins, we make hasty apology that this is an unpoetic age, that we are an unpoetic and commercialized people, and that under modern conditions the nature and function of poetry have changed. Now, if all this is true, it marks a new and unique epoch in literature; and so startling an idea may well merit a little quiet consideration.

The cry that the age is materialistic and commercialized need not concern us greatly, because we cannot possibly tell whether it is so or not. We live in it: and while a man may know what he has been, the question of what he is passes his understanding, and may profitably be left to his Maker. Moreover, that cry is the same which the Muses have used to frighten their children from time out of memory; and the bogey is grown too familiar to be feared. All the great ages of poetry have made a similar complaint of themselves. Sidney apologized for Poesie in the midst of the Elizabethans; and in 1825, with the Romantic Movement in full blast, and the great Victorians clamoring at the doors,

Macaulay explained that the highest poetry belonged to an earlier stage of civilization. Again, all the poetic periods have been materialistic, in the sense of being commercial and complex and gorgeous. An age is too material to make poetry only when it is preoccupied with making history, as was the case with colonial America and revolutionary France. In building or defending his house a man has least time to contemplate its proportions; and in so far as we are still in such a sweat and bustle of construction that we cannot even sing at our work, we may call the time unpoetical. Normally, a rose interests me more than a tack-hammer; but if you offer it as a substitute when I am putting down a carpet, my sense of proportion may be obscured by a highly modern worship of efficiency. This state of things, however, is rapidly passing: we are already less occupied in doing, more in talking about what we do. There are now many "fans" to one player; and the new flourishing of the other arts indicates what may be more auspicious to them than to our history, that the age is growing rapidly more Augustan.

Indeed there is little discouragement in these complaints of the dearth of poetry and the materialism of the age. Far more discouraging are the counter-cries that we have all the poetry we need, or that modern poetry must concern itself with glorifying modern things, such as the conquests of industry and the nervous hell of the modern city. If you tell Johnny to "stop making that noise and go study his spelling," whereupon he snuffingly declares that he cannot spell and cannot learn to spell, and that the lesson is too hard, you have no great cause for alarm. He is at least wholesomely conscious of his own deficiency, and you may be able to help him. If, however, he only sticks out his underlip and mutters that he isn't making any noise, you may feel a decrease in sympathy; and if he undertakes to tell you that spelling is effete and in need of reform, and that he is getting more good out of his noises, you will be moved to remember a certain saying of Solomon. Now, what poetry we have suffers severely from over-advertisement and from being subsidized no less than the subsidy happens to be paid by the producer. Publishers protest that poetry is not commercial; but too many, even of the reputable ones, make it commercial in the only evil sense of the word, by lending to worthless stuff for a consideration the support of their names. Of course, a slack demand for any product begets carelessness as to its quality; and the attitude here seems to be that, verse being at best worthless, the worst of it may as well be printed so long as the writer insures against the cost of printing. It would be better to reject inflexibly whatever promised no return. For the trouble is not that it is hard to print a good poem, but that it is no harder to print a bad one. It is all

advertised with the same unreasoning fulsomeness, and reviewed in bulk under the heading "Poetry of the Month." And this does harm because the publicity of one ridiculous failure is enough to discredit many a good achievement. People say, as many people have said of Religion: "If that is poetry, then I don't want poetry, myself." Similarly, the intemperate criticism which is continually discovering the Great American Poet or the Great Baconian Cryptogram sufficiently discountenances its own discoveries. And the clamor for a poetry of the day, a journalistic poetry the concern of which shall be to treat modern subject-matter in the tone of the most modern propaganda is as mischievous as it is absurd. Journalism may be and sometimes is a noble art; but poetry cannot be, except accidentally, journalistic, because it depends essentially upon a person's feeling something which he is impelled to say, and not upon there being a subject at hand to say something about. The most cursory reader will remember that poetry has at all times dealt either with elder times or with things timeless, and that the occasional poem is commonly as bad as the didactic story. But now, forsooth, poetry is to be great only through being occasional: whereas it is not the subject but the man that matters. He cannot, being a modern, be other than a modern poet, let him treat of what he will. Nor need he fear imitation overmuch: for invention is not originality, and Browning and Whitman and Mr. Kipling began by imitating, and found themselves through it. And the value of "In Memoriam" is neither that it was written about Arthur Hallam nor that it summarized contemporary philosophy. These points may interest the scholar; but we prize the poem because it was written by the man that was Tennyson.

But the age has apparently one leading characteristic really antipathetic to poetry, and that is its habit of nervous haste. This we love to flatter by calling it efficiency and immediacy, and the Modern Pace; that is, we applaud the evidences of friction by the name of energy. But energy differs from haste as the poised and vital swiftness of the fleeing cat from the fluttering scurry of the discombobulated hen. Your cat will not hurry, though all the little dogs in town yelp at her tail; but she will be up the tree in the smallest possible fraction of time, unruffled and rejoicing in her strength; whereas your hen arrives unnecessarily late, in a flutter of squawking exhaustion. The important thing about hurry is precisely that it is inefficient, as every man knows who has tried to dress hastily. Energy is swift and wholesome, leading to results; hurry is slow and pathological, leading to neurasthenia. We pretend that our time is one of enormous accomplishment; but compare it with, for instance,

the Elizabethan, when people used their breath in playing the game rather than in talking it up. We have made many scientific inventions: they invented Science. Against our cultures of bacilli, they set the colonization of continents. They humbled Spain in her pride, as we have done in her dotage. And in the lesser field of literature, the comparison is obvious. Just as obviously, the most efficient of modern nations is imperturbably Oriental. Now the bearing of all this upon the subject in hand, is that you can neither make nor appreciate poetry with exhausted nerves. You can do either in an *O Altitudo* of vigorous excitement or in a calm of contemplation. But the modern man at the end of his day's hustle cannot bear poetry because he cannot bear emotion: not from weariness of mind or body, but from a narcosis of nervous stimulation. He wants something to hypnotize his intellect, something to preoccupy his senses; something like the Hippodrome, or an adventure-novel, which will focus him without making him feel. There is much truth in our platitude about the tired business man and relaxation. Only, his state is not fatigue, but reaction; and he desires not relaxation, but a drug. This is at the bottom of all our acrid mirth and sardonic surface-hardness: we are not too busy but too weak to feel; and we take refuge in the commonsensical. We are afraid of emotion. And poetry is, next to music, the most emotional of the arts. That the British have just now almost a monopoly of English poetry is perhaps largely due to this: that holding with us every other modern quality, every other contemporary vice, in common, they are somewhat less given to hurry.

The contention that we Americans are an unpoetical race is open to the same objections as the contention of the materialism of the age. We are not a race at all, to begin with—not even a homogeneous mixture of races, like the British. And in the second place, God only knows what we are, and we waste habitually too much intelligence in trying to find out. Nevertheless, it may be worth while to glance at some of our more apparent characteristics in connection with the meaning of the term. Poetry is concrete emotion imaginatively expressed in words. Now, it cannot be said that we are unemotional, except by the temporary feebleness considered above. We are unsentimental beside, for instance, the Latins: we take our feelings seriously enough to fear them, rather than lightly enough to play with them: we veil our reverences behind a superficial sneer instead of throwing them open as public playgrounds. But in this, even when it becomes a vice, there is something of the rake's remote adoration for pure womanhood. And our national acts have been always emotional. We revolted not, as the Netherlands did, from an intolerable physical oppression, but for an Idea; we rent our body asunder

for a sentiment; and our recent scuffle was probably in motive the one truly generous and altruistic war ever fought upon earth. That the art of words is natural and interesting to us is evident enough by our enormous popular reading and playgoing. Again, we are even wildly and insanely imaginative, as appears in our inventive and industrial cloud-castles, in our advertising, and above all in the childlike idealism wherewith we regard our Government. While as to our commercial industrialism being against art, the merest glance at Athens and Venice and England will remind us that that notion is bosh. We are not unpoetic like Sparta through being military, nor like France through being rational, nor like republican Rome through being preoccupied.

And yet there is probably more weight in this last contention than in the other. The fault must lie rather in ourselves than in our stars; or why do we fall behind our contemporaries? And indeed, although we are not in the large unpoetical, yet we seem to have certain unpoetic attributes. First among these is our enormous popular suffrage in literature—a suffrage which does not extend over the other arts. These are, as all arts have generally been, under the patronage of comparatively few; but practically everybody reads; and the writer therefore must subserve a public more general than any since the Athenian and more crassly inchoate than any whatsoever. You can still paint, carve, or compose for Mæcenæ; but you must write for Hiram Corntassel, Alkali Ike, Giovanni Prunello, Hans Beerbaum, Mick Sullivan and Morris Slivinsky as well; and what is more, for their wives and progeny, Americans no less—or else, you fall short of the normal appeal of our present writing. And the suffrage of this mass is almost wholly against poetry. For besides its original heterogeneity, the great bulk of the second generation is just enough cultivated to have its imagination weazened and its reverence clotted with a stupid scorn. We are trying, in the luminous phrase of Mr. Kipling, to half-educate everything that wears trousers; but our method is precisely that which most completely smothers the nobler parts under the over-manured growth of the intelligence. You can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear only in the way of Nature, which takes time: for it presupposes the sow to have been long dead, and buried under a mulberry tree. And we know as little of many of our compatriot's fathers as they do about their own grandfathers. They themselves are pleasant company enough; but their sap is yet too raw for the finer flowering. Now, the peasant is poetical, like the savage; and the truly cultured man is poetical; but the half-cultured man is a Philistine. And so between the elder and younger elements of our reading public we have this brain-ridden neutrality which, even if it does not simply despise poetry, yet

lacks the discrimination to prefer Shakespeare to Ella Wheeler Wilcox—to say nothing of that finer artistic sense which properly delights in both.

For this, of course, there is no help but assimilation; yet it is at worst only partial; and we suffer deeper from a more universal failing which is less beyond our bettering. It is a hard saying, but I am afraid it is true that we are a nation of dishonest workmen. We do a thing only as well as it need be done, instead of as well as we can do it. The more you dig, the deeper and wider spread will you find the roots of this tendency. Why does the word *Imported* connote superiority in so many products, from automobiles to chow-chow? The American polishes only the bearing surfaces of his machine: the foreigner polishes as much as he can. This alone does not make his machine run any better, but the spirit of it in some curious way precludes defects and breakdowns. Why do we notoriously make new laws rather than enforce those laws we have? We can imagine an American hospital-corps analyzing and posting every water supply in advance of the army, as the Japanese did—but can we imagine an American army obeying the notices? With all our worship of efficiency, we are too impatient after the ideal to perfect our craftsmanship: we invent and design well, but we execute only well enough. And thus relating the fault to our Idealism is the best that can be said for it: the worst is implied in two words: *Punica Fides*. Now, this whole attitude of mind, aside from all question of its morality toward any work, is an impossible attitude toward poetry. The impatience of craftsmanship which scrambles after immediate results, the dishonest craftsmanship which is content with passable results, must result in immediate failure. For the one way in which a poem can be written is to write what you want to write as well as you possibly can. To do your best in producing what people want is honorable, though it may be journalistic: he only can honestly be popular who shares the desire of the people. But the vile practice of writing down to the public, which means doing things otherwise and for the most part worse, to fit one's impersonal vision of public demand, is dishonest journalism, and defeats its own endeavor; for in so doing, one inevitably and invariably rates one's imaginary public too low.

There is, then, no large and easy reason why we should not have good or even great poetry here and now. It is absurd to contend that the age or the nation is inherently unpoetical; although certain apparent elements in both would seem to be against it, as our nervous hurry, our peculiar middle class of readers, and our national dishonesty. Yet none of these is either universal or inevitable. So much for theory: neverthe-

less, it is a condition that we have to consider, and that condition is roughly this: We have no great poet, even in that generosity of the term which would concede greatness to a few living Englishmen: this, we need not trouble about, because great poets are as rare and as casual as great earthquakes; and one of them may appear to-morrow. We have a good deal of unspeakable and unscannable rubbish: this, in the absence of much better work, does harm by discrediting the art; yet it carries its own cure, for its excess becomes the harbinger of better work, as flies herald the summer. If everybody writes poems, somebody (if we can endure the inundation of rubbish) will write good ones, as is the present case with the novel. And at worst, this element is negligible: the poetaster, like the poor, we have always with us. Finally, we have a fair bulk of minor poetry, both better and more considerable than we know: and this deserves a somewhat minuter analysis; for therein lies the practical core of the situation, our danger and our hope.

A large part of this production consists of sporadic volumes of verse by novelists and other writers of acknowledged reputation in prose. It is easiest for these to secure publication: if your other writings have profited your publisher, he can afford graciously to bring out your poems. And some of this is among our best present work; for if it is not by natural poets, it is at least by born and trained writers. Mrs. Wharton's new volume, for example, were her reputation not already made as a novelist would go far toward making it as a poet: if it were her first work, we should rejoice in a discovery. These poems are more than merely good: there is a brain behind them, full of wise and earnest contemplation of our world, a busy and sometimes even turgid imagination, and an astonishingly honest and thorough technique. Mrs. Wharton's *Blank Verse*, for instance, is really too good to be wasted on a novelist: it is enough to make many a poet jealous. And what is more important than these, her book rings here and there with genuinely poetic emotion. No man may say whether a life-work of such as this might not be literature. And herein lies the pity of it; for these side-issues in poetry stand alone by themselves, void of any richer promise. They proclaim no new poets, nor show any bearing upon the condition of our poetry—unless perhaps they indicate an interest in it, and a desire to make more of it under easier material auspices. At best, they mean nothing beyond themselves; and of course, for one prose writer who, like Mrs. Wharton, rises into poetry, there are many who lamentably drop into it.

The important material factor in the situation is of course the Magazine: and its influence both for and against our poetry is dominant and

not to be avoided. In the first place, it concentrates endeavor upon short lyrics of less than thirty lines. These it uses as "fillers" for pages left partly blank in its prose make-up; and it seldom accepts anything else unless for some extraneous cause. We see, therefore, very few long poems, or even of the average medium length of most great lyrics—an arbitrary and somewhat onerous restriction. To the maker of small lyrics, however, and to the rising artist, the large and easy market of the magazine is a great help. He need not struggle unread until he can produce a volume: he can sell his work little by little for immediate returns in money and in reputation, and circulate it far more widely than he could hope to circulate his book. Moreover, he can always republish in book form. On the other hand, the Magazine is frankly journalism: it is read and tossed aside; its support is advertising made valuable by circulation; the merit of its contributions is in many cases only incidental to their acceptance; and its care for poetry is largely the mere negative requirement of harmlessness. This naturally tends toward perfunctory and dishonest work. Yet the familiar sneer at "Magazine Verse" is hardly half deserved; and a little study of the *Annals* and *Magazines* of half a century since would open the eyes of the scoffer. He would find in them here and there a poem which has lived, swamped under an average of such bathos as nowadays hardly reaches print. Until recently, American poetry was in form and manner about fifty years behind the contemporary development of the English; now the two are abreast, and our own falls behind only in merit. Moreover, the average of present magazine verse is not far below the average work of our best men before the War: it is only too near and too familiar for us to appreciate. This work is typified among recent volumes by the new collection of Theodosia Garrison. She is too often uninspired, and therefore fancifully decorative in lieu of imagination; her poems are of magazine brevity and magazine innocuousness; she lacks the sparkle of inevitable phrase whereby genius is made manifest. But she has consistently good workmanship, native lyrical quality, and a strong normal feeling of things, right and sweet as the popular feeling is always right and sweet, despite the vagaries of that strange myth, the popular intelligence. It is rather significant that the best poem she ever wrote—"The King's Chamber"—was originally printed in a magazine of cleverness, and is here tucked away at the end of the volume as though the bright brave passion of it were obnoxious to the *Cheek of the Young Person*.

In addition, we have a small group of more ambitious men possessed of a questionable and flickering spark of something like genius, who hover

about the confines of the magazine world, promising better things—such men as William Vaughn Moody, George Sterling, John Erskine, and their like. Their faults are the faults of culture—intellectualism or thoughtless honey-gathering of phrases; their strength is a high and honorable sense of their art; and their danger is the danger of defection to some better-rewarded way of work. Already Mr. Moody has apparently left us for a handful of silver, and turned from promising poems to successful plays. And since poetry neither now nor ever pays as well as other writing, there is a hard temptation upon the maturing poet to go over to fiction or the stage, as in Charles Reade's time born Dramatists were driven into the Novel. We have need of men with the means or the courage to give their talents a thorough trial. Out of many such there should be one whose sacrifice would be repaid. And surely we lack not either money or Idealism. Poets are made and born; but they are not so often born that we can afford to spoil any in the making. In other fields, opportunity and the easy recognition of good work are incentives not less than profit: why not in this?

And there it rests. It has been acutely said that Americans seek their poetry in other things than poetry. This is a little like saying that they seek their nourishment in other things than food; but what truth there is in it I have already discussed. We need to think of poetry as a need, not as an ornamental accomplishment. We need to realize that our present work is good enough and bad enough to be worth bettering. We need to disregard the academic Cassandras, to take our time, to fight against dishonesty, and to forget popularity in order that it may be added unto us. We need to write our best of those few and simple Realities which alone are worth writing about. For when the new American poet has appeared, all those gentlemen who have been declaring him impossible will incontinently set about showing how his environment inevitably produced him. Truly the time was never riper here than it is now. And perhaps after all it would be wiser than the writing or the reading of such articles as this to forbear self-examination and see what the Great Soul showeth.

Brian Hooker.

ARAMINTA'

BY J. C. SNAITH

CHAPTER XXXI

DISINTEGRATION

FROM the moment that train steamed away from Dwygyfy there was no more decent weather. Day after day it thundered and lightened, it hailed and it blew; day after day it poured in torrents. For a whole week Andover endured this distemper of the Welsh climate, which, according to Borrow, is in the most favorable circumstances of a very fickle character. His man Johnson then packed up his traps, and the pair of them were spirited away upon an extremely inclement morning by the eleven o'clock train. Scotland was their destination. In that land of cakes and heather were some old friends who set apart September for playing bridge for moderate stakes and for the shooting of grouse.

Of course, before Andover went up to Scotland he freely discussed his proposed matrimonial adventure with the sagacious Caroline. She had not hesitated to affirm that the man Lascelles had behaved like a gentleman. It was only in extreme instances that she felt called upon to make a statement of that kind. It was a testimonial she did not give willingly, because in her opinion it was the highest there was to bestow upon the members of the sex to which the man Lascelles belonged.

As became a man of leisure, Andover was very leisurely in his methods. He did not propose to marry Miss Perry until the spring. Caroline was inclined to demur. She did not care to let the grass grow under her feet. Andover might change his mind, or a hundred things might happen. Stability, at any rate, was not his forte.

"No, my dear Caroline," said a sagacity that was in nowise behind her own, "the creature is a little undeveloped at present, to my mind. A few months more of the great world, in order that she may acquire a deeper sense of the responsibilities of the position, will do her no harm. Besides, spring, my dear Caroline, is the time for marriage. It is the vernal season. It is nature's own appointed wedding-day."

Caroline did not concur, of course. It only remained for her, however, to acquiesce ungraciously. Yet there was one thing she could do, and this she did. She sent for her lawyer to have the terms of the nuptial contract set out in form. Her old and trusted legal adviser, Mr. Giles Grabham, of Messrs. Pettigrew, Grabham, Grabham and Horrobin of Old

Square Lincoln's Inn spent two nights and a day at Pen-y-Gros Castle, and placed the matter on a comprehensive basis. Andover appeared to be afforded considerable amusement by the whole proceeding. However, he was prevailed upon to attach what Mr. Grabham called "a provisional signature to the memorandum."

Divers copies were engrossed of what Mr. Grabham called "the instrument" by the clerical staff of Messrs Pettigrew, Grabham, Grabham and Horrobin, one of which was duly forwarded to Lord Andover at Pen-y-Gros Castle, North Wales, two days after his lordship's departure from the Principality. It was accompanied by two others, addressed to the Countess of Crewkerne.

Upon the receipt of these documents Miss Perry was commanded by Aunt Caroline to write to her papa to explain the signal honor that had been conferred upon her; and to enclose a copy of the deed of settlement for his inspection, sanction and signature. In obedience to this command, with infinite labor and difficulty and many tears, Miss Perry composed the following:

PAPA DEAREST: Aunt Caroline desires me to write to inform you that her old friend, the Earl of Andover, has done me the honor of wishing to marry me, that is, Papa Dearest, if you have no objection. Aunt Caroline desires me to say that in her judgment there can be no possible objection to Lord Andover, as he is very rich, his life has been worthy, and she has known him herself personally for more than sixty years. Aunt Caroline desires me to enclose this copy of the deed of settlement, which she hopes you will approve and return to her with your signature. With fondest love, Papa Dearest, and twelve kisses, which I enclose,
XXXXXXXXXXXXX

Believe me to remain

Your most dutiful and affectionate daughter,

ARAMINTA.

P. S. Have you any objection to Muffin marrying Jim Lascelles, who used to live at the Red House at Widdiford? It would be so nice.

The more formal part of this production had been written to Aunt Caroline's dictation. She inspected the finished performance grimly. The writing was large and round and as transparently simple as Miss Perry's own countenance, and it was blotted freely with tears. In the fullest sense of the term it was a human document, and as such Aunt Caroline decided that it should be sent. Miss Perry was not the first Wargrave who had been consigned to the scaffold and doubtless she would not be the last.

A week elapsed before a reply was received at Pen-y-Gros Castle, and even then the copy of the deed was not returned endorsed with the sig-

nature of the Reverend Aloysius Perry. His communication upon the subject was as follows:

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: Your letter came to me as a great surprise. Firstly, I should like to express to your Aunt Caroline the deep sense of obligation we all feel under in regard to her, not only in the matter of her very great kindness to you personally, but also for the great kindness and consideration she extended to Elizabeth during her month's sojourn at Pen-y-Gros Castle. Elizabeth cannot find enough to say in her praise.

Now in regard to yourself, my dear Araminta, while I recognize to the full the dazzling nature of your prospects, and I do not know in what manner to thank your aunt for her princely suggestion, I want you to believe, and I want her to believe also, that I have no other thought and no other desire than that whatever line of action you embark upon shall lead to your ultimate and permanent happiness. That above everything is what I desire. I have refrained from attaching my signature to the deed of settlement which your aunt has been so kind as to send to me, for while recognizing to the full her large-hearted generosity and her really princely munificence, I shall like to have your own assurance, my dear daughter, that you are consulting your own highest welfare and happiness irrespective of that of any one else. I trust your aunt will not consider me lacking in gratitude or in practical common sense. Please write to me again upon the subject, and believe me to remain

Your affectionate father,
ALOYSIUS PERRY.

Aunt Caroline snorted a good deal when she read this letter. She declared it was so like a parson to say a great deal more than he need in order to express a great deal less than he ought. However, she was perfectly ruthless upon the subject. Araminta was ordered to allay the scruples of her father; and this the unhappy Goose Girl did with many private tears to her aunt's dictation.

In due course the document was returned with her father's signature. Then she felt that indeed her doom was sealed. She was a most docile and duteous creature, and even Aunt Caroline admitted it; but her appetite declined, her laughter lost its gaiety, her youth its cheerful irresponsibility, and life became for her a heavy and listless routine.

Poor Jim Lascelles had his bad time, too. He returned to the Acacias with his mother, fully determined to maintain his tripartite rôle of a Lascelles, a hero and a gentleman. He determined to take the super-human course of acting as though the Goose Girl had no place in his life whatever.

Alas for the vanity of human resolves! The scheme was a failure. The first thing he did upon his return home was to take the key of his studio off the sitting-room chimney-piece in order to bestow a few final touches upon a work which by now was hardly in need of them. He

deluded himself with the idea that the task was imposed in cold blood in order that he might prove to himself how strong he was, and that by the mere exercise of the will the image of the peerless original could be cut away from the living tissue of his thoughts.

Alas! it could not be done. Jim Lascelles failed dismally to assert the mind's dominion. A strange excitement overtook him, and for several days he worked in quite a frenzy of enthusiasm, modifying this, painting out that, enhancing the other. It was a dangerous kind of solace. He performed surprising feats, it is true; his color grew more and more audacious, only to be harmonized marvellously, but he could not sleep at night. He came down to breakfast haggard and wild-eyed and looking a degree more unstable than when he had retired in the small hours of the morning.

He had determined to withhold from his mother the true state of the case. But he had hopelessly underrated the flair of the sex. Very soon she had the truth out of him; and without letting Jim see her concern she soon grew alarmed for him. Yet she could confess to no surprise. From the first she had foreseen that this was a turn the thing must take almost inevitably. Had it not been Lord Andover it must have been another. For the Goose, notwithstanding her limited capacity, was an absurdly regal creature; one of those oddly compounded, solemn, un-aspiring masterpieces designed by nature for a gorgeous frame, who by a kind of inalienable right command a splendid destiny.

Jim's mother blamed herself, as mothers are so apt to do, although she really had no part in Jim's misfortune. She had merely lent a kind of whimsical countenance to the young fellow's ambitions, in order primarily to give him a zest in his work. The consequences entailed by the acquisition of that zest bade fair to become melancholy; but in any case the responsibility for laying the mine was not hers any more than it was Andover's for applying the match.

"If it had not been one, laddie," said Mrs. Lascelles philosophically, "it would have been the other. Had I prophesied, I should have said that destiny would have made her a duchess. But either way I don't think it matters. I feel sure that Lord Andover will be very good to her, although there is little consolation in that."

Precious little consolation in Jim's opinion. By the time October came he was worn to a shade, and the masterpiece was finally completed. His mother was alarmed for him then. She suggested a voyage to Spain and a visit to the Prado in order that he might pay homage at the shrine of the great Velasquez. The suggestion was a good one, but unfortunately it did not come within the range of practical politics. They had both

spent all their money. Mrs. Lascelles had overdrawn her modest allowance and Jim was in debt.

"Tell Lord Andover his picture is complete and dun him for the price of it," said Mrs. Lascelles.

"No, old lady," said Jim with a sad shake of the head, "we have to look to what we can raise on that little work to keep a roof over our heads during the winter."

His mother showed a most resolute optimism.

"Lay out every penny of the money on a visit to Spain," said she. "Velasquez will inspire you. You will return with a cubit added to your stature; you will finish 'The Naiad' triumphantly, and once you have done that you will have convinced the world you can paint."

"And in the meantime, old lady, what about the rent?" said Jim.

"Oh, that," said his mother airily, "that can take care of itself. Besides, I dreamt last night that the publishers had accepted *The Fair Immortal*."

"That is not quite the same thing, my dear, as receiving a check for it," said Jim gloomily.

It would seem, however, that Providence was keeping its eye on the Acacias. For the very next morning brought a solution of the difficulty. The Marquis wrote from Yorkshire to suggest that during the following week, if convenient to himself, Mr. Lascelles should come to Barne Moor, as previously arranged, to paint the fair Priscilla.

It appeared that in the stress of circumstance both Jim and his mother had forgotten the Yorkshire marquis and the fair Priscilla.

"And it means a cool five hundred, too," said Jim with a little pardonable exultation. "The terms are already arranged, thanks to that old sportsman, who is the oldest mixture of a human being I have ever met."

And then Jim gave a groan, for he remembered that it was upon the strength of this important commission he had made up his mind to take the plunge with the Goose Girl. The next moment he was cursing himself because his upper lip was so flabby.

"You will never be the least use in this world, James Lascelles, my son," was the burden of his reflections, "if you can't learn to take a facer or two. Every time they knock you down you have got to come up smiling or you will certainly never be a Velasquez."

Mrs. Lascelles was overjoyed by the providential letter from Yorkshire. She blessed the marquis and all his acres. She insisted that Jim should write by the next post to announce his intention of coming to Barne Moor on the following Monday. And in order that there should

be no possible doubt about the matter she put on her hat, although it was raining hard, and sallied forth to the stationer's shop at the corner of Chestnut Road and invested one of her few remaining sixpences in a Bradshaw.

CHAPTER XXXII

BARNE MOOR

About tea-time on the following Monday Jim Lascelles found himself at Barne Moor. The house was a bleak, upstanding place in the north of Yorkshire. It was in a fold of the moors, and although its size was impressive it was architecturally hideous.

Jim had been very unhappy all the way up from London. The change of locale, however, raised his spirits a little. The contemplation of the five hundred pounds and a period of definite employment did something to help him also. And hardly had he set foot in the house than a great surprise was in store for him.

Almost the first person he saw was the Goose Girl. She had been out with the guns, and was now consuming tea and hot buttered cakes. It was nearly six weeks since they had parted in Wales. In that period each had changed. With his artist's eye Jim could not help noticing that she was still the fresh, dewy creature of the Devonshire lanes. Her candor and simplicity were not less than they were, but somewhere in her was a kind of reserved enclosure, an expanse of deep feeling hidden away, which only those who held her secret would ever be able to discover.

Perhaps Jim Lascelles was glad to notice it. It did honor to the slow-witted, immobile creature, and it did honor to him. Yes, she was true blue. There was nothing in her words and very little in the manner of her greeting to suggest that a creature so primitive as herself had this reserved space in her. She was just as she always was, and yet at her first words of greeting Jim knew that she was much more.

"Why, it's Jim!" she exclaimed in just the old way; and putting her cake in her saucer, she said, "I can't shake hands with you, Jim, because my fingers are all over butter."

Jim hardly knew whether to rejoice at her presence or to be dismayed by it.

"Why, Goose Girl," said he, "whoever could have thought of seeing you here?"

"Aunt Caroline is here," said she, "and Miss Burden and Lord Andover, too."

"How strange that we should meet again like this!" said Jim rather awkwardly.

Yet it was scarcely so strange as Jim thought it was. Aunt Caroline, in spite of her years and her increasingly difficult temper, still had certain houses open to her, and Barne Moor was one of them. Her store of energy was by no means exhausted; she liked still to keep in the world, to know what was doing; and she liked her rubber. It would not perhaps be strictly true to say that she was welcome at Barne Moor, but when Wales began to bore her she resolutely turned her face in that direction, because she knew that at that time Yorkshire would contain a choice collection of her friends and her enemies, and would be infinitely more diverting than Pen-y-Gros Castle or London itself in the absence of Parliament.

At Barne Moor Jim of course was a nobody and was treated as such. His hostess, who was of the strain of the former Whig oligarchy, like so many to be found under that ample roof, was not so much exclusive as she was indifferent to those outside the circle. She was a ponderous, neutral kind of woman, who bullied her husband and had very definite views about religion. From the first Jim did not find her in the least easy to get on with. It must be confessed that he did not try to get on with her particularly.

Still, during the time he spent at Barne Moor things did not go amiss. The Goose Girl was still as simple, frank and friendly as she had always been. The old woman of Hill Street was reasonably civil; quite as civil, in fact, as he expected her to be. Miss Burden in a curiously delicate manner showed that she understood the tragedy. As for Andover, who was an old friend of the house and for some reason high in the esteem of everybody, he extended the same genial kindness to him that he had always done.

The only other of Jim's acquaintances among the score or so people that were gathered under the hospitable roof of Barne Moor was George Betterton. No announcement had yet been made upon the subject, but it was common knowledge that "an arrangement" was likely to be forthcoming with a daughter of the house.

Jim supposed that "the old sportsman" knew his own business best, but he rather hoped that "it wouldn't come off." In Jim's opinion, "George was a genuine fellow," and Jim personally had not the least admiration for the fair Priscilla. For one thing he had to paint her to order; and that of course did not tell in her favor with the temperament of genius.

She had not the least sense of pose. She was just a wooden English-

woman, as neutral as her mother, who clipped her g's and powdered her nose, with dull red hair and pale green eyes, who took very little interest in anything or anybody. But she shot well and rode well and went to church twice on Sunday.

She sat half a dozen times and Jim did what he could with her. Jim's special talent lay in his color and his sense of values. He used the dark oak of the gloomy old library for his background; and he painted Priscilla's hair a warm and glowing Titian color, with a striking and distinguished pallor for the face; and for the eyes a shade of blue which was extremely daring but successful. The picture in its style and its distinction was absurdly unlike Priscilla herself; yet somehow it was sufficiently like her to pass muster with those who cared more for Priscilla than they did for her counterfeit presentment.

About the fifth day of Jim's sojourn Andover announced that the picture of Priscilla was going to turn out very fine. He exhorted Kendal publicly to send it to the next Royal Academy, and complimented him upon having had the foresight and good sense to obtain the man of the future to do the work. The bullet-headed Yorkshireman was pleased, of course, since every bullet-headed Yorkshireman likes to be complimented on his foresight and good sense by an acknowledged expert.

"I wonder if he would paint my wife," said Mr. Crosby of the Foreign Office.

"You can ask him, my dear fellow," said Andover.

"Would he want a stiff figure?" said Mr. Crosby, who had a very practical mind.

"It would cost you a cool thousand, I dare say," said Andover, before Kendal could announce that it had cost him five hundred.

"Stiff, ain't it, for an unknown man?" said Mr. Crosby.

"He is going to be *the* man, my dear fellow," said Andover. "What do you say, Caroline? You have seen some of his work."

"I agree with you, Andover," said the flattered Caroline, who knew as much about pictures as Ponto did. "He has painted two of my nieces, and in my opinion they are excellent likenesses."

"Have you two nieces, Caroline?" said the Marquis. "That is interesting. When are we to have the opportunity of seeing the other one?"

"Next season," said Caroline, "perhaps."

As yet there had been no formal announcement of Andover's engagement, but it was known to many. It is true that those who were best acquainted with him maintained an attitude of incredulity. So many times in the past had there been talk of entertaining at Andover House. Yet there was a consensus of opinion that he really meant to settle down

at last; and while all disinterested people could not fail to admire his taste, the critical were a little inclined to doubt his wisdom. Still, there was no doubt about the beauty and the docility of his choice, and in her quaint way she had unmistakably the *bel air*. She was a good, honest girl, a Wargrave, and the old woman of Hill Street could well afford to do something in the matter. Still the knowing ones "could not see it at all;" those who were not so knowing thought that "Andover might have done worse."

All the same, Miss Perry was famous and she was popular. Her simplicity was something that was growing very rare; she was unaffectedly good to everybody, and everybody could not help being grateful to her for her goodness because it sprang straight from the heart. No matter whether people were important or unimportant it made no difference to her. Great beauty and an absolute friendliness which is extended to all, which keeps the same gracious smile for the odd man about the stables that it has for the wearer of the Garter, will go far toward the conquest of the world.

Miss Perry had conquered her world. All agreed that Andover had done well. Yet the creature was not in the least happy. So much practice, however, had the Wargraves had in the course of the centuries in dissembling their unhappiness and in offering their heads to the block, that only four persons were able to suspect that a brave, smiling and bountiful exterior concealed a broken heart.

Jim Lascelles was one. He knew for certain. Miss Burden was another. Caroline Crewkerne was no believer in broken hearts. For one thing, she had never had a heart of any sort to break. But she had seen those great damp splotches on the correspondence with her father; she had noticed that the creature's appetite was not what it was; and there were half a dozen other symptoms that enabled her to put two and two together. As for the fourth person, it was Andover himself. He was a man of immense practical sagacity. The Lascelles affair was perfectly familiar to him in all its bearings. He himself was primarily responsible for it. And none knew better than did he that youth will be served.

During Jim's stay at Barne Moor, Andover exhibited great kindness and consideration. He behaved like a habitually courteous, wise, broad-minded man of the world, who, so to speak, knew the whole alphabet of life and if necessary could repeat it backward.

"You have no right to be here, my dear fellow," he said tacitly to Jim Lascelles, "but since my Yorkshire friend Kendal has blundered, as one's Yorkshire friends generally do, and you find yourself in the wrong galley, behave just as you would under ordinary circumstances,

and if you have the courage take up the parable more or less where you left it. After all, you were brought up together, and I am only an inter-loper and an old one at that."

It was bold and it was generous of Andover to take this course. But the young fellow Lascelles had behaved so well that he was bound to respect him. And he had a genuine liking for him, too. Therefore, he raised no objection to their spending long hours upon the moors during all hours of the day with only one another for company, while he gossiped and shot birds and fribbled and idled away his time indoors among more mature persons.

Still it was trying Jim Lascelles somewhat highly. The test was a severer one than perhaps Andover knew. For Jim was confident that he had only to speak the word for the Goose Girl to marry him by special license at Barne Moor parish church. Once indeed they found themselves in it, since the Goose Girl was by way of being a connoisseur in churches, and they had a pleasant and instructive conversation with the vicar.

However, all's well that end's well, to quote Shakespeare again. Jim Lascelles did not obtain a special license, but returned to his mother like a good son, and shall we say a man of honor. For it would have been such a fatally easy and natural thing to marry the Goose Girl at Barne Moor parish church. If you came to think about it, why should she go to the scaffold? Dickie of course would be able to go to Sandhurst and Milly would be able to go to boarding-school, but all the same it was desperately hard on the Goose Girl.

CHAPTER XXXIII

EVERYTHING FOR THE BEST IN THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS

Jim Lascelles returned to Balham exactly nine days after he had left that friendly but uninspired suburb. He had worked hard during his absence in Yorkshire, and the picture of the fair Priscilla had made excellent progress; and there was a check for five hundred pounds in prospect on completion. And further, by the interest and undoubted talent for commerce of his friend Andover, Mr. Crosby of the Foreign Office had been induced to rise to seven hundred and fifty pounds for the portrait of Mrs. Crosby and her children.

So far as the things of this world were concerned Jim really returned to his mother in high feather. The progress he was making in his profession he felt was out of all proportion to his talent. But it is a great

thing to have a friend at court. So much is done in that way. It is not always the best picture or the best oratorio or the best play or the best novel that makes the most guineas in the market square. It is one thing to create a masterpiece and it is another to translate it into pounds, shillings and pence. There can be no doubt that Jim Lascelles had made amazing strides in his art, but all the same he was a lucky fellow to have a man like Andover to go round with a bell to call the attention of the picture-buying public to the quality of his work.

Jim Lascelles would have been less than human had he not been immensely grateful to Andover. And yet he would not have been human either had he not hated him very sorely. After all, what is the worth of material prosperity if the man who confers it upon you robs you of the only girl in the world you feel you will ever be able to marry? Certainly he would now have the means to buy his mother a new frock or so in order to deprive her of her favorite excuse for not looking older. But life, even with professional success, was going to be a hollow business.

However, Jim Lascelles contrived in this crisis to behave with a discretion that was very creditable to his character. He had gone down to the depths of late, and as is often the case with such divers in deep seas he had brought up a few pearls. One of these was resolution, and this stood him in good stead. He finished the picture of Priscilla out of hand and drew his check; and although the season was November he paid several visits to Eaton Square and did his best for Mrs. Crosby and her youthful family. And ever and anon he spent an hour in further devotion to the masterpiece that was to make him famous.

It was not until early in January that Jim Lascelles made the announcement to his patron that the portrait of Miss Perry was complete. Thereupon quite a number of people interested in art found their way to the Acacias. They were by no means unanimous in their opinion regarding its intrinsic merit, but they all agreed that it was bound to prove one of the sensations of the year.

"An extraordinarily clever fake," said a critic of the fine arts privately.

"Mr. Lascelles," said a dealer, "I should like an option on all the work you produce during the next five years. I feel sure I could sell it."

"We have a new Gainsborough here," said a third person, who spoke in an unofficial capacity, "and that is all there is to be said about it."

About the end of the month Andover himself appeared, duly armed with expert opinion, to see for himself. He was accompanied by Miss Burden and his fiancée, who was looking thin and unhappy. It was a beautiful day for the time of year, and the happy wooer was as fastidious in his appearance as usual. Never had he seemed more faultless in his

attire or more scrupulously paternal in his demeanor. He looked long at the masterpiece, and he looked particularly.

"Lascelles, my good fellow," said he, "I am forced to arrive at one conclusion. If you were to paint a thousand pictures this is something you will never surpass."

"Why do you think so?" said Jim.

"Because, my dear fellow, there is such growth in it. You began it a callow stripling; you have finished it, a strong man in the plenitude of his power. I have watched you and the picture grow together from month to month. It is given to no man to do that sort of thing twice."

Jim Lascelles, however, was a robust young fellow, at least it was his ideal to be so. He was apt to be on his guard against high-flown sentiment, yet he knew that Andover had spoken the truth.

"You are right," he said simply. "That canvas has got all I have or all I ever shall have. I am older now than when I began it, and I hope I'm wiser."

"Not wiser really, my dear fellow, we never get wiser. But you have found yourself. A great career lies before you."

"You may be right," said Jim, "or you may not be right, but either way it doesn't matter."

Andover inspected the young fellow with the greatest coolness and impartiality. There was no mistaking that the words were tragic. Andover's penetration declared them to be so. He took some little time for reflection, and then he slowly drew a check out of his pocketbook with an air that was really unfathomable.

"There must be no misunderstanding, Lascelles," said he with an air that was brisk and businesslike. "There is every reason to believe that the picture of Miss Perry will prove a valuable property. But at the same time I hold your promise that I may purchase it on my own terms. Is not that the case?"

"It is," said Jim with indifference.

"I hope the bargain I drove with you may not prove too hard," said Andover with an enigmatic smile that Jim Lascelles took not the least pains to fathom. "But if I may say so, your conduct in allowing me to drive such a bargain was curiously injudicious. For everybody tells me that your picture is magnificent."

"I don't think it matters," said Jim, who was looking tired. "Although one is glad you like it, of course."

"It must always be pleasant to the artist to have his work admired. My own comment upon your work is this. I hope, my dear fellow, you will be able to forgive its extravagance."

As he spoke he gave the check to Jim Lascelles. The painter, however, paid no heed to it at first. His instinct was to crush it in his hands and fling it away, so repugnant was it to the touch. Now that the time had come to part with the sole remaining solace he possessed, he felt unable to yield it. This, however, was a weakness he must not indulge. He looked at the paper perfunctorily, then gave a little exclamation. The check was made out in his favor for ten thousand pounds.

"I don't understand," said Jim. "Is there not some mistake?"

"You must constrain your modesty a little, that is all," said Andover. "People tell me it will be worth every penny of this sum to the next generation. It is pleasant sometimes to anticipate the verdict of posterity."

Jim Lascelles did not know how to act or what to say. In his judgment this was the most Quixotic act with which he had ever been confronted. "Really," he said, "I don't feel that there are sufficient grounds upon which I can accept such a sum as this."

"A bargain is a bargain," said Andover. "I hold your promise that I am to purchase the picture on my own terms." In the flood tide of his bewilderment Jim Lascelles had perforce to remain silent.

"Don't forget, my dear Lascelles, that the highest pleasure that is given to any man is to adopt the rôle of Mæcenas. And are you aware that the Red House at Widdiford is in the market, and that six thousand pounds will purchase it?"

Jim flinched a little. A deep flush overspread his face. This was sacred ground upon which it behooved the outside world to tread warily.

"I hope you don't infer that the Red House at Widdiford means nothing to you?"

Jim was not proof against the assault.

"I'm not sure that it does," he said miserably.

"I wouldn't be too sure about that if I were you."

Jim began to look decidedly fierce. In spite of the check for ten thousand pounds, which he viewed as somewhat in the nature of a mockery, he showed no disposition to be baited.

"Perhaps it would be wise not to pursue the subject."

Andover laughed outright at Jim's solemnity.

"On the contrary," said he, "I feel that the subject of the Red House at Widdiford should be discussed at length. Miss Perry and I have been over to look at the old place before completing the purchase."

"Ah, that is interesting," said Jim, who was more bewildered than ever.

"It seems that in addition to its other lures, the Red House at Widdiford has peaches in season."

"Of course it has," said Jim, who was beginning to feel that Andover was making a rather long excursion in the realms of bad taste.

"Well, my dear fellow, I put it to you, what is the use of having peaches in season if one has not the appetite to eat them?"

"What, indeed," said Jim.

"And again, my dear fellow, what, pray, is the use of giving Buz-zard's a contract for the large size when cream buns lose their savor?"

Jim made no reply, but merely looked miserable.

"Let me tell you in confidence, Lascelles," said Andover in a becomingly low tone, "that even the circus has begun to pall. And as for Joseph Wright of Derby, the question of his permanent merit is beginning to appear almost a matter of indifference. Do you feel competent to give advice in regard to what ought to be done?"

"I am afraid I don't," said Jim rather feebly.

"That is disappointing, for in the past you have shown such a surprising fertility of ideas and resources. The problem is so serious. Can one conceive a world in which cream buns have no savor, circuses have no glamor, and in which the Joseph Wrights of Derby are never mentioned at all? Frankly, the feat is beyond me, Lascelles. And then, too, my dear fellow, the news that Muffin is to have a new mauve from London to wear in the spring has excited hardly any enthusiasm."

"Has it?" said Jim.

"That is so, I assure you. And to my mind that is not the least sinister symptom. I have conferred with the wise woman of Hill Street, and during my sojourn in the west country also with the presiding genius of Slocum Magna. And after some discussion of the pros and cons of the situation, we are at last in agreement that something ought to be done to restore the savor to the best confectionery, and also to ensure that no up-start shall occupy without question the same kind of *fauteuil* as Rembrandt and Velasquez. The result of our deliberations is, my dear fellow, that we have come to the conclusion that you are the man to help us."

"I?" said Jim impotently.

"Do you object to undertaking such a scheme of philanthropy?"

"If I could do anything to add to Miss Perry's happiness," said Jim, "I should be just about the proudest chap in the world."

"Well, it seems, my dear fellow, that you can. At least that opinion has been arrived at by the experts who have communed over her case."

Jim's heart beat painfully.

"Tell me what I can do," he said rather hoarsely, "for the best, the truest-hearted, the most absolutely genuine girl in the world."

"You can marry her."

"Marry her!" said Jim weakly.

"Yes, in the afternoon of March the First at Saint Sepulchre's Church."

"But—" said Jim.

"The oracle of Hill Street thinks the First of June is preferable, because there will be more people in town and the presents are likely to be more numerous. But personally I agree with Mrs. Lascelles and *mon père* that March is as good a time as any other for visiting the Prado."

"But—" said Jim.

"I forget the inn I stayed at when I was at Madrid. It was 'El' Something, and for some obscure reason it had no aspirate. But one Ford is the authority for Spain, although to be sure a certain Borrow wrote a famous work upon the subject. By the way, we must not overlook one important argument in favor of June."

"What is it?" said Jim mechanically.

"It is hardly right to expect a new mauve to make its *début* in March. Yet there seems no help for it. No ceremony could possibly be considered complete without it."

"Am I to understand—?" said Jim, who stopped with ridiculous abruptness right in the middle of his question.

"By the way, my dear fellow, I have taken the liberty of suggesting to your accomplished mother that it might help her literary career if she moved a little nearer to the centre. A little flat in Knightsbridge might be a judicious investment. Publishers as a race are highly susceptible, and an address in Knightsbridge might favorably impress them."

"Do you think so?" said Jim, who did not know in the least what he was saying.

But there is really no reason to persist in this history. In spite of scruples which were as much due to pride as to generosity Jim Lascelles married the Goose Girl at Saint Sepulchre's Church on the First of March. On that memorable occasion the presiding genius of Hill Street displayed an amount of Christian feeling which, in the opinion of a contemporary, was without parallel in his experience.

The entire family of Slocum Magna, including Milly, whose pigtail was the color of a yellow chrysanthemum and was tied with a ribbon, came up to London and stayed a whole week at Morley's Hotel. Among other things they all went one day to see the Exhibition and found there wasn't one. Papa dined twice in Hill Street and met dukes and people; and he came away with the impression that Aunt Caroline was less worldly than he had feared. He gave his daughter away on the glorious First; and Muffin wore her new mauve on that occasion. In the opinion

of all qualified persons it was quite as successful as the peerless original. Polly, who took after her Papa, and had more intellect than all the rest of the family put together, looked charmingly proper in a "costume" more reticent than Muffin's. Her young man assisted the Dean of Dunstable, the uncle of the bride, in performing the ceremony.

Jim Lascelles and the Goose Girl spent a month in the land of Cervantes and Velasquez. They are living now at the Red House at Widdiford. Jim is quite likely to be elected to an Associateship of the Royal Academy before long. His "Miss Perry" has been esteemed a rare triumph for British art. His "Naiad" also, purchased by the Chantrey Bequest, has been generally and justly admired.

The accomplished mother of the rising artist took the disinterested advice of a well-wisher, and a fortnight after her son's brilliant marriage—the *Morning Mirror* described it as such—she left "p. p. c." cards on the Misses Champney at the Chestnuts, and moved "nearer to the centre." It may have been coincidence or it may have been cause and effect, but within a fortnight of her installation at No. 5 Beaufort Mansions, W., *The Fair Immortal* was accepted on a royalty by an eminent firm of publishers, and made its appearance in the course of the summer. It can now be purchased for sixpence of any self-respecting bookseller in the United Kingdom; its fortunate authoress has signed contracts for work for the next three years and has been elected a member of three of the best ladies' clubs in the metropolis.

Muffin's season at Hill Street was an even greater triumph than her sister's—but thereby hangs a tale for a wet afternoon. Aunt Caroline, in spite of her advanced years, is worth "a good many dead ones" at present; and in the opinion of her oldest friend her manner has more amenity. Perhaps it is that the influence of youth has been a good one in her life. It is right to think so, since there is no reason to believe that she has altered her opinion of the clergy.

Polly has not yet married her parson, but she is certain to do so. Serious people, however, "make haste slowly," as the wise Italians say. It is only right that they should. Charley has found his way to Sandhurst all right, and feels himself to be a field marshal already. Dickie has lately been presented to a living worth eleven hundred a year, a really preposterous emolument considering the widespread depression in things ecclesiastical. However, in justice to Dickie it should be stated that he was always quietly confident that something would come of his left-arm bowling. And so it ought if you break both ways.

Entertaining at Andover House is still to seek. The thing threatens to become a national scandal. Comparisons highly unfavorable to the

present peer are being constantly drawn by convinced free-fooders and the praisers of past times. The noble earl, however, is fully occupied at present in steering a course between the Scylla of Hill Street and the Charybdis of No. 5 Beaufort Mansions. The presiding genius of the former locality, however, defines a coxcomb as a person who never means anything. Still it doesn't do to be too sure in these days.

As an instance of the need for honest doubt George Betterton did not lead the fair Priscilla to the altar after all. The world understood that a religious difference was the rock which sundered them. Whether George had too little religion and Priscilla had too much is one of those things that has never been clearly elucidated. But beyond all shade of controversy they were never brought to the question. Priscilla made quite a good marriage, all the same. As for George, well what really happened to him is a story for one of those typical English afternoons when one does not care to go out because it is raining.

In conclusion we feel bound to record our opinion that it is gravely to be doubted whether Jim Lascelles will make as great a painter as Velasquez. Considering his youth, his attainments and his temper we were among those who predicted a high destiny for the young fellow, but that was before "the wicket rolled out so plumb." Authorities upon the subject are not slow to inform us, however, that it is better to marry the girl you want to, and to live at the Red House at Widdiford, and be a County Magistrate, and to have a couple of expensive sons in the Services, and to have your girls dressed by Redfern and presented at Court, than to appear on a pedestal by public subscription in front of the National Gallery three centuries after you have ceased to care about the verdict of posterity.

Tot homines quot sententiæ. These wiseacres may be right or they may not be right. It is only the Caroline Crewkernes who are infallible.

THE END

THE GARDEN OF PSYCHE

BY STARK YOUNG

*Dim delightful Gardens lie
In the regions of the air,
But rainbow visions smile and die,
And who hath found a place so fair,
Found a garden half so sweet,
As sweet Psyche's cool retreat?*

*Ah, Psyche, still I hear thee sing,
Sweet Psyche of the golden throat,
The venomed years have lost their sting
Remembering thy note.
Thou art Beauty's only mate,
Together ye do keep the gate,
The garden of the soul divine,
Ah, may I keep that garden mine!*

Then while I paused amid the sighing strings,
A vaporous silver filled the leafy way
Where Psyche stood, and from behind, her wings
Shimmered like dawn upon a virgin spray.
It was the hour of day and the sweet season
When love and gentle thought fill up the reason;
The rosy meadows wait the starry light,
The whitlow grass, like snowflakes on the hill,
Stirs not a flower, and Earth lies rapt and still,
Dreaming the soft majesty of night.

Slowly she came along the twilight path:
"I know the world lies heavy on thy heart,
And man's short aim hath tired thine eye and hath
Made thee despise the archer with the dart.
The garden of the Soul may soothe thy mind,
And where thou wilt that garden thou mayst find.
Speak then thy case. My God hath fashioned me
So that I am not touched by this desire,
And from the place to which thou dost aspire,
I come, that I may give myself to thee."

"Though yet," I said, "day goeth after day,
And men go blindly forth to reap and sow,
Think not I hold their labors cast away,
Or theirs a petty harvest—well I know
Each stroke and every deed must find somehow
Its place in the end, that every weary brow
Sweats to some purpose in the evolving plan.
Yet from the struggle must I turn my face,
Men have forgot the goal to love the race,
The world becomes the master of the man.

"Thou knowest I cannot set to little themes,
Sprung though they be from out the common heart,
True haply, but yet momentary gleams
And often smacking somewhat of the mart.
Busy me not with passions of a day,
Give me to climb where godlike rule hath sway,
Give me to wrench the torch from their high might!
What though I fail, yet shall I fear no fear,
Seeing that then the garment I may wear
That on the last grand day will be so bright.

"Certain, O Psyche, certain hath the wind
Brought to me rumors of some Presence here,
The friendly stars assure me and unbind
From round my heart the doubt and weary fear.
And dear the thought of little wings whose flight
Returneth to my eaves: and in the night
To hear amid the grass a moment's stir
Warmeth in me a spark of brother love,
Knowing some kindred atomy doth move
Whose tiny life enacts a worshipper.

"Yet sometimes, how I weary of the load!
Is it not hard, O Soul, that I should feel
The loneliness in Poesy's abode?
From common walks I hear the laughter peal—
They are good men, yet wherefore should they tread
Careless and free the path where some have bled?"
And Psyche answered, "Yea, line after line
They gather happy fruit unto the shore
Where ends life's orchard—thou hast that and more;
The flower and the sweet, they too are thine."

*Beauty and thou may walk together,
And she instill into thy mind
Fresh secrets of the wind and weather,
The burden of the singing wind.
And she shall woo thy roving eye
With gleams of her divinity:
The halo round the cactus' leaf,
And pale primroses dewy cool,
The mosses hung above the pool
With swing and shadow on the reef.*

*She spreads her veils along the lawn,
And out beyond the bowered trees
Her robe athwart the heaven drawn
Glows soft and tender promises.
The moonlight on those eyelids lies
Where she doth dream of Paradise;
And she is thine, her going hence,
Her nearing hand is thine to reach,
Man knoweth naught but she might teach,
She is God's breath upon the sense.*

“God's smile is turned to thee. To Him doth burn
The sunset on the altar of the earth;
The organ wind is His; and grim and stern,
His hand on their wet manes, with rein and girth
He holds the plunging horses of the sea.
The sovran lord of lordly death is He—
The wave the general flood doth yield unto,
The flying leaf to the wind, light unto dark,
And man to death—beat upward like the lark,
Let God drink up thy soul as sun doth dew!

“Stretch forth the wings of thine eyes till they do cleave
The viewless pole, and gazing thou shalt see
A one-day's shadow that will pass and leave
Whiter than day thy soul's infinity.
Thy flame is but a spark struck from the whole,
Thy body but a shadow on thy soul,
Thy flesh is but a crucible where lie
Obscured and mingled ores of good and sin,
And on it plays the purging fire wherein
Thy life is changed to immortality.”

While she made end, the round moon rising bright
Entered the listening wood, and every breeze
Was hushed, and lo!—where she had stood, the light
Hung like a silver mist among the trees.

Stark Young.

KERRIGAN AND THE TRUE ROMANCE

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

"It's kind of you to show me the short cut to the hacienda," Joseph was saying, with all the frost he could put upon accent, "but you shouldn't have left your carriage. I am only going to look on at the garden party. I suppose *you* are expected by the President!"

It is annoying when one has come to the tropics for one's vacation precisely in order to escape from a life that grates, that is prosaic, and dull, to be hampered in the search for romance. It is disgusting to find one's self companioned in a tropic forest with a fat Irishman who sits in pulpous creases on a fallen trunk and fans his perspiring face with a flap of banana leaf, a man whose very presence is an affront to romance!

Kerrigan got his breath again. "There ain't many Americanos I'd walk for, mister. I gave up walkin' with some other amusements when I come here fifteen years ago. But Pascale said you was from my old place. I was town born in New Haven, Bud."

Joseph glanced at him with more interest than he had felt before in a Venezuelan official who was after all only an exiled American. There was an approach to sensibility in the deep folds of his face, and the voice had a strain of homely melancholy. "I thought, mebbe," he continued, and stopped to pant as he regained his feet; "I thought mebbe you'd tell me how things is in the little old place. I'm town born there. In the first ward; a little white house under an ellum tree." They walked on and his voice dropped to a tone of reminiscence. "A big dhrooping ellum, an' the fog in the top branches, while the water came drip, drip, down on the shingles. I ain't seen a real rainy day since. Say, Bud, I was alderman in that town once. Alderman Kerrigan! Fifteen years ago!"

A burst of music interrupted him and filled all the spaces of the wood with a fantastic waltz. The path suddenly curved back toward the road which they had left when Kerrigan had alighted to join him in his walk out from Carácas, and Joseph saw, beneath an arch of trees at the forest edge, a luxuriant garden, and, beyond, a low, white hacienda, around whose ample loggia a swarm of gay-colored dancers were revolving in the mazy whirls of a waltz. Great, languorous trees, laden with blossoming vines, overhung the house, and in their shade, and beneath the royal palms, the sagoes and hebeiscus of the garden, were dozens of strolling couples. Kerrigan licked his fat lips. "A little fizz for me," said he thirstily. "Come on. It's swate, but it'll be iced, they said.

And here's your friend Pascale come to introduce you to the girls. Drive home with me, and tell me about the old place. 'Taint often they write me."

Joseph turned with relief to greet a sallow-faced, exquisite youth in a tight-fitting black suit who was approaching across the garden. They shook hands as the music rose to a grand sputtering of guitaritas and ceased; then a gay wave of color bore them toward the shades of a mango grove where jet black Trinidad negroes in spotless white were swinging trays of innumerable glasses above merry tables. Gay toasts, joyous rallying in French and Spanish mingled, a hundred heavy odors, and through the chinks of the foliage the blue dome of a tropic afternoon—it was life! It was escape at last from the humdrum, from the everyday! It was romance!

Pascale, ever grave, ever eloquent, touched his arm, and lifted his glass significantly. "I give you a health," he whispered, "El flor de Carácas!" Hargrove touched glasses. "Is she here?" he asked. "She mourns. She must not be gay. But she is here. Behind the window bars as the custom is. You see her?" "Surely," cried the American. "Señoritas;" he bowed farewell to his companions, and hurried after Pascale. A half hour in her father's patio, their chatter behind the palms in the legation, the frowns of three admirers, here was a basis, so it seemed, for an affair in Carácas. He glowed with delight at the adventure.

The sun was rimming the mountains; and the twilight of the tropics, beautiful and fleeting, softened the colors and blended the contrasts of the gay hacienda. The musicians had scattered, leaving their instruments piled in confusion by their chairs; the dancers had dispersed. One of them, a slim youth in black, had picked up a guitarita and was singing, to its accompaniment, the most sentimental of melodies,

La cogi por la mano
 Debajo un arbol la sentè.
 En su divino rostro,
 Tres besos estampè.
 Entonces me dijo la niña
 Otros tres, otros tres, otros tres.

He sang with his eyes closed, touching his instrument with effective grace. A group surrounded him, sitting about the edge of a fountain and listening in a silence full of sentiment. From the shadows of the loggia a feminine voice echoed the chorus softly,

Otros tres, otros tres, otros tres!

"La Liana," said Pascale, with a flourish of the words as if introducing the Queen of Sheba. Joseph's glance, seeking the window from

whence the voice came, encountered a little man in a red uniform just quitting it, who scowled as he saw them and made a motion as if to return, but thought better of it. "Manuel Barquez," Pascale whispered impressively, "the nephew of the President."

Only a rose glow from the clouds lightened the gloom of the room behind the bars. The black mantilla of La Liana (for she was in mourning and so not in festive dress) made her a part of the darkness, all but the white face, and the gardenia between the waves of her lustrous hair. As Joseph bent close to the bars she drew back in mock confusion, wrapping the lace of her mantilla about her till he could see only the soft, bewitching eyes. Her cry of feigned surprise was his cue, and he took it gleefully. The light failed, the soft gloom thickened, the mantilla dropped to show a ravishing face appealing to his, or was flung about a retreating figure with malicious eyes. Badinage, with a half-hidden beauty, to a melancholy ballad, in the warm glow of early twilight, the rival glowering not far away; it was romance, absurd, frivolous, but romance, romance to the core! The song ceased, the night began to drop down quickly from the mountains. La Liana sang up to him, her moving lips close to the bars and only an inch or two from his own. When she paused the mocking smile that accompanied the song died away, and left her eyes glowing with another light. Spanish deserted him, French left him, prose fled him. "Take, O take those lips away," he murmured, and vehemently kissed them. La Liana screamed, then jerked away her hand, and disappeared into the darkness of the chamber. The red uniform was beside him making angry threats. Somehow there was a tussle, a glow, a fall, blood streaming from a cut in the forehead of the president's nephew as he hurried toward the mango grove. Joseph shook his shoulders like an angry bull (this was the simile which occurred to him) and glanced back at the window where so lately he had pressed the soft lips of La Liana. The story had reached a climax. It told well.

But this little flirtation had led him deeper than he had expected. He had affronted the nephew of the despot. He saw himself threatened, put under irons. He heard himself gloriously asserting his American citizenship. The minister would be hastening to release him, a file of blue jackets landing at La Guayra. He imagined driving triumphantly from Carácas, while yellow faces scowled and La Liana waved to him in tearful defiance through the bars of her window.

Take, O take those lips away,
he murmured. It had been a fine moment.

Two policemen with stubby rifles appeared from the direction of the

stables. Out of an inky black entry way into the house, Joseph heard his name called and, turning, saw the beckoning of a fleshy hand. He strolled over with an assumption of indifference. "Hello, Kerrigan," he said, "what are you doing in that closet?"

"Takin' a nap, me son," responded the Irishman, "an' now waitin' for you. Come in before the boys in blue nab you."

Hargrove obeyed with unseemly haste, saying, "I won't run away from them," as he did so.

"More fool you," returned the Irishman. "Now, why did ye row with the Prisdint's niphew. Was it fizz?"

This great paunch, this man of prose was insensible to romance. "Didn't you see him try to hit me?" Joseph stammered angrily.

"After you called him something! and didn' I see you holdin' lips with a young lady through the bars?"

"That's my business," said Joseph indignantly.

"An' he didn' think so? An' why should he since he's only hopin' to marry the lady!" Kerrigan chuckled; then suddenly becoming more serious, put his hand not unkindly on the youth's arm. "Do you see young Rodriguez there, a-singin'?" he said in quite a different tone. He pointed to the little group which had returned from the supper table, and was once more seated about the edge of the fountain. "Could you sing that way without lookin' the durn'd fool?" The Spaniard was pouring a flood of sentiment into his quavering voice, yet he was at one with the luscious night, the heavy odors, the soft eyes that shone upon him. "It's not my kind," said Hargrove, but the words were an admission, not spoken in contempt.

"An' you can't make love as they do either, Bud. You're English, you're too hasty, you ain't light enough of the touch. You get in trouble ivery toime. You've insulted that girl. Not by makin' love to her. You couldn't insult her (bein' Spanish) that way, but by smackin' her lips in the prisince of others. An' you knocked the little fellow down because he objected. You can't dale with these people. In big things an' little it's all the same. You don't understand. You're not *simpatico*, as they say here, an' you'll stay so to the ind."

Joseph listened with surprise to Kerrigan grown philosophic, and began to take less pride in his adventure. He had been hasty, perhaps, a little bad-mannered; but then hot blood will out, and consider the sovereign power of La Liana's eyes. The conception of the affair which Kerrigan presented was just—but a little *bourgeois*.

Kerrigan came out of a reverie. "You was contemplatin' a return to New Haven on the *Maracaibo* to-morrow, Mister Hargrove?"

"My trunk's on board now," said Joseph. "I have only a satchel at the hotel."

"Bud, I think I'd sacrifice that satchel. 'Tain't worth three hundred dollars, is it? For it'll cost that to git it, calculatin' the foine an' the hands to be grased; not to mintion the toime, if you're in a hurry to be home, for it'll be three weeks before they'll let you off, aven with grasin'."

Joseph tossed his head indignantly, "I'll appeal to the American minister. We'll see if this one-horse country can impose upon me then."

"An' what will your two-horse counthry be after doin' except to see that you get a trial?" said Kerrigan warmly. "Boy, I'm sorry for the dipths of your innocence. It's assault an' battery they'll charge you with, an' it's in dhirty Carácas jail they'll put you, with cockroaches big as your palm playin' lape-frog on the floor. The foine's small, but the graft's big, an' the Prisidint 'll have a new top hat, an' his niphew a case of chimpagne, an' La Liana a diamond pin, an' all out of your pockets."

Joseph was thankful for the darkness which hid his confusion. Assault and battery, graft, a jail—he began to feel like a fool.

"But you don't understand, Kerrigan," he stammered feebly. "There is—well"—he forced it out. "You see this isn't an ordinary affair. I've no doubt the man seeks revenge," he threw a little careless indifference into his voice, "and he may wish to endanger my liberty; but assault and battery, and bribing, O no!"

Kerrigan sighed. "When you excoites jealousy by sparkin' about New Haven, I suppose they draws a sword on you, an' says, 'Mate me at Savin Rock by the loight of the moon.'" He chuckled. "But here, if you monkeys with Barquez's girl, he'll get aven with you by the common South American method, Bud, he'll make you pay, an' square La Liana with the procades."

The tone and the words stirred up Joseph's very soul in disgust, but they were convincing. "I can't stay here three weeks," he babbled. "I'll lose my job." It came over him that he was appealing to a man he scarcely knew and half despised. "Thank you for your advice, Mr. Kerrigan," he added with more dignity. "I think I'll look up the consul and see what can be done."

"Hold on a minute, Bud," whispered Kerrigan, and pulled him back, as the two policemen, swinging their short rifles importantly, trotted over to the hacienda, separated, and hurried down the corridors. "Kape still," he whispered. "The consul's gone home. Lave it to me."

"*Quien es?*" asked the policeman suspiciously at the entrance to their corridor.

"*Che hai, Pedro,*" grunted Kerrigan sleepily, and the man went on toward the garden.

The picnic was breaking up, and carriages, voluble with laughter, with *buenas noches*, and with fragments of song, were rolling off into the starlight toward Carácas. By couples and groups the remaining guests were strolling back across the glimmering road to the hacienda, while the rattle of innumerable dishes marked the end of the supper in the mango grove. The lights on the tables were going out one by one, and servants, hurrying from the house, began to hang yellow globes of light along the length of the loggia.

"Bud," said Kerrigan, "you'll have to lose that satchel."

"Run for it!" cried Joseph in disgust.

"Bribin's safer," said the Irishman, "but that not bein' possible, we'll pull their other leg an' run for it."

A confused murmur drew their glance to the garden end of the loggia, where the policemen had met and were talking excitedly to an ever-increasing group.

"Ah, there you are," murmured Kerrigan. Joseph felt his arm grasped tightly, and with surprising speed he was hurried down the dark passageway, pulled through a door, and tiptoed along a verdurous tunnel beneath some feathery shrub. Light and murmur died away behind, and with relief he felt the irregular smoothness of a path beneath his feet. Then his guide, panting and snuffling with the exertion, pulled aside a screen of branches and stepped out into the open. Joseph, following, saw before them a forest and, far, far above, the immeasurable sweep of the Andes, a great wall, gray and soft, and vast in the starlight. To the right the peak of La Silla trailed a faintly luminous cloud into the heart of the milky way. But just above them, like the notch of a giant axe blow, was a cleft in the flowing sky line of the mountains.

"There's the pass, Hargrove," panted the fat man, "an' there's the trail, an' up you go an' down again on the other soide, an' so to the stamer as aisy, as aisy." He pointed, and Joseph's eye caught and followed a faint white taper that led into the gloom of the forest and there disappeared. "Go slow till you're through the woods," he continued, "an' then you can't lose it to the top. When you see a pile of rocks and a cross, go back in the grass away, wrap up, an' there snooze awhile. My farm is in the hills thereabouts, an' if a mule can get me there to-night, I'll be goin' over to the Carácas road to head you for the stamer in the mornin'."

Joseph had lost the basis of common experience, but he was conscious that the present situation was almost too irregular. "Look here," he

cried, catching the sleeve of the departing Kerrigan, "I don't know about all this. Suppose I get lost, or caught. Suppose"—he broke off, ashamed of his distrust, paused, then, in a different tone, blurted out, "Why should you do all this for me?"

Kerrigan put a hand on his shoulder. "You'd do as much for me, Bud, if you found me drunk, or sick, or—or lost in a strange place, and knew I came from the ould first in New Haven, and used to run with the gang. Of course you would." (Joseph blushed.) "You're a bit of home to me, lad. Now up wid ye, and back I go to help 'em hunt for you in Carácas. We'll have *desayuno* together on the mountain top in the morning." He pulled his fat body groaningly up the bank which led to the house, and disappeared. Joseph listened for a moment to his careful footfalls, then to the distant murmur of the hacienda. Suddenly the band flared out into the national anthem. The president was leaving. Thrilling with the terror of the pursued, he darted down the pale gleam which proclaimed the path and plunged into the deep gloom of the forest.

When, hot and breathless, he ceased from running, his mind was a turmoil of confused and mortifying reflections. Hurt pride, combined with a sense of lost illusion, kept his thoughts revolving in a painful orbit of self-criticism, while his body unheedingly stumbled along the dim path. It was only an illusion gone, a draught of the imagined life of gallantry and romance which had proved flat and bitter. For Joseph was a true romantic, one of those (fortunate or unfortunate) for whom some other atmosphere, to be breathed in great moments, and in dreams, must exist, or life is tasteless. At twenty-three the dream world for him was one of gaiety, of gallantry, of brave love to the melody of a poignant song. He had lived it and found it empty. Dulcinea was a shallow flirt, his adventure a mere brawl, and the sum of it was a fine and a dirty bribe, or, by the aid of a fat Irishman, an ingnomorious flight. Something rose in his throat; he spat upon it all, this tinsel world. Back to prose and honest work again, and so good-night to romance! And at the thought the mists began to clear from his mind, the cool breath of the forest made itself felt upon his forehead. The vast gloom, the heavy odors dropped from the shrubs he brushed on his course, the clefts in the leafy roof, full of gray starlight, began to work upon his spirit. Long after the winding path had left the woods and was climbing through the sand and cacti of the lower slopes, the healing influences continued their good offices. With a freer mind he looked down from a mountain buttress upon the cluster of firefly lights at the hacienda, and the glow of distant Carácas. The air grew cool and invigorating, the cacti disappeared. He bent as he walked and swished his hand through

grass, real grass, wet with the dew. And then an odor, an odor that brought a pang of homesickness, an odor a world apart from the heavy tropic smells. Violets! He stopped and leaned over a wall of loose stones to sniff the beds where they lay, remembering that in the morning the flowers would be plucked and go swinging in great bunches at either end of a staff, down to homesick northerners in Carácas. He picked a single flower and, with an almost sentimental reverence, put it in his buttonhole. After the manner of youth and the true romantics, his romance was coming back, changed in form, yet still romance. Then the path rose sharply beneath his feet, then fell into a little cup on the mountain top, and there a pile of stones, and upon them a wooden cross, faintly traced against the stars. Beyond, the path met a road which split into a dozen confounding channels. Behind were bushes, and beneath them sand, still warm with the sun, and there, out of sight of the road, he wrapped himself tightly in his coat and very peacefully went to sleep.

In an instant (so it seemed) he opened his eyes to a gray world, and a dim figure bending above him. "Good morning, Bud," the figure said cheerfully. It was Kerrigan, wrapped in a cloak and shivering for all his fat. Joseph sat up painfully, and looked about him into a white world of driving mist. The gloom of the night before rushed back upon his soul. A glory had passed away from the earth. Wet grass and cold rocks symbolized what was left.

"Cheer up, son," cried Kerrigan. "A cup of coffee will make a man of you. And you're safe now as if you was home. I stopped at *La India* on the way last night and there they told me that you'd been seen walkin' over El Calvario, and that they thought they'd catch you at the station this mornin'. Niphew says he'll take a hundred *pesos* more for every day you hide, and La Liana is to make a public declaration in *El Herald* that ye grossly insulted her."

Joseph was filled with a sick disgust. "Miserable dagoes," he groaned.

"Sh—sh. Not so fast. There's the English of you again. You'll see no foiner gintlemen in the worrld than your frind Pascale and his koind. It's you, with your foolish notions, that traffics with the rabble an' thin flings names at the foinest in the land! Pascale was goin' to lind you the money you naded. Don't call 'em dagoes, Bud. An' now drink the coffee an' we're off."

The night and the forests had wrought upon Joseph. "Kerrigan," he said mournfully, "I ought to be kicked."

Suddenly a great light shot through the mist, and changed it from gray to white, falling with soft radiance upon the yellow ruts of the road they were travelling, and the billowing grass. Heat stole through

the world, and with incredible speed it was neither night nor twilight, but full day. There was Kerrigan, rosy with the cold, and swinging easily upon what had been a gray shape and now was a dapper mule, who tossed the silver-studded lariats with his head and side-stepped on the path. And above them the clouds, still cold and gray, marched relentlessly through the stunted trees of the upper slopes. "D'ye smell the air, boy?" cried Kerrigan. "It's home air! It's cold, my boy. It's salt. It's wet and raw. Don't it 'mind ye of a March mornin', with the mud underfoot, and the *Richard Peck* whistlin' as she comes up the harbor? A man can work in air like this! A man can live!"

A March morning, and the office opening at eight! Gloom fell again upon Joseph. He could not yet see the true romance. And then the gray cold above them turned silver, split, and was hurried away on the arms of the freshening trades. A blue lake spread quickly into the great dome of heaven, with peak after peak trailing shattered wisps of vapor and lifting its glistening head beneath. The joy born of the violets and the mountain night surged back into Joseph's soul. He shouted and dashed up a grassy declivity which alone was higher than their road. Far below him the great face of the Andes fell away almost sheer, far, far down to the vast floor of the sea itself, and the eye, dropping, too, left the great wall in dizziness, and ranged out over an illimitable expanse, infinitely smooth, infinitely blue, expanding to vague horizons where sky and ocean blended in turquoise. Beside this glory romance seemed petty. Or was this itself romance?

Something made him glance at Kerrigan. The old man had followed him to the little knife edge of grass, and was sitting, quite silent, upon the brink of the great declivity, his eyes fixed upon that far off point where sea melted into sky. His round body shook with something resembling sobs, and his eyelids were quivering.

For an instant Joseph forgot beauty and the wonder of the world. "You want to go back," he said gently.

Kerrigan lifted a fist toward the North, but dropped it suddenly. "Seems to me, Bud," he said huskily, "as if just past there I could see the ould lighthouse, an' the two Rocks way up beyond. Yes, Bud, I want to go back."

"Why don't you?" said Joseph.

The fist rose again and the old man's manner changed. "They drove me out, damn 'em," he cried, "an' they none so mighty good. They cast me off an' drove me out for life. But, thank God, it wasn't the ould gang that did it!"

"And yet you want to go back?" asked Joseph curiously.

"I was raised there, Bud," said Kerrigan simply. "I was born under an ellow tree, an' brought up in cloudy weather, mud, slush, an' a north-aist wind. Palms don't come natural, everlastin' sunlight ain't natural. Nothin's natural here. You think that's beautiful, boy," he waved a scornful hand over the blue Caribbean. "I like it only because I think I can almost see to Lighthouse Point and home. Home," he repeated sadly, "an' there's your path to it, windin' down the cliff to La Guayra. Push through the town an' hustle on board. Nobody 'll stop you, but run for it if they try to, an' the captain 'll protect you."

Joseph's eye followed the steep and curving path till it pitched over a cliff edge and seemed to drop to the great blue floor below, and all the while he was thinking how he might show his regret for the contempt he had all too plainly manifested.

"You've done a lot for me, Mr. Kerrigan," he said after a pause, "a lot more than I deserve. Is there anything I can do for you at home?"

The Irishman's face relaxed. "Just go down the strate to St. Anne's Church," he said reminiscently, "an' look about you, my boy, an' if there's a dhirty little house under an ellow there still, write me about it. An' if the boys is upsettin' ash barrels, an' haivin' rocks at the Chinamen, write me about it. An' if it's a could day with slush in the strates, snow an' rain fallin', an' a dhirty fog comin' in from the Sound, just step into Pat Sweeney's saloon at the corner" (his voice rose), "an' there'll be ould Pat, the son of a say-horse, warrum an' comfortable, a-woipin' of his glasses behind the bar. Just say, 'Pat, you damned ould fool, will you have one on Mike Kerrigan, Mike Kerrigan, in mim'ry of the ould gang?'" His voice, which had rung out cheerily, dropped again. "An' write me of it, Mister Hargrove. Till him you're writin' of it" (he swelled his chest) "to Michael Kerrigan, Capitano-generale del commissario, Estados Unidos de Venezuela. O damn it, man, an' I'd rather be boss of the fhirst ward, than Prisidint of this whole counthry. 'Where a man's treasure is, there shall his heart be also.'" He rose hastily, clambered heavily upon his mule and without another word clattered back along the road.

Hargrove, with a little mistiness in the eyes, gazed after him for a moment, and then, shouting farewell, turned and plunged down the steep trail to the broad sea and home beyond. The road hung like an eagle's flight above the abyss, and beneath the blazing morning sun, sea and mountain were sapphire and emerald and jet before his eyes. But now the glories of the tropic world were dimmed. He was thinking rather of Kerrigan, for he began to understand that which is the true romance.

Henry Seidel Canby.

BOOK REVIEWS

MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER'S "HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK"

BY A. SCHADE VAN WESTRUM

DUTCH history is heroic, it is picturesque, but the Dutchmen who figure in it can hardly be called romantic. There is a certain matter-of-factness about them that precludes romance; their heroism is predominantly that of the burgher, not of the noble, of the citizen-soldier grimly doing his duty to the end, not of the plumed knight delighting in deeds of useless derring-do for the sake of posing in their limelight. In all Dutch history there is no deed of individual heroism—and the tale of them is a long one—without its practical bearing upon the issue at hand. A citizen soldiery is never romantic,—witness Cromwell's warriors, the embattled farmers of the Revolution, the *sans-culottes* rushing to the defence of their invaded soil. But they are the true makers of history, and its true heroes.

The Netherlanders had no time to group themselves in the foreground of their history; they left the picture to take care of itself, a still life with the conquered ocean in the background, some decidedly dead Burgundian, Spanish or French ruler, commander, or statesman in the middle distance, and set about the next of the many tasks they must accomplish. And even when, in an expansive mood of self-congratulation, they posed before the canvas of some painter in all the pomp and circumstance of successful war, or the dignified finery of civic triumph, they only celebrated, as it proved, not themselves, but the great art that was another of their achievements. The literature which they created, and which sang their praises, remained inaccessible to the world at large; the reports they wrote of their own deeds, which did find their way into other tongues, were as bald, matter-of-fact, and objective as hard-working, hard-headed servants of state or chartered company could make them; the romance was not a part of their very serious business. Indifferent to their own romantic possibilities, they had, further, the misfortune of being pitted in the end against a nation convinced of its monopoly of righteousness, whose vision of the heroism, the picturesqueness, and the

¹*History of the City of New York in the Seventeenth Century.* By Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer. In two volumes. Vol. I: New Amsterdam; Vol. II: New York Under the Stuarts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

virtue of its foes has been of necessity, owing to this very conviction, markedly defective; from Joan of Arc in her shining armor, to—strange concatenation—Oom Paul in his plug hat, with “Boni,” Washington, and a few foreign friends like “Dutch Billy” among the intermediate links. The seventeenth century Netherlands did not mind English abuse in the least, but their descendants, the earliest friends and bankers of the struggling young republic, were sorely vexed by Diedrich Knickerbocker’s history of New York; it was so gratuitous, coming from an American. There is but small satisfaction in posthumously calling him the first of the Anglomaniacs.

The Netherlander’s strong idealism, even, was eminently practical. He translated it into terms of equal human rights, and forthwith set about their realization, never ceasing from striving for them until he had won them, first for himself, then for all the world, including the opponents who would have withheld them. He was the first to perceive that heterodoxy may be the other man’s orthodoxy, and to live up to the conviction in a day when elsewhere the life of a Roman Catholic in a Protestant country was only a little more bearable than that of a Protestant under Roman Catholic rule, and the existence of Jew and Pagan under either an intolerable burden. Such measures as he took in the seventeenth century against the Roman Catholics within his own dominions were dictated by reasons of state, not of religion; he denied them the liberty to conspire against its safety, but not liberty of conscience; and even so his measures were mild, indeed, when compared with those contemporary England took against “Papist” plots, imaginary and real. In matters religious, the Netherlander preferred to establish two-and-seventy jarring Protestant sects of his own: their confuting was his favorite sport. In this at least (but his sauces are more numerous) he was, and remains, the Anglo-Saxon’s Friesio-Saxon cousin.

The seventeenth-century Netherlander was not three hundred years ahead of his time—William of Orange, even, was not—but he was so far in advance of it that it fell to him to break the path along which all the other nations of the modern world followed, England almost abreast with him, then the American colonies but just bound together in independence, and finally France, which, taking so much of the influences of its revolution from this country, returned so much more to it thereafter in the shaping of American democracy, if not of the American republic.

The Netherlander had no taste and no time for heroics; he had only an invincible zest for the work set to his hand. He was forced to be practical in a struggle that was almost always against overwhelming forces

and superior resources. Ruined, he turned with all the strength of the instinct of self-preservation to the development of his commerce and industries, which alone could give him the means to carry the desperate struggle on to victory; small in numbers, he employed mercenaries whom his Burgundian and Hapsburg rulers had accustomed him to hire for their own aggrandizement, not his, but ever he found his leaders at home—the unbroken succession of men of genius or surpassing ability, William the Silent, Maurice, Oldenbarneveld, Frederick Henry, John de Witt, William III., the victorious admirals.

Their long struggle with nature, their unwearying insistence upon their rights in the Middle Ages, had taught the men of the Low Countries fortitude rather than dash, had developed in them the qualities that enabled them to "win out." They had learned patience, and also the value of the substance without the empty shell of appearance, the virtue of moderation. They were trained to become moderation's champions in an age of religious and political unreasonableness. They were forced to employ it politically in their own behalf until the end of their international career, balancing the fortunes of their little country between Spain, England, and France, and at times, the Empire and the Scandinavian countries as well.

The history of New Amsterdam and New Netherland resembles, in its general outline, that of their mother country, not only the history of the Dutch Republic, but also that of the earlier southern Netherlands asserting their rights and privileges in the face of their arrogant disregard by their mediæval rulers. In the new Netherland as in the old there was the same unwearying opposition to oppressive, unjust, and unwise rule, barren of results there, it is true, but for that very reason all the more potently kept alive as one of the formative American influences. In the new Netherland there was the same respect for the rights of others, the same measure of peace and security for the persecuted, far greater than was found elsewhere at that period, the same tolerance of the Jesuit missionary ransomed from the Indians by orthodox Dutch Reformed money, for the refugee Jew from Brazil, the Quaker from New England, the Mohammedan, even, and the pagan. In the new Netherland, moreover, there was the same need of cautious diplomacy, of moderation in inter-colonial relations and negotiations as there was in the international position of the old, and for analogous reasons. This moderation, strengthened in the Netherlander in the New World by the requirements of his peculiar position wedged in between English colonies superior to him in numbers and force, had still another and decisive influence in the shaping

of the history of those colonies through the Indians, with whom the Dutch settlers succeeded in maintaining friendly relations, the tradition being continued by the later English governors of the province.

It is again, as in Holland itself, the romance of history without the romance of its human instruments, even without that, not lacking there, of a few great leaders. New Netherland's influence in American history has not been a matter of men—of heroes to be worshipped—but of principles, an indirect influence, a modifying and readjusting one, whose continuity, long ignored, was not traced until some twenty years ago. It was a democratic, as distinct from a republican influence, which may be aristocratic, as, indeed, it was in New England. Matthew Arnold declared that Englishmen have "the religion of inequality," and Gladstone corroborated him when he said that "there is no broad political idea which has entered less into the formation of the political system of England than the idea of equality. The love of justice, as distinguished from equality, is strong among our countrymen; the love of equality, as distinguished from justice, is very weak. The love of freedom itself is hardly stronger in England than the love of aristocracy."

It is the clear perception of this indirect but pervasive influence of New Netherland upon the Anglo-Saxon colonies, the same in kind and perhaps in measure as that exerted by the Netherlands in Europe, which forms one of the great merits of Mrs. van Rensselaer's book. Hers, she explicitly informs us, is a history of the city, not of the province, yet the province takes its proper place and importance in the narrative whenever these wider influences demand consideration. Nowhere are the proportions cramped by the official scope of the book.

From the Dutch point of view, New Netherland was a failure from first to last, a costly minor venture of the West India Company, whose really profitable business was held to lie in privateering in the Spanish West Indies, and in the conquest of Brazil and of the Portuguese possessions on the west coast of Africa. Spoils and trade were its aims, not colonization; and it preferred the bullion, silver and costly products of the tropics to the beaverskins of the Manhates. Its financial management was wretched almost from the first: in favorable years enormous dividends were paid out of current gains without thought of the formation of a reserve fund; the conclusion of peace with Spain put an end to its chief source of income, the capture of Spanish merchantmen, and thereafter it was constantly hampered by lack of funds. The bickerings of the Remonstrants and Contraremonstrants, a quarrel that was as much political as religious, affected it unfavorably, since one of the parties was consis-

tently hostile to its interests; and last, but certainly not least, the diplomatic complications of the Republic, constantly watching England, after as well as before the peace of Munster, forbade vigorous measures against English aggression in America for fear of their influence upon English policy in Europe: New Netherland certainly was not worth a war. The question of boundaries, of the very right of the Netherlanders to be there at all, was for this reason never definitively taken up at home.

New Netherland was, in fact, little better than a burden to the short-sighted West India Company, which refused to have its eyes opened by the written appeals and protests of the settlers, by the deputations they sent to Amsterdam, by the frank speeches of the first patroon of Rensselaerswyck. The quality of the governors sent to New Amsterdam by the Company testifies to this indifference: Mrs. van Rensselaer substitutes their full-length portraits for the familiar caricatures. The only really able and experienced one of them, Peter Stuyvesant, immediately made his masterful presence felt, but the Dutch spirit revolted against his autocratic way of achieving his ends, even though they were of service to them. Stuyvesant's is the only picturesque prominent figure in the history of New Netherland, the only one, moreover, whose popular reputation has not been harmed by Washington Irving's pseudo-humor, even though he be only remembered at large for his wooden leg and his legendary use of his cane. The absorption of New Netherland by its stronger neighbors was, however, inevitable from the first; and it was in this manner alone that the modifying Dutch component could enter into the American leaven.

Having recognized and traced the Netherlander's influence in the New World, Mrs. van Rensselaer co-ordinates it with the other formative forces that went to the making of the "American spirit," the most decisive of them all being the virgin soil itself and the environment it created. It is here that the work acquires its more than local, its national significance. The American spirit was not born at the outbreak of the Revolution; it reached its majority then. Its birth took place in different spots along the Atlantic coast on the days of the establishment there of the first settlements, in New England, New Netherland, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, New Sweden, Pennsylvania—it had its birth in each new trading post, in each new hamlet, on each new farm planted on the soil through a century and a half. In 1775, when it asserted itself, it was already native to the backbone, not a transplanted European spirit, English or otherwise.

The work, so far as it goes in these two volumes, is one of those

authoritative achievements of an enthusiastic yet well-poised specialist, which must be accepted as it stands, and left for scrutiny of details to sub-specialists—archivists, secretaries of historical societies, and the like. In its broad outline it leaves the impression of accuracy and completeness, of infinite pains taken with fullness of knowledge and understanding, and of that final readjustment of the point of view for which the time is ripe after the passing of the long supremacy of the historians who sought American origins in England only, and after the subsequent reaction which was too much inclined to exaggerate the importance of Dutch influences and had a somewhat far-fetched predilection for remote Germanic beginnings of American institutions. Mrs. van Rensselaer's history has been written *de novo*: it is based throughout on first-hand study of the existent sources of information, not upon a blind reliance on the use made of them by her predecessors. Much of her task, indeed, consists of the rectification of misconceptions, misinterpretations, and not a little deliberate misrepresentation. The clearness of her definition of the patroonships is a minor illustration of this. The author shows how mistaken has been the general idea of earlier historians that they were feudal grants after the manner of the *seigneuries* of Canada and Maryland. It may be well to add here that none of them but that of Rensselaerswyck, with its early absentee landlords, ever amounted to anything.

Mrs. van Rensselaer's estimate of the average of well-being of the people of the Dutch Republic, by the way, is rather too favorable. In the Netherlands of the seventeenth century, as in the England of the nineteenth, the interrelation of progress and poverty was plainly visible. Along with vast wealth there was a great deal of indigence, and, repeatedly, of actual starvation; the charitable resources of the Republic were heavily drawn upon for the relief of misery. The unwillingness of the Dutch lower class to emigrate and settle in the colony on the Hudson can hardly be ascribed, as Mrs. van Rensselaer does, to a high standard of comfort at home. The Netherlander's home-keeping instinct had probably much to do with it, and moreover, we know that the reports sent back by those already there were as often discouraging as enthusiastic. Traders and merchants were unquestionably deterred by the Company's hampering rule and commercial regulations, by its financial and other difficulties, and by familiarity with the constant diplomatic complications with England. The impression that the venture was not a promising one must have been general. From the very first, therefore, the settlers of New York were in good measure foreign exiles—chiefly Walloon, French and German—who, having nothing to lose, were far more readily induced to make the hazard.

The work, it may be added *passim*, is also notable for its common-sense information, shorn of all "genealogical window-dressing," concerning the origins of the Knickerbocker families, many of which were not Dutch at all. Worthy of mention, also, is the comparison drawn by the author between the social and cultural level of New England and that of the Dutch of New York, at the time when the province passed definitively under the dominion of the English crown.

The work is extremely well *documenté*, the bibliography containing five hundred titles, many of them being collective ones, so that the number of publications and documents consulted must far surpass the thousand mark. It is unlikely that at this late day, new sources of information will be discovered, either in this country, or in Dutch, English, and French archives and private collections. The books and records of the West India Company were sold by the pound in the first quarter of the last century in Amsterdam, and no trace of them has ever been found thereafter.

The history is planned to fill four volumes, of which the first two, here under discussion, deal with New Amsterdam, and, whenever necessary, with New Netherland, from the earliest days to the accession of William and Mary. The two volumes still to come will cover the eighteenth century, the later colonial history of the city, that is, and the revolutionary period, carrying the tale through the war and the constructive years that followed it down to the year 1789 and the inauguration of the first President of the United States. At this point Mrs. van Rensselaer purposes to lay down her pen, because "to go farther than this would be not to continue the same story, but to begin on the same ground one of a different kind. . . . [In 1789] New York was no longer the capital of a province independent of its neighbors and semi-autonomous, or, as it had been in recent years, the capital of a virtually independent state; and eight years later it ceased to be even the capital of one of the United States."

Perhaps Mrs. van Rensselaer can be induced, when the time comes, to take up this "story of a different kind on the same ground" down to the end of the nineteenth century. Thus alone New York City will have at last a history worthy of what it was, above all, worthy of what it has become, and may yet be. An inevitable hiatus, an irreparable waste of preparation and knowledge will be created, if that task be entrusted to other hands, however able. Meanwhile it is safe to predict that, in the two volumes still to come, the centre of interest of the narrative will shift with increasing frequency from the city to the province, especially to the old New York frontier.

A. Schade van Westrum.

BARBAROSSA

BY ROBERT R. LOGAN

IMMORTAL sleeper in the halls of Time!

Whom the enchanter Death hath vainly sought to chain,
What nameless visions and what dreams sublime
Have visited thy brain!

The slippered centuries with soundless tread
Have turned in awe to gaze upon thy features vast
Ere through the portal of the years they sped
Into the silent Past.

The toppling tower and the shattered tomb,
The iron tongues of war which vibrate on the air,
The wrack of empires sweeping to their doom
And wailing their despair;

The crunch of glaciers and the sundered chain
Of mountains and the boom of the engulfing deep,
Like summer flies which rasp upon the pane
Have broken not thy sleep.

Fear not the Spectre who upon the world
Hath pitched his camp of shadows and of things which seem,
With his black banners and his flags unfurled
Where the red torches gleam.

Sleep on, thou dreamer of our destiny!
Nor heed the shrinking stars, the clouds, the vapours grim;
Like wraiths of mist the phantom troops shall fly
Across the shadowy rim.

When from the rampart the last Hour calls,
Upon the hills of Death the Unknown Light shall break;
The night shall vanish from thy crumbling walls
And, starting, thou shalt wake!

Robert R. Logan

The Forum

SEPTEMBER, 1909

THE TARIFF AND THE NEXT CAMPAIGN

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST.

THE wisdom of the Republican leaders in enacting the tariff bill during an extra session of Congress has been fully demonstrated. If it were not for the fact that the next national election does not occur until a year from next November, it might be easily possible to predict a Democratic victory. The dissatisfactions which have been created by a readjustment of the tariff schedules and the acrimonious debates which marked the consideration of the measure in the Senate would still be fresh in the public mind this fall. Fifteen months from now, however, a very different state of affairs may exist. The new law will have been in effect for a considerable period, and all the friction which attended its enactment will have been forgotten. If the country is satisfied and prosperous, the Republicans will have little difficulty in retaining control. At any rate, the campaign will be fought upon the issue of the actual operation of the new law, and all the political manœuvring in which the leaders have indulged during the past three or four months will be of minimum effect.

The outlook, therefore, is for a period of quiet for more than a year. The country will take a much-needed rest. President Taft, whose mind is judicial and conservative, will hardly inject any disturbing element into the situation. Like every other well-meaning citizen, he will give the tariff law time to demonstrate the virtues which it may possess. The business interests, breathing a sigh of relief because the multitudinous schedules have at last been definitely settled, will adjust themselves to new conditions, and rapid recuperation from the panicky conditions of two years ago, and the uncertainty of tariff rates, ought to ensue. Already there are signs of returning prosperity. Railroad earnings are increasing and the manufacturers are flooded with new orders. From this point of

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view, therefore, the Republican party has little to fear. There is, however, another factor in the situation. The revision of the tariff was forced upon the Republicans because the cost of living had reached an almost unbearable stage. The prices asked for the necessities of life had soared to a point which made them luxuries, and the employé in the city, who was formerly able to live comfortably upon a moderate salary, found himself unable to supply his family with food and clothing without involving himself in debt. It is important to know, therefore, whether these conditions will be remedied by the new tariff. If the cost of living does not decrease, or if, on the contrary, prices still ascend, it will be difficult to reconcile the popular mind to a point of further endurance. If the monopolistic corporations had their own welfare at heart, and if they could be satisfied with moderate profits, they would agree not to take undue advantage of the opportunities which the new tariff bill may offer. Whether or not they will do this is a question. They are far more likely, unfortunately, to kill the goose which lays the golden egg, and, by increasing the burden to the consumer, invite a political revolution which will menace their existence.

There is already some evidence that this will be their unwise position. A delegation of clothing manufacturers, explaining to President Taft their interest in the tariff bill, stated that the schedules on wool and woollen manufactures, as set forth in the proposed law, would materially increase the cost of clothing to the poor man. The advocates of the schedules replied that this increase could not be honestly demanded, inasmuch as the rates of the new law did not differ from the figures in the Dingley act. The average man, however, is not interested in abstract discussion. His opinion will be formed when he purchases his suit of clothes. If he pays more, the burden of his resentment will be laid, not upon the combination of selfish manufacturers which mulcts him, but upon the political organization which has made the imposition possible. The same argument will apply to all classes of necessities. There must be cheaper living or the people will become restive. In other words, the next political campaign will be contested upon the purely practical consideration of the cost of flour and beef and clothes.

The operation of the tariff is so curious in all its manifold ramifications that it would take the wisdom of Solomon to predict the outcome of the new law. Take, for instance, the matter of hides. The fight over the question whether hides should be admitted free or under a tariff was most bitterly contested. The shoe and leather manufacturers of New England demanded free hides, and predicted that unless their demand was granted Massachusetts would be found in the Democratic column.

The Republicans from the ranch States insisted, on the other hand, that unless a duty was imposed the cattlemen of the West, who had invested millions in their business, would be financially ruined. President Taft finally threw the weight of his influence into the scale and free hides were the result. Now what has happened? The government of the Argentine Republic, which country is the chief source of our imported hides, has promptly advanced the price of hides ten per cent. It would appear, therefore, that the American manufacturer of shoes and other leather goods will fail to secure the benefit which he expected, and in the last analysis, the consumer will pay just as much for leather commodities as he did in the past. The item of wood pulp is also likely to lead to an unexpected result. The newspaper publishers insisted upon and secured a decrease in the duty so as to cheapen the price of paper, and, especially, to destroy the monopoly which the paper trust enjoys. Representative Mann, of Illinois, the chairman of the special committee appointed by the House to investigate the wood-pulp question, believes, however, that Canada will restrict the exportation of spruce wood and pulp, thereby becoming liable to the maximum tariff penalty provided by the new law, and American mills will be unable to secure the pulp they need except at higher prices and subject to a heavy tariff. These are only two of many thousands of items affected by changed schedules, and experience alone will be able to demonstrate whether the great mass of the people will suffer or benefit by the new law.

The result of that experience will decide the next election. If it can be conclusively shown that the monopolistic corporations have not been compelled to surrender some proportion of their inordinate profits, and that they are still protected beyond a reasonable limit, the Democratic party may be able to make a successful campaign. The Democrats cannot, however, hope to rely successfully for aid and comfort upon those Republicans in the Senate who voted against the bill. They may not be in accord with the ultra-Protectionists of their party, but they are not deserters. "All Republicans," says Senator Cummins, of Iowa, a tariff reformer of the most radical type, "will fight together when danger of a Democratic Congress heaves in sight." This is the situation in a nutshell. The Republicans have their differences, but they propose to settle them within their own ranks, as they always do. They will not afford aid to the enemy, except such as may be the incidental result of their position, and they will even minimize the very conditions which they sought to remedy. The Republican party is a splendidly disciplined organization, and at no time in its history has it shown the effect of this discipline more than at the present time. It will have need for all its

strength and compactness in the situation which now confronts it; but, unless history fails to repeat itself, the coming year will find it presenting itself with perfect alignment against the common enemy. The very men who in the extra session of Congress were upbraiding their fellow-Republicans will be joyfully marching in the next campaign arm in arm with the objects of their condemnation; and while still insisting that the full measure of downward revision has not been reached, will advocate support of the party, which was held to a meagre redemption of a solemn pledge only through the vigorous and unyielding determination of President Taft.

The nation is confronted with a new proposition in the corporation tax which is embodied in the tariff law. This tax was imposed upon the country because Senator Aldrich, the chairman of the finance committee, was unable to assure the President and Congress that the revenue law would be ample to meet the current expenses of the Government. He made an estimate, but, in the face of a constantly increasing deficit, it was necessary to present something more assuring than an indefinite guess. Mr. Aldrich should be given credit for believing that the corporation tax is not needed as a revenue producer, and he predicts that it will be repealed in two years. Whether this be true or not, the fact remains that there is now upon the statute books a law which imposes a tax of one per cent. upon the earnings of corporations.

**Corporations
and Federal
Inquisition**

The tax itself, however, is only the shell and not the kernel of the statute. President Taft himself has given notice of the real significance of the legislation. He says:

The corporation tax is a just and equitable excise measure, which it is hoped will produce a sufficient amount to prevent a deficit, and which incidentally will secure valuable statistics and information concerning the many corporations of the country, and will constitute an important step toward that degree of publicity and regulation which the tendency in corporate enterprises in the last twenty years has shown to be necessary.

Herein the purpose of the tax is clearly revealed. The country is informed that it "will secure valuable statistics and information concerning the many corporations," and that eventually there will be a larger degree of publicity and regulation. In other words, what cannot be accomplished directly is to be attained by indirect methods. We are to know how great are the profits of the oil trust and the beef trust and the sugar trust and the lead trust, and all the other corporations which have grown great within recent years. Not only these giant concerns but every minor corporation is to be placed under federal surveillance. The imag-

ination is almost staggered in the contemplation of where this new policy will lead. The corporation tax bureau can easily become the most important attachment of our Government. It will require an army of clerks and inspectors to secure and classify and record all the details of the corporate business of the country, and in its archives will be deposited the most important commercial secrets. When this information has been secured, we are informed, there will be the basis for needed regulation. What form will this regulation assume? Will the nation deliberately restrict the immense profits which these corporations enjoy? How far will the President go in his insistence upon the exercise of federal authority in the control of private corporations?

And, most important of all, what will the corporations do? Is it to be supposed that they will acquiesce without a struggle in this effort to wrest from them the secrets of their business which they have so carefully guarded? The answer is, unquestionably and emphatically, in the negative. It is not to be supposed for a moment that they will fail to take advantage of every legal obstacle. The probability is that the constitutionality of the law will be at once questioned, and that, finally, any effort to collect the tax will be held in abeyance until a decision is rendered by the court of last resort.

When, a few months ago the income tax was discussed at some length in THE FORUM, the statement was made that the imposition of the tax might, within a short time, become a vital question. This prediction has now been verified. An amendment to the Constitution, providing for an income tax, has passed both branches of Congress, and has been submitted to the several States for ratification. The question will be a live political issue next fall, because several States will then elect the legislatures which will pass upon the proposed amendment.

The affirmative votes of thirty-four States are necessary to ratify the income-tax proposition, and it becomes interesting, therefore, to glance over the political field and present some facts upon which those who are interested in the outcome may base their conclusions. First of all, New York will elect a legislature next fall which will meet on January 9, 1910, and which will, in all probability, decline to ratify. In the same category may be placed Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Maryland also elects a legislature this fall, the result of its action being in doubt. Virginia's legislature, soon to be chosen, may ratify. New Jersey's legislature meets annually, and the vote will be taken early next spring. Kentucky, Louisiana, South Carolina and Mississippi have already elected

**The Outlook
for the
Income Tax**

the legislatures which will vote upon the question, and their decision will be recorded within the next few months. In all the other States, except Georgia, no election for a legislature will occur before November, 1910, so that the spring of 1911 will arrive before the fate of the income-tax amendment is definitely known.

The action already taken by the Georgia legislature is a surprise. It was naturally supposed that the South would stand solidly for the income tax. Nearly all of the Southern States have declared for the tax in their State platforms, and their delegations in national Democratic conventions have uniformly and with practical unanimity indorsed the proposition. Brought face to face, however, with the direct question, the Georgia legislature declined to ratify. This result is a severe blow to those who believe that an income tax is a logical and legitimate source of revenue, and it makes it certain that the adoption of the amendment is not to be easily secured. Advices from Georgia are to the effect that as soon as it became evident that the legislature proposed to act upon the amendment a powerful opposition lobby made itself evident. There were some members of the legislature who were honestly opposed to the tax, but, upon the whole, the antagonism was stimulated by those upon whom the burden of the tax would fall most heavily. It was also noticeable that hostility was manifested by protected interests, evidently upon the ground that the acquisition of a large revenue from an income tax would decrease the necessity for a tariff, and go far toward undermining the present protective system.

It is evident, therefore, that considerable and, doubtless effective force will be used in every State to prevent the ratification of the amendment, and past experience demonstrates that it is easier to secure negative than affirmative action when vigorous opposition is exerted. The movement will also be handicapped by the fact that, if a dozen or more States record themselves adversely to the tax before any favorable action is taken, the momentum thus occasioned will be difficult to overcome. It is not without significance that Governor Marshall, the Democratic executive of Indiana, has declined to call an extra session of the legislature of the State to consider the proposed amendment, although requested to do so by Mr. Bryan. Gov. Marshall's reason for non-action is that he cannot convene the legislature for a specific purpose, and that it would be unwise to invite disturbance of present conditions by giving the legislature opportunity to enter upon a protracted era of law-making. Be this as it may, it is but another evidence that the income tax is not to be imposed upon the country in hasty or ill-considered fashion. There will be ample discussion of its merits and demerits; and its ultimate adop-

tion, if that shall be the consummation of the contest, may be accepted as the deliberate judgment of the American people. The fact that thirty-four States must ratify renders the adoption of the amendment, however, exceedingly doubtful.

An important convention will be held in Washington next January for the purpose of securing uniformity in State legislation. This is, without question, one of the most important matters now before the American people. It is the only alternative which is offered as against the increase of the federal power.

**Uniformity
in State
Legislation**

Senator Root, whose great ability and sagacity none can question, took occasion some time ago, in an address delivered in New York, to emphasize the fact that federal authority was made necessary by the failure of the States to act; while President Roosevelt, who out-Hamiltons Hamilton in his advocacy of federal power, went even further and insisted that, in the very nature of things, it would be impossible for the States to achieve, by separate and distinct laws, the remedial measures which the complex civilization of the present day demands. Every one knows that the national quarantine law, the pure-food law, the law for the suppression of lotteries, the immigration law, and all the other statutes of similar character, stretch the elasticity of the federal constitution to the furthest point; but they are sustained, either by the courts or by public sentiment, because they are absolutely essential to our national welfare. The advocates of federal legislation are not content with these achievements. They desire a national child-labor law, a national marriage and divorce law, and even federal regulation of the liquor traffic and of automobiles, all of which come purely within the jurisdiction of the State. The trouble is that, even when the States act upon matters which are of more or less national concern, their laws are not alike, and confusion naturally results. The imaginary line which separates two States is a division between totally dissimilar conditions.

The proposed convention will consider the more important subjects upon which concerted legislation is most desirable, and will endeavor to secure the enactment of these uniform laws. Its purpose is certainly most commendable, and it is to be hoped that it will attain its desired result.

Henry Litchfield West.

EUROPEAN EXPANSION AND EAST AFRICA

BY NORMAN DWIGHT HARRIS

"THE true diplomatist," said Waldo Warren, "is the man who has advanced most in the gentle art of getting along with his fellow-men." European Powers who had been rivals for years and had waged frequent and bitter wars at home for the possession of small areas of land, found it possible to practice the gentle art of diplomacy with success in Africa. The partition of the Dark Continent, in spite of the keen rivalry and lively competition engendered by the contest, was not marred by a single bloody conflict between the white nations.

Africa with its 11,500,000 square miles of territory is large enough to include besides Europe, India, China and the United States—with room to spare. Here would seem to be space enough for the expansion and enterprise of all the European states; and this is without doubt one of the important reasons why violent encounters between them were fortunately avoided. But several other excellent motives were apparent before the movement was well under way.

Previous to 1880, the European governments were too busily occupied with local affairs and too weak financially and economically to think seriously of colonial empires. When the smoke of those two vital conflicts of the nineteenth century—the Franco-Prussian war and the Russo-Turkish struggle of 1877-1878—had cleared away and the map of Europe had finally been adjusted with a fair degree of dissatisfaction, the statesmen were able to rise above the petty strife for military glory and local territorial aggrandisement and to take a saner, broader view of a nation's destiny. And a transformation was begun, which was to lift European diplomacy out of its Mediterranean leading-strings and place it upon a plane as wide as the world. Man's political horizon was elevated until European and American politics became a World politics which embraced every state and every land.

Fortunately during the years 1870-1890 the Western world was undergoing a remarkable financial and economic development that would make possible this world diplomacy of the future. In Germany an industrial revolution occurred, which dotted the land with factories and increased its trade to nearly \$2,000,000,000 by 1890. France paid off her \$2,000,000,000 war debt within two years and underwent an equally astonishing development until she was able to loan Germany \$250,000,000 for industrial improvements and become the banker of Europe. The extensive British trade increased from £547,000,000 in

1870 to £749,000,000 by 1890; and the United States was producing over \$9,000,000,000 of manufactured good in 1890 to but \$3,000,000,000 in 1870.

The total output of gold rose from \$477,000,000 to over \$836,000,000 in the same time; and the yearly product of silver grew from \$39,000,000 in 1850 to \$135,000,000 in 1885, and reached \$217,700,000 by 1904. By 1900 the wealth of European states was reputed to be approximately \$246,600,000; and private resources were accumulating with equal rapidity. In 1870 the Bank of England, the Bank of France, and a few private institutions in those capitals and in New York City were furnishing most of the capital for foreign investment; but by 1907 there were twenty-one private banks alone in England, France, Germany, Italy and the United States, which possessed a total of over \$2,480,000,000 of capital, surplus and deposits.

This astonishing increase in capital and industries was accompanied by an equally remarkable development in methods of production and transportation. Machine replaced hand-labor in the shop and on the farm—the latter to such an extent that in twenty years' time 600 men were doing the work formerly requiring 2,145. Steam, employed extensively in manufacturing only since 1865, has more than doubled man's productive power, and electricity has increased it still more. The steamboat and the railway displaced the sailing-vessel and the horse, while at the same time the expense of transportation was marvellously reduced. In 1860-1870 wheat could hardly be moved 150 to 200 miles in Europe without losing its value. Now it can be transported half-way round the globe for a fraction of its price.

Thus through a wonderful natural development in resources and wealth the way was prepared for a world-wide colonial expansion. Continental states, however, fearing international complications and doubting their ability to meet successfully the demands of such far-reaching enterprises, hesitated to push their domains beyond the seas. "I approached the matter with some reluctance," said Bismarck, "I asked myself how could I justify it if I said to these enterprising men (Bremen merchants with interests in Southwest Africa) 'that is all very well, but the German Empire is not strong enough. It would attract the ill-will of other states.'"

Motives sufficiently powerful to overcome this timidity were soon forthcoming. In the name of humanity it was urged that it was the duty of the Christian Powers to penetrate the wilds of Africa in order to suppress the nefarious slave-trade and to bring the blessings of good government and civilization to the natives. In practically every treaty from

1815 to 1900, which affected Africa, slavery and the slave-trade are mentioned. And King Leopold speaking of the work of the Congo Association, said "Our only programme is that of the moral and material regeneration of the country."

Again, it was claimed that an inexorable law of the Universe had predestined the great nations to occupy the earth and to bring peace, justice, security, and a beneficent rule to all lands and peoples. The immediate seizure of large areas of uncontrolled and half-civilized territories was a natural corollary to this; and any state that failed to secure its portion, neglected an imperative call of Divine Providence. "Non, France," cried Victor Hugo, "l'univer a besoin que tu vives! Je le redis, la France est un besoin des hommes." "The Britons are a race endowed like the Romans with a genius for government," said Sir Wilfred Laurier. "Their colonial and imperial policy is animated by a resolve to spread throughout the world the arts of free self-government which they enjoy at home. And they are in truth accomplishing this work."

Without doubt the most vital reason for expansion is to be found in the political and economic needs of the time. "Colonization is for France a question of life or death," wrote Leroy Beaulieu. "Either France will become a great African state, or she will be in a century or two but a secondary power." In Germany, where Bismarck had just successfully introduced a policy of protection, feeling that "under free trade we were gradually bleeding to death," colonization was definitely determined upon in 1884 as necessary to ensure her economic independence and future.

The die once cast, the European powers extended their holdings in the Dark Continent with amazing rapidity. Between 1884 and 1900, both France and England had acquired over 3,500,000 square miles of territory—an amount equal to the whole of the United States including Alaska—while Germany was marking out 1,000,000 as her share and the Belgians 900,000 square miles. The states began by affording protection to the persons and property of their citizens abroad, as France did in Algiers, Great Britain in Egypt, and Germany in Southwest Africa, and ended by assuming complete sovereignty over the lands in question. Not a few leaders, like Cecil Rhodes and Kaiser William, were ready to admit openly the necessity for colonial empires and to strike "wherever the iron was hot." "In any part of the world," wrote Mr. Dicey, "where British interests are at stake, I am in favor of advancing and upholding those interests even at the cost of annexation and at the risk of war. The only qualification—is that the claims we choose to assert and the cause we decide to espouse, should be calculated to confer a tangible advantage upon the British Empire."

The determining impulse was given to this national imperialism, or race for colonial empires, by the creation of the Congo Free State and the entrance of Germany into Southwest and East Africa. In 1877 an International African Association had been founded at Brussels for the purpose of exploring the interior of the Continent. At that time, although Portugal, England and France held extensive claims at various points along the coast, little was known of the interior of Africa. Very hazy notions existed concerning the location and extent of their possessions and comparative little effort was being made by these states to develop the resources and trade of the lands under their control. When Stanley returned from his search for Livingston, he was invited to Belgium where he gave an account of his discovery of the Congo and of the wonderful natural wealth of the region. He was sent back in 1879 under the auspices of the International Association to explore the district still further, make treaties with the chiefs, and to mark out a definite sphere for the Association. In 1882 the corporation known as the International Association of the Congo was organized with King Leopold as president and furnishing \$5,000,000 of the capital employed. By 1885 the boundaries of the region were practically outlined as they are to-day; and the Powers gave the Congo Free State a definite form and organization at the Berlin Conference in that year.

At that time Great Britain was actively engaged in taking over the Government of Egypt and therefore was hardly in a position to participate seriously in other enterprises. "Your father might have upset our apple-cart in Egypt, if he had liked," said a member of the British cabinet to Herbert Bismarck once. "And we ought to have been grateful." Yet Germany was ready and anxious for colonial expansion, and Bismarck knew it. But he was conservative and unwilling either to take any step until the time was propitious, or to assume greater responsibilities than his country could bear at the moment. His policy was two-sided: to retain the friendship of the Powers, particularly England; and to acquire such valuable lands in Africa as had not yet been definitely occupied by other states. Although under strong pressure from 1879 on to enter the field of colonial politics, Bismarck successfully postponed action until after he had secured the position of the new German Empire in Europe by means of the Triple Alliance of Austria, Italy and Germany in 1883.

For some forty years prior to 1881 German missionaries had been working in Southwest Africa—not far from Walfish bay—and for ten to twelve years Bremen merchants had been busily employed in the same region. In that year the British Government, under whom they had been enjoying a nominal protection, threatened to withdraw its support

from the whole region north of the Orange River, except Walfish Bay—a convenient port of entry en route to Cape Colony. While Bismarck engaged the British foreign office in a lengthy correspondence concerning the protection of German subjects and the rights of European states in Southwest Africa, the astute chancellor permitted Herr Luederitz to organize and Herr Vogelsand to conduct in 1882-1883 an expedition to that district, which was to secure by means of treaties a German protectorate over 215,000 square miles. This was recognized by England in 1884 and extended to include all the territory between the Portugese Congo lands and 26° south latitude in 1885.

At the same time a similar movement was set on foot to secure an entrance into East Africa. In the seventies and eighties East Africa was the name loosely applied to designate the entire East coast from the Portugese Colony of Mozambique to the Gulf of Aden, most of which was supposed to belong—nominally at least—to the Sultan of Zanzibar. In 1884 Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs went out to explore the East coast, but soon appeared as German Consul-General to Zanzibar. When asked what was the purpose of this mission, Bismarck informed Earl Granville that Rohlfs was sent “to exert his influence to secure freedom of commerce in the Sultan’s domains.” Meanwhile, in April of the same year, the Society for German Colonization had been founded with Carl Peters as president; and in November, Peters, Pheil, and Juehlke were in East Africa making treaties with the native chieftans. Sixty thousand square miles were speedily marked off and a German protectorate proclaimed. In February, 1885 the German East Africa Company was organized, with a capital of 3,000,000 marks, given a protective charter by the Government, and began active operations on the mainland opposite Zanzibar. In May the Denhardt brothers secured a concession of 500 miles on the coast from Sultan Simba of Witu and formed the “Witu Company.”

The demands of the Congo Association and the German Government for a general recognition of their claims, the competition of France and Great Britain in the Niger country, and the protests of Portugal and England against the so-called “aggressions” of the other Powers, necessitated some definite understanding with regard to African colonization. The Berlin conference of 1885 was accordingly called where it was agreed that all claims to sovereignty on the Dark Continent must rest on due notification of the Powers and actual occupation of the territories in question. Real occupation, Lord Salisbury defined to the general satisfaction to be, “in sufficient strength to maintain order, protect foreigners and to control the natives.” It was this agreement which brought upon the Sultan of Zanzibar the loss of most

of his possessions on the mainland, and led to the creation of the British and German East African Protectorates.

The Muscat rulers of Oman, on the Arabian peninsular, had since 1698 been exercising a precarious sovereignty over Mombasa and the neighboring territory on the East coast of Africa. In 1822 Sultan Seyyid annexed the islands of Pemba and Zanzibar, to the latter of which he moved his residence in 1840. The last important Mazrui prince of Mombasa died in 1837 leaving Seyyid practically supreme in East Africa. Seyyid himself died in 1856 and his sons quarrelled over his possessions. No law of succession existed, except that described by Abdul Aziz—brother of Seyyid—as “the law of the keenest sword.” Lord Canning arbitrated the matter in 1861, assigning Zanzibar and East Africa to Majid—the younger son—who left them in turn to his son—Barghash—in 1870. The territory over which Barghash exercised control extended from Tungi Bay northward to Witu and the island of Lamus—600 to 650 miles. It was supposed to extend into the interior as far as lakes Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza. The chiefs of this region paid tribute and recognized the sovereignty of Zanzibar, it is true, but there was no such occupation and control of the district by the Sultan as the Powers laid down in the Conference of Berlin. Accordingly when Barghash complained of the treaty-making operations of Peters and Pheil, no attention was paid. And in August 1885 Germany sent a fleet to Zanzibar and forced the Sultan to sign a treaty of commerce and to recognize their claims on the continent.

England, through the efforts of John Kirk who had been consul to Zanzibar twenty years and who had become the Sultan's most confidential adviser, might have secured control of all of East Africa, if she had so desired. Barghash, in fact, offered to lease his entire mainland possessions to Kirk and Mackinnon in 1877; but the Foreign Office was undecided. It waited a number of years and finally determined upon a policy of division, joining with Germany and France in 1885-1886 in delineating the continental territories of the Sultan. Barghash was assigned a strip of the coast, ten miles wide extending from the middle of Tungi Bay to Kipini at the mouth of the Tana River—600 miles—and including Lamu and five towns north of Kipini. This was accepted by the ruler of Zanzibar and recognized by all the Powers except Portugal which had not been consulted and which seized the whole of Tungi Bay by force in 1894.

Germany and Great Britain proceeded to define their respective “spheres of influence” (a term used first at the Berlin Conference to denote territory not yet under control but soon to be occupied by a

European state) in East Africa in 1886, Germany taking the southern portion from the mouth of the Rovuma to the Umba River and England the northern half from the Umba to the Juba River. It was understood that the claims of both states were to extend into the interior as far as Lake Victoria Nyanza; and the correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Baron von Plessen shows that a definite agreement existed to the effect that the Germans were to keep to the south of Lake Nyanza in their explorations, and the English north. Thus an area of approximately 200,000 square miles was marked off in the rough for the Kaiser and 170,000 for Great Britain. In 1888 Germany leased from the Sultan at a yearly rental for fifty years, the coast strip bordering on her sphere, thus securing seaports and the control of the coast trade. By the Anglo-German agreement of 1890 definite limits were set to the British and German East African Protectorates, Witu, Uganda and Zanzibar being placed under British protection, while Helgoland (in the North Sea) and a large district west and south of Lake Victoria Nyanza passed to Germany.

This treaty aroused the most violent criticism in both countries. The British and German press each tried to prove that their own government had needlessly sacrificed to the other a quarter of the African continent. Yet no better solution of the problem could have been found at the time; and it possessed decided advantages for Great Britain. By generously conceding one-half of a wild and undeveloped country, difficult and costly to administer, she acquired a good neighbor, relieved her colonial budget of a heavy burden, and closed an intricate and heated controversy. When one recalls the many and serious blunders of the British Foreign Office in its African policy during this period, one feels inclined to regard this treaty as a sudden stroke of real diplomatic genius. It evidently appeared to Bismarck—then out of office—in some such light, for he was most outspoken in his condemnation of the German part of the affair.

Meanwhile, in May, 1887, the Imperial British East African Company was formed and received concessions from Sultan Barghash, which gave them the control and administration of his possessions on the mainland from the Umba River to Kipini, for fifty years. In return the Company was to pay him the full amount of the usual custom dues of the district and fifty per cent. of all additional revenue. He was favored still more by the gift of one founder's share in the stock of the Company. By the end of the year, the Company had concluded twenty-one treaties with native chieftans giving it sovereign control over two hundred miles from the coast; and, in April, 1888, it was duly incorporated with a paid

in capital of £250,000 and with William Mackinnon as president. In September of the same year a royal charter was issued, assuring the Company a practical monopoly in the development of the region and its natural resources. But trade was to be free except for the regular custom duties. In return the Company was to rule the district, administer justice, protect the missionaries and foreign residents, preserve the ivory trade, and promote as far as possible the material welfare of the whole country.

In 1889 the award of Baron Lambergmont in the British-German dispute concerning the control of the islands of Lamu, Mamla and Patta, and the ports of Kismayu, Brava and Merka, placed the administration of these places also in the hands of the Company. In the same year the German Witu Company failed; and, by the terms of the Anglo-German agreement of 1890, Witu and its "hinterland" were transferred to England, and turned over to the British East African Company in 1891.

While these events were in progress, Carl Peters, sent out by the German Emin Pasha Relief Association ostensibly to succor Emin imprisoned in the Sudan since the Mahdi uprising and the death of Gordon, successfully eluded the British war-ships at Lamu and effected a landing in Witu. He advanced rapidly inland, thinking to steal a march on the British Company and to win glory and territory for the Fatherland by securing through treaties the lands in the rear of the Company's concessions. Circumstances were far more favorable than he knew for such a move. For when he reached, in February, 1890, the borders of Uganda—a native feudal kingdom located between Lakes Nyanza and Albert, the Nile River, and the Congo Free State, he learned, through letters intended for Emin and Jackson, of the civil war existing there.

Uganda had been visited early by Captain Speke and Stanley, both of whom were enthusiastic over the fertility of its soil and the intelligence of its people. They referred to it as the "pearl of Africa." Since then the country had suffered severely through the cruelty and weakness of its rulers, and the ambitions of the three religious parties, into which the earnest efforts of the French Fathers, the English missionaries and the Mohammedan preachers had divided the people. The Mohammedans at first secured ascendancy; but the two Christian factions combined and ultimately overthrew the followers of Mohammed in 1889, and restored King Muwanga to his throne. But his position was still exceedingly precarious; and Peters determined to hasten to his assistance and thus win over the country for Germany.

Although, just at this juncture he received news of the safe arrival of Emin Pasha and Stanley at Lake Nyanza, Peters pushed on till he

reached the capitol—Mengo—on February 25th. He remained about a month and, with the assistance of Père Lourdel of the French mission, he secured a treaty from King Muwanga, which he made a good deal of but which really gave to Germany nothing more than equal trade rights with other European states.

Six weeks later, Mr. Jackson—representative of the British Company in East Africa—arrived at Mengo. He had been forbidden by the Company to enter Uganda, but felt compelled to do so on account of the activities of Peters. After a month's fruitless negotiation, impeded at every step by the astute French missionaries, he returned to British East Africa without having improved matters or procured an alliance with the king. Meanwhile the situation was becoming very serious. King Muwanga was quite ready to sell his country to whatever nation would guarantee him sufficient protection to ensure him his crown. The French and English missionaries were hopelessly divided, and the country seemed again on the verge of revolution. The English Missionary Society issued imperative appeals for aid and the philanthropic spirit of the nation was speedily aroused.

The British East African Company acted promptly. On November 1, 1890, Captain Lugard left Mombasa with a large force, reaching Mengo on December 18th. He secured a concession of Kampala Hill near by, and immediately fortified it. After extended negotiations he succeeded in patching up the chief differences of the three religious parties and in settling each faction on territory specially assigned to it by Muwanga. Next he brought Selim Bey and 8,000 Sudanese, whom Emin had left in the Sudan, to Uganda and utilized them to police the country and preserve order. Journeying through the Unyoro, Buddu, Kavalli and Ankoli districts, he made treaties with the feudal chieftans of those regions and placed them directly under the protection of the Company. And finally he induced King Muwanga on March 30, 1892, to sign a treaty placing the country permanently under the control of his corporation.

Thus the Imperial British East Africa Company accomplished a remarkable pioneer work and performed a great patriotic service. It had secured control of a vast region with an area of 400,000 square miles and a coast-line of 300 miles. It had won the key to the Nile Basin for England and made permanent the British protectorate in East Africa by a large number of treaties with native chiefs. Exploring parties had penetrated to all the important points, and steamers had been placed on the Juba and Tana rivers. The coast region was fairly well administered, a great deal accomplished towards the suppression of the slave-trade, and

large sums had been expended to develop the general trade of the district. And with it all a phenomenal success was had in treating with the natives. "In fact," wrote Sir Gerald Porter in his report on Uganda, "to the founders of the Company belongs the sole credit of the acquisition for the benefit of British commerce of this great potential market for British goods. It should, moreover, be remembered in justice to them that in the face of many initial difficulties they succeeded, in marked contrast to the neighboring European colonies, in establishing their influence without bloodshed and by their own unaided efforts."

But the task was too great; the pace too rapid. The funds of the Company were exhausted and it was already beginning to think of retrenchment. In November, 1889 its officials gladly assisted the Italian Government, which had declared a protectorate over the Sultanate of Oppia in May, to take over the administration of all of the Sultan of Zanzibar's claims north of the Juba River. In February, 1891 an attempt was made to induce the British Government to vote a subsidy for a railway to Uganda. Lord Salisbury was favorable to the plan and agreed to pay four-fifths of the expense of a preliminary survey. Unfortunately Parliament was not willing to take up the question at the time; and, on September 4, the Company announced its decision to reduce its yearly expenditure from £100,000 to £40,000, and to withdraw from Uganda.

Great excitement prevailed in England when this determination of the Company was made public—especially when it was seen that this meant the desertion of the British missions at Mengo. Stirring appeals for aid were made by Bishop Tucker and others; and subscriptions, of which Mr. Mackinnon himself gave £20,000, were raised sufficient to enable the Company to hold Uganda till March, 1893. It was hoped that the Government would come to the rescue of the Company before that date; but Parliament had no desire to provide funds to sustain a private corporation, and voted only the necessary £20,000, for a railway survey "to suppress the slave-trade in East Africa," on March 4, 1892.

The Company executed the work promptly and in good faith, entrusting the survey to Captain Macdonald and making its report on August 7, in which it was estimated that the road could be constructed for £300 per mile, or from Mombasa to Kikuyu for £1,022,000 and to the lake for £2,240,000. The Foreign Office, however, postponed action on the report—in fact it was three years before the question of a railway was taken up again; and in December Lord Rosebery ordered Sir Gerald Portal, then British consul-general at Zanzibar and a promising young diplomat, to visit Uganda and report on conditions there. That country passed out of the hands of the British East Africa Com-

pany on March 31, 1893; the British flag was raised; a new treaty made with Muwanga in May; and Portal returned, leaving Captain Macdonald in charge, only to die in London the following January at thirty-five years of age. His report dated at Zanzibar November 1, 1893, is an admirable testimony to his talents and ability. He favored the direct control of the country by Great Britain under a commissioner and Uganda was declared a British Protectorate in 1894.

Portal laid great emphasis on the need of a railroad and the strategical value of the land to England. It would give them the complete control of the Nile valley and enable them to hold the Arabs in check and thereby prevent such extensive Mohammedan coalitions and risings as the Mahdi's. His views on the slave-trade coincided precisely with the words of Lord Salisbury at Glasgow on May 20, 1891, "Whenever that railway can be made, I believe that the end of the African exportation of the slave will have been attained at the same time. Because it will not only prevent the passage of caravans from the Victoria Nyanza eastward, but it will place you in command of the valley of the Nile, so that slaves will not be able to cross thence to the Red Sea." At that time practically all the produce of the interior was transported to the coast on the backs of Negroes. In 1892 Stanley estimated the number of porters annually in use in British and German East Africa as 240,000; and thousands of these poor fellows were secretly transported every year to lives of servitude in Persia and other Asiatic countries. So the railroad would not only serve to develop materially the trade of East Africa, but would end this slave traffic as well.

Meanwhile the position of the British Company in East Africa had become practically untenable. By the treaty of Brussels in 1890 the Powers had agreed that commerce in Central and East Africa should be free, with a duty of five per cent. to be levied only in the districts where the products originated or were to be consumed. In 1892, upon the advice of England, the Sultan of Zanzibar fell in line with this agreement and placed his territories on the list of free countries. This worked a great hardship on the Company, because it could now collect no duties on articles going inland and only five per cent. on those destined for the Sultan's coast possessions, but was still compelled to pay Zanzibar's ruler the old annual revenues. Consequently the Company withdrew from the Witu district in July, 1893, and soon after offered to sell all its claims to the British Government.

A tedious correspondence followed, lasting nine months and ending in March, 1895, with the Company's acceptance of the nominal offer of £250,000, made by the Foreign Office, for the whole of its assets and

rights in East Africa and Uganda. On August 31, 1896, all the territory, except Uganda and the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, was united in the British East African Protectorate. Since that date the two districts of East Africa and Uganda have been administered directly through royal commissioners responsible till 1905 to the Foreign Office and since then to the Colonial Office. At first the Government was hardly more successful in its management than the Company, for both failed to evolve a policy of rule based on a scientific knowledge of the country and the conditions prevailing there. And a procession of commissioners—six within ten years—was certainly not conducive to the best administration. The representatives of the Foreign Office, moreover, were lacking in tact and experience in handling the natives. The revolt of the Sudanese in 1897, and the mutiny in Uganda lasting from 1897 to 1899, were unfortunate affairs which might have been avoided, if the proper precautions had been taken and a more just treatment accorded the native leaders. The outcome, however, was beneficial, as it ended finally in the pacification of Uganda. Mubogo, the Mohammedan claimant to the throne who had been banished to Mombasa during the struggle, was brought back; and the various royal factions reconciled by the deposition of Muwanga in favor of his infant son—Chua. A regency now manages the affairs of the kingdom through two prime ministers—one Protestant and one Catholic.

In 1895 Fumo Amari—the treacherous Sultan of Witu—was forcibly dethroned by the English, and Omar bin Hamid appointed in his stead. And in 1896 by supporting Rashid bin Salim for the Sultanate of Takaungu and driving the older claimant over the line onto German soil, Great Britain completed the subjugation of the realm of the Mazui—the oldest and most influential Arab power on the East coast. The pacification of all the British possessions in East Africa was thus attained and the way paved for the steady and systematic development of the country.

The Uganda railway was commenced at Mombasa in 1895 and the first train reached Lake Victoria Nyanza in December, 1901. It was built with great technical skill under the direction of Sir G. Whitehouse, coolies being brought from India for the purpose; but it proved a most costly undertaking, the final expenditure amounting to over £5,317,000—more than double the estimate of the East Africa Company. So many temporary bridges and sections were constructed along the line, that a prominent German official who passed over the road shortly before its completion was moved to exclaim: “I am ashamed of my country. We have not built one railway to the lake yet, and the English have built *two*.”

No one knows just why the Foreign Office determined to put through this railway; but it has amply justified the expense since it began operations. The exports of East Africa which only approximated £70-75,000 in 1893, rose to £113,000 in 1901-1902—the year the road opened; and reached £440,700 in 1907. The imports increased correspondingly—from £106,000 to £753,600—in the same period. Uganda, whose area was increased in 1896 by the addition of Unyoro, Usogo and other districts till it included 223,500 square miles, has no special products or industries of its own. Yet its exports have steadily multiplied from a merely nominal amount in 1893 to £314,400 in 1906—considerably more than double each year after 1903.

The chief exports of East Africa are ivory, copra, hides, rubber, and grain, together with a fair amount of coffee, cocoa, sugar and cotton. The planters have had great hopes in their grain crop since the opening of the railway has cheapened transportation, but recent experience gives little promise of substantial profit from this source at present. The chief hope of the country seems to be in cotton, which can readily be raised there in large quantities. East Africa has large areas of sterile territory and some very unhealthy districts; but there is plenty of good land in the uplands of the East African Protectorate and on the plateaus of Uganda, where Europeans can live in safety and comparative comfort. The soil of Uganda is very fertile and parts of East Africa most promising; but it is not a poor man's land. Only colonists with a fair capital and an enterprising spirit should venture into the country. Mr. Roosevelt has been quoted recently as saying that British East Africa has a most promising outlook, but that its chief need is a race of sturdy pioneers such as opened up the centre and west of the United States.

But these colonists will not go there in any large numbers until the British Government has established a working connection between East Africa, the Sudan and South Africa, and has solved successfully the problem of colonization. Title deeds for over 1,000,000 acres of land were issued between 1903-1907; but a great deal of dissatisfaction exists among the planters. This is sure to be the case when such important features of the administration are controlled by a committee sitting in London and easily influenced by corporations like the East African Syndicate, which received ten times as large a land-grant as any one else in 1905 alone.

The whole region should be placed under one resident commissioner or governor with full powers, who should be assisted by deputy commissioners on the coast, in the highlands and Kisumu, and in Uganda, and who should control the allotment of lands and the development of the

country. Large areas are still untouched and certain to repay development. A large increase in efficient subordinate officials is needed to organize new districts and promote trade. They would soon more than earn their salaries through the increased traffic. The British investments in East Africa, outside of the cost of the Uganda railway, have not been heavy, while the revenue has been steadily approaching the expenses. In 1902 the expenditures were £312,000, and the revenue £95,000; but in 1907 the money paid out reached £782,000, while the income equalled £548,000—from less than one third to more than three fourths of the expense. The railway is now the outlet for the trade of the eastern portion of the Congo Free State, the German territory about Lake Nyanza and Uganda. Steamers run from Khartoum to Gondokoro on the Nile, and the railway of South Africa is approaching Lake Tanganyika. When regular and adequate connection has been established between these centres, the rapid development of the country and its commerce can confidently be predicted.

Of East Africa, Great Britain holds the best and most promising portion. Italian Somaliland, although comprising some 100,000 square miles and administered directly by government officials since 1905, is still in a wild and undeveloped condition. The soil is poor and the country thinly settled, with a forbidding coast-line and not a harbor worthy of the name. It is difficult to imagine how anything worth while can be made out of such an unpromising district.

German East Africa, with an area of 384,000 square miles, has a longer coast-line, but it lacks the fertility and good natural harbors of the British sphere. The best routes to the interior—those of the Uganda Railway and the Zambesi River—lie either side of the German possessions. Yet the Imperial Government has expended large sums on the Protectorate; and this despite the fact that the annual revenues at any time have hardly exceeded £150,000. By 1901 £618,000 had been paid out in addition to the annual subsidies which reached £424,000 in 1908-1909 (approximately). A fine harbor has been created at Dar-es-Salaam, and an excellent city laid out there with imposing government buildings, substantial residences, and a splendid hospital. Railroads have been extended a hundred miles into the interior and trade routes established across the Protectorate. Eight public schools have been opened for the natives, in addition to those conducted at the missions. And large subsidies have been paid to ship companies to cultivate the trade of the region. Yet the total exports and imports in 1906 were only \$6,524,000, while those of British East Africa and Uganda had reached \$8,060,000. And this is relatively insignificant, when one remembers that Germany's trade in

the same year with her smallest European neighbor—Portugal—was just double the commerce of German East Africa.

Enough has been said to show that colonization in East Africa is not the rosy-hued affair that Captain Lugard and others would have us believe, and that it is far yet from being on a self-sustaining basis. The history of East Africa has, however, amply demonstrated not only the folly of entrusting administrative power to commercial companies, but also that it is practically impossible for trading corporations to develop vast territories successfully without Government coöperation and support. And when one compares the confusion that existed in the early days and the serious blunders committed in both the British and German Protectorates, with the present orderly and enlightened administrations, one is reminded of the proverb: "Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd."

Norman Dwight Harris.

VALLOMBROSA

BY JOHN PIERREPONT RICE

THOU gloomy forest of the golden aisles,
 Here once the Poet learned how nature lays
 Her bright, transforming finger on men's ways:
 Here Tuscany looks up; and Heaven smiles,
 And, stooping through unfathomable miles
 Of endless blue and shifting, silver haze,
 Shot with the glory of the western rays,
 Kisses from Earth the blemish that defiles.

Dante, this is thine Earthly Paradise,
 Mid-way suspended between world and sky,
 The wind-swept forest, trembling like a lyre
 Out of the depths that no man can descry:
 We stand, half tortured with the New Desire,
 Earth at our feet, and Heaven before our eyes!

John Pierrepont Rice.

KIPLING

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

RUDYARD KIPLING is in the anomalous and fortunate position of having enjoyed a prodigious reputation for twenty years, and being still a young man.¹ Few writers in the world to-day are better known than he; and it is to be hoped and expected that he has before him over thirty years of active production. He has not yet attained the age of forty-four; but his numerous stories, novels, and poems have reached the unquestioned dignity of "works," and in uniform binding they make on my library shelves a formidable and gallant display. Foreigners read him in their own tongues; critical essays in various languages are steadily accumulating; and he has received the honor of being himself the hero of a strange French novel.² His popularity with the general mass of readers has been sufficient to satisfy the wildest dreams of an author's ambition; and his fame is in a way officially sanctioned by the receipt of honorary degrees from McGill University, from Durham, from Oxford and from Cambridge; and in 1907 he was given the Nobel Prize, with the ratifying applause of the whole world. There is no indication that either the shouts of the mob or the hoods of Doctorates have turned his head; he remains to-day what he always has been—a hard, conscientious workman, doing his best every time.

Although Kipling is British to the core, there is nothing insular about his experience; he is as much-travelled as Ulysses.

"For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known: cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honor'd of them all."

Born in India, educated at an English school, circumnavigator of the globe, he is equally at home in the snows of the Canadian Rockies, or in the fierce heat east of Suez: in the fogs of the Channel, or under the Southern Cross at Capetown. Nor is he a mere sojourner on the earth: he has lived for years in his own house, in England, in Vermont, and in India, and has had abundant opportunity to compare the climate of Brattleboro with that of Bombay.

A born journalist and reporter, his publications first saw the light in ephemeral Indian sheets. In the late eighties he began to amuse himself

¹Kipling was born December 30, 1865.

²A curious and ironical book, *Dingley*, by Tharaud.

with the composition of squibs of verse, which he printed in the local newspaper; these became popular, and were cited and sung with enthusiasm. Emboldened by this first taste of success, he put together a little volume (1886) bound like a Government report; he then sent around reply post-cards for cash orders, in the fashion already made famous by Walt Whitman. It is needless to say that copies of this book command a fancy price to-day. He immediately contracted what Holmes used to call "lead-poisoning," and the sight of his work in type made a literary career certain. He produced volume after volume in both prose and verse with amazing rapidity, and his fame overflowed the world. A London periodical prophesied in 1888, "The book gives hope of a new literary star of no mean magnitude rising in the East." The amount and excellence of his output may be judged when we remember that in the three years from 1886 to 1889 he published *Departmental Ditties*, *Plain Tales from the Hills*, *Soldiers Three*, *In Black and White*, *The Story of the Gadsbys*, *The Man Who Would be King*, *The Phantom 'Rickshaw*, *Wee Willie Winkie*, and other narratives.

The originality, freshness, and power of all this work made Europe stare and gasp. For some years he had as much notoriety as reputation. His popularity had simply not reached equilibrium. We used to hear of the Kipling "craze," the Kipling "boom," the Kipling "fad," and Kipling clubs sprang up like mushrooms. It was difficult to read him in cool blood, because he was discussed pro and con with so much passion. He was fashionable, in the manner of ping-pong; and there were not wanting pessimistic prophets, who looked upon him as a comet rather than a fixed star. So late as 1895 a well-known American journal said of him, "Rudyard Kipling is supposed to be the cleverest man now handling the pen. The magazines accept everything he writes, and pay him fabulous prices. Kipling is now printing a series of *Jungle Stories* that are so weak and foolish that we have never been able to read them. They are not fables: they are stories of animals talking, and they are pointless, so far as the average reader is able to judge. We have asked a good many magazine editors about Kipling's *Jungle Stories*; they all express the same astonishment that the magazine editors accept them. Kipling will soon be dropped by the magazine editors; they will inevitably discover that his stories are not admired by the people. Robert Louis Stevenson died just in time to save him from the same fate."

Many honestly believed that Kipling could write only in flashes; that he was incapable of producing a complete novel. His answer to this was *The Light that Failed* (1891), which, although he made the mistake of giving it a reversible ending, indicated that his own lamp had yet sufficient

oil. In 1895 he added immensely to the solidity of his fame by printing *The Brushwood Boy*, the scenes of which he announced previously would be laid in "England, India, and the world of dreams." Here he temporarily forsook the land of mysterious horror for the land of mysterious beauty, and many were grateful, and said so. In 1896 the appearance of *The Seven Seas* proved beyond cavil that he was something more than a music-hall rimester—that he was really among the English poets. The very next year *The Recessional* stirred the religious consciousness of the whole English-speaking race. And although much of his subsequent career seems to be a nullification of the sentiment of that poem, it will remain imperishable when the absent-minded beggars and the flannelled fools have reached the oblivion they so richly deserve.

In 1897 he tried his hand for the second time at a complete novel, *Captains Courageous*, and the result might safely be called a success. The moral of this story will be worth a word or two later on. The next year an important volume came from his pen, *The Day's Work*—important because it is in this volume that the new Kipling is first plainly seen, and the mechanical engineer takes the place of the literary artist. Such curiosities as *The Ship that Found Herself*, *The Bridge-Builders*, *.007*, became anything but curiosities in his later work. This collection was sadly marred by the inclusion of such wretched stuff as *My Sunday at Home*, and *An Error in the Fourth Dimension*; but it was glorified by one of the most exquisitely tender and beautiful of all Kipling's tales, *William the Conqueror*. And it should not be forgotten that the author saw fit to close this volume with the previously printed and universally popular *Brushwood Boy*. Then, at the very height of his ten years' fame, Kipling came closer to death than almost any other individual has safely done. As he lay sick with pneumonia in New York, the American people, whom he has so frequently ridiculed, were more generally and profoundly affected than they have been at the bedside of a dying President. The year 1899 marked the great physical crisis of his life, and seems also to indicate a turning-point in his literary career.

Whatever may be thought of the relative merits of Kipling's early and later style, it is fortunate for him that the two decades of composition were not transposed. We all read the early work because we could not help it; we read his twentieth century compositions because he wrote them. It is lucky that the *Plain Tales from the Hills* preceded *Puck of Pook's Hill*, and that *The Light that Failed* came before *Stalky and Co*. Whether these later productions could have got into print without the tremendous prestige of their author's name, is a question that has all the fascination and all the insolubility of speculative philosophy. The

suddenness of his early popularity may be perhaps partly accounted for by the fact that he was working a new field. The two authors who have most influenced Kipling's style are both Americans—Bret Harte and Mark Twain: and the analogy between the sudden fame of Harte and the sudden fame of Kipling is too obvious to escape notice. Bret Harte found in California ore of a different kind than his maddened contemporaries sought; his early tales had all the charm of something new and strange. What Bret Harte made out of California Kipling made out of India; at the beginning he was a "sectional writer," who, with the instinct of genius, made his literary opportunity out of his environment. The material was at hand, the time was ripe, and the man was on the spot. It was the strong "local color" in these powerful Indian tales that captivated readers—who, in far-away centres of culture and comfort, delighted to read of primitive passions in savage surroundings. We had all the rest and change of air that we could have obtained in a journey to the Orient, without any of the expense, discomfort, and peril.

But after the spell of the wizard's imagination has left us, we cannot help asking, after the manner of the small boy, Is it true? Are these pictures of English and native life in India faithful reflections of fact? Can we depend on Kipling for India, as we can depend (let us say) on Daudet for a picture of the *Rue de la Paix*? Now it is a notable fact that local color always seems most genuine to those who are unable to verify it. It is a melancholy truth that the community portrayed by a novelist not only almost invariably deny the likeness of the portrait, but that they emphatically resent the liberty taken by the artist. It is notorious that stories of college life are laughed to scorn by the young gentlemen described therein, no matter how fine the local color may seem to outsiders. The same is true of social strata in society, of provincial towns, and Heaven only knows what the Slums would say to their depiction in novels, if only the Slums could read. One reason for this is that a novel or a short story must have a beginning and an end, and some kind of a plot; whereas life has no such thing, nor anything remotely resembling it. When honest people see their daily lives, made up of thousands of unrelated incidents, served up to remote readers in the form of an orderly progression of events, leading up to a proper climax, the whole thing seems monstrously unreal and untrue. "Why, we are not in the least like that!" they cry. And I have purposely omitted the factor of exaggeration, absolutely essential to the realistic novelist or playwright.

In a notice of the *Plain Tales from the Hills*, the London *Saturday Review* remarked, "Mr. Kipling knows and appreciates the English in

India." But it is more interesting and profitable to see how his stories were regarded in the country he described. In the *Calcutta Times*, for September 14, 1895, there was a long editorial which is valuable at any rate for the point of view. After mentioning the *Plain Tales, Soldiers Three, Barrack-room Ballads*, etc., the *Times* critic said:

"Except in a few instances which might easily be numbered on the fingers of one hand, nothing in the books we have named is at all likely to live or deserves to live. . . . It will probably be answered that this sweeping condemnation is not of much value against the emphatic approval of the British public and the aforesaid chorus of critics in praise of the new Genius. . . . And the English critics have this to plead in excuse of their hyperbolical appreciation of the Stronger Dickens, that his first work came to them fathered with responsible guarantee from men who should have known better that it was in the way of a revelation of Anglo-Indian society, a-letting in the light of truth on places which had been very dark indeed.

"Now the average English critic knows very little of the intricacies of social life in India, and in the enthusiasm which Mrs. Hauksbee and kindred creations inspired he accepted too readily as true types what are, in fact, caricatures, or distorted presentments, of some of the more poisonous social characteristics to be found in Anglo-Indian as well as in every other civilized society . . . Do not let us be understood as recklessly running down Kipling and all his works. . . . He possesses in a high degree the power of describing a certain class of emotions, and the flights of his imagination in some directions are extremely bold and original. In such tales, for instance, as 'The Man Who Would Be King' (sic) and 'The Ride of Morrowby Jukes' (sic) there are qualities of the imagination which equal, if they do not surpass, anything in the same line with which we are acquainted. . . . The capital charge, in the opinion of many, the head and front of his offending, is that he has traduced a whole society, and has spread libels broadcast. Anglo-Indian society may in some respects be below the average level of the best society in the Western world, where the rush and stir of life and the collision of intellects combine to keep the atmosphere clearer and more bracing than in this land of tennis, office boxes, frontier wars, and enervation. But as far as it falls below what many would wish it to be, so far it rises above the description of it which now passes current at home under the sanction of Kipling's name. . . . For whether Kipling is treating of Indian subjects pure and simple, of Anglo-Indian subjects, or is attempting a Western theme, the personality of the writer is pervasive and intrusive everywhere, with all its limitations of vision and information, as well as with its eternal panoply of cheap smartness and spiced vulgarity. . . . Smartness is always first with him, and Truth may shift for herself."

Although the writer of the above article is somewhat blinded by prejudice and wrath, it is nevertheless interesting testimony from the particular section of our planet which Kipling was at that time supposed to know best. And out in San Francisco they are still talking of Kipling's visit there, and the "abominable libel" of California life and customs he chose to publish in *From Sea to Sea*.

Apart from Kipling's good fortune in having fresh material to deal with, the success of his early work lay chiefly in its dominant quality—Force. For the last thirty years, the world has been full of literary experts, professional story-writers, to whom the pen is a means of livelihood. Our magazines are crowded with tales which are well-written, and nothing else. They say nothing, because their writers have nothing to say. The impression left on the mind by the great majority of handsomely-bound novels is like that of the man who beholds his natural face in a glass. The thing we miss is the thing we unconsciously demand—vitality. In the rare instances where vitality is the ground-quality, readers forgive all kinds of excrescences and defects, as they did twenty years ago in Kipling, and later, for example, in Jack London. The original vigor and strength of Kipling's stories was to the jaded reader a keen, refreshing breeze; like Marlowe in Elizabethan days he seemed a towering, robust, masculine personality, who had at his command an inexhaustible supply of material absolutely new. This undoubted vigor was naturally unaccompanied by moderation and good taste; Kipling's sins against artistic proportion and the law of subtle suggestion were black indeed. He simply had no reserve. In *The Man Who Would Be King*, which I have always regarded as his masterpiece, the subject was so big that no reserve in handling it was necessary. The whole thing was an inspiration, of imagination all compact. But in many other instances his style was altogether too loud for his subject. One wearies of eternal fortissimo. Many of his tales should have been printed throughout in italics because every word was emphasized. In examples of this nature, which are all too frequent in the "Complete Works" of Kipling, the tragedy becomes melodrama: the humor becomes buffoonery: the picturesque becomes bizarre: the terrible becomes horrible: and vulgarity reigns supreme.

He is far better in depicting action than in portraying character. This is one reason why his short stories are better than his novels. In *The Light that Failed*, with all its merits, he never realized the character of Maisie; but in his tales of violent action, we feel the vividness of the scene time and again. His work here is effective because Kipling has an acute sense of the value of words, just as a great musician has a correct ear for the value of pitch. When one takes the trouble to analyze his style in his most striking passages, it all comes down to Kipling's skill in the use of the specific word—the word that makes the picture clear, sometimes intolerably clear. Look at the nouns and adjectives in this selection from *The Drums of the Fore and Aft*:

"They then selected their men, and slew them with deep gasps and short

hacking coughs, and groanings of leather belts against strained bodies, and realized for the first time that an Afghan attacked is far less formidable than an Afghan attacking; which fact old soldiers might have told them.

"But they had no old soldiers in their ranks."

There are two defects in Kipling's earlier work that might perhaps be classed as moral deficiencies. One is the almost ever-present coarseness, which the author mistook for vigor. Now the tendency to coarseness is inseparable from force, and needs to be held in check. Coarseness is the inevitable excrescence of superabundant vitality, just as effeminacy is the danger limit of delicacy and refinement. Swift and Rabelais had the coarseness of a robust English sailor; at their worst they are simply abominable; just as Tennyson at his worst is effeminate and silly. Kipling has that natural delight in coarseness that all strong natures have, whether they are willing to admit it or not. A large proportion of his scenes of humor are devoted to drunkenness: "gloriously drunk" is a favorite phrase with him. The time may come when this sort of humor will be obsolete. We laugh at drunkenness, as the Elizabethans laughed at insanity, but we are only somewhat nearer real civilization than they. At any rate, even those who delight in scenes of intoxication must find the theme rather overworked in Kipling. This same defect in him leads to indulgence in his passion for ghastly detail. This is where he ceases to be a man of letters, and becomes downright journalistic. It is easier to excite momentary attention by physical horror than by any other device; and Kipling is determined to leave nothing to the imagination. Many instances might be cited; we need only recall the gouging out of a man's eye in *The Light that Failed*, and the human brains on the boot in *Badalia Herodsfoot*.

The other moral defect in this early work was its world-weary cynicism, which was simply foolish in so young a writer. His treatment of women, for example, compares unfavorably with that shown in the frankest tales of Bret Harte. His attitude toward women in these youthful books has been well described as "disillusioned gallantry." The author continually gives the reader a "knowing wink," which after a time gets on one's nerves. These books, after all, were probably not meant for women to read, and perhaps no one was more surprised than Kipling himself at the rapturous exclamations of the thousands of his feminine adorers. A woman rejoicing in the perusal of these Indian tales seems as much out of place as she does in the office of a cheap country hotel, reeking with the fumes of whiskey and stale tobacco, and adorned with men who spit with astonishing accuracy into distant receptacles.

Kipling doubtless knows more about his own faults than any of the

critics; and if after one has read *The Light that Failed* for the sake of the story, one re-reads it attentively as Kipling's *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, one will be surprised to see how many ideas about his art he has put into the mouth of Dick. "Under any circumstances, remember, four-fifths of everybody's work must be bad. But the remnant is worth the trouble for its own sake." "One must do something always. You hang your canvas up in a palm-tree and let the parrots criticize." "If we sit down quietly to work out notions that are sent to us, we may or we may not do something that isn't bad. A great deal depends on being master of the bricks and mortar of the trade. But the instant we begin to think about success and the effect of our work—to play with one eye on the gallery—we lose power and touch and everything else. . . . I was told that all the world was interested in my work, and everybody at Kami's talked turpentine, and I honestly believed that the world needed elevating and influencing, and all manner of impertinences, by my brushes. By Jove, I actually believed that! . . . And when it's done it's such a tiny thing, and the world's so big, and all but a millionth part of it doesn't care."

Fortunately, four-fifths of Kipling's work isn't bad. We are safe in ascribing genius to the man who wrote *The Phantom 'Rickshaw*, *The Strange Ride*, *The Man Who Would Be King*, *William the Conqueror*, *The Brushwood Boy*, and *The Jungle Book*. These, and many other tales, to say nothing of his poetry, constitute an astounding achievement for a writer under thirty-five.

But the Kipling of the last ten years is an Imperialist and a Mechanic, rather than a literary man. We need not classify *Stalky and Co.*, except to say that it is probably the worst novel ever written by a man of genius. It is on a false pitch throughout, and the most rasping book of recent times. The only good things in it are the quotations from Browning. The Jingo in Kipling was released by the outbreak of the South African War, and the author of *The Recessional* forgot everything he had prayed God to remember. He became the voice of the British Empire, and the man who had always ridiculed Americans for bunkum oratory, out-screamed us all. In this imperialistic verse and prose there is not much literature, but there is a great deal of noise, which has occasionally deceived the public; just as an orator is sure of a round of applause if his peroration is shouted at the top of his voice. His latest book, *Puck of Pook's Hill*, is written against the grain; painful effort has supplied the place of the old inspiration, and the simplicity of true art is conspicuous by its absence. Of this volume, *The Athenæum*, in general friendly to Kipling, remarks: "In his new part—the mis-

sionary of empire—Mr. Kipling is living the strenuous life. He has frankly abandoned story-telling, and is using his complete and powerful armory in the interest of patriotic zeal.” On the other hand, Mr. Owen Wister, whose opinion is valuable, thinks *Puck* “the highest plane that he has ever reached”—a judgment that I record with respect, though to me it is incomprehensible.

Kipling the Mechanic is less useful than an encyclopædia, and not any more interesting. A comic paper describes him as “now a technical expert; at one time a popular writer. This young man was born in India, came to his promise in America, and lost himself in England. His *Plain Tales of the Hills* (sic) has been succeeded by *Enigmatical Expositions from the Dark Valleys*. . . . Mr. Kipling has declared that the Americans have never forgiven him for not dying in their country. On the contrary, they have never forgiven him for not having written anything better since he was here than he did before. But while there’s Kipling there’s hope.” It is to be earnestly hoped that Kipling will cease describing the machinery of automobiles, ships, locomotives and flying air-vessels, and once more look in his heart and write. His worst enemy is himself. He seems to be in terror lest he should say something ordinary and commonplace. He has been so praised for his originality and powerful imagination, that his later books give one the impression of a man writing in the sweat of his face, with the grim determination to make every sentence a literary event. Such a tale as *Wireless* shows that the zeal for originality has eaten him up. One can feel on every page the straining for effect, and it is as exhausting to read as it is to watch a wrestling-match, and not nearly so entertaining. If Kipling goes on in the vein of these later years he may ultimately survive his reputation, as many a good man has done before him. I should think even now, when the author of *Puck of Pook’s Hill* turns over the pages of *The Man Who Would Be King*, he would say with Swift, “Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!”

Like almost all Anglo-Saxon writers, Kipling is a moralist, and his gospel is Work. He believes in the strenuous life as a cure-all. He apparently does not agree with Goethe that To Be is greater than To Do. The moral of *Captains Courageous* is the same moral contained in the ingenious bee-hive story. The unpardonable sin is Idleness. But although Work is good for humanity, it is rather limited as an ideal, and we cannot rate Kipling very high as a spiritual teacher. God is not always in the wind, or in the earthquake, or in the fire. The day-dreams of men like Stevenson and Thackeray sometimes bore more fruit than the furious energy of Kipling.

But the consuming ambition of this man, and his honest desire to do his best will, let us hope, spare him the humiliation of being beaten by his own past. After all, Genius is the rarest article in the world, and one who undoubtedly has it is far more likely to reach the top of the hill than he is to take the road to Danger, which leads into a great wood; or the road to Destruction, which leads into a wide field, full of dark mountains.

William Lyon Phelps.

THE ALPINE LONGING

(Villanelle)

BY MURIEL RICE.

TELL me of the peaks of snow.
I have been so long away.
Tell me of the torrents' flow.

Heavy-hued the blossoms blow
In the dreary London day.
Tell me of the peaks of snow.

Toil and ease and toil; but oh,
Little leisure to be gay!
Tell me of the torrents' flow.

And the ruby Alpine glow;
In my dreams I watch it play.
Tell me of the peaks of snow.

Here the mist moves deadly slow
And the skies are always gray.
Tell me of the torrents' flow.

Soon, my countryman, I go
Where the tinkling cow-bells stray.
Tell me of the peaks of snow;
Tell me of the torrents' flow.

Muriel Rice.

POETRY AND THE PRACTICAL MAN

BY HARRY T. BAKER

"THE future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. . . . More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry, our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. . . . But if we conceive thus highly of the destinies of poetry, we must also set our standard for poetry high, since poetry, to be capable of fulfilling such high destinies, must be poetry of a high order of excellence."

This prophecy of Matthew Arnold's, uttered some thirty years ago, may already seem vain; for it is notorious that the practical man of to-day reads little or no poetry. Indeed, he often manifests a marked aversion for most forms of it: witness the following quotation from a letter recently written to a well-known New York newspaper:

"Personally I don't care particularly for poetry. . . . As a practical business man poetry now appeals to me as something childish, as something unnecessary, as a clever juggling with words. . . . Usually poetry is just a cleverly arranged mass of musically sounding words."

Certainly this opinion, if typical, is not promising. But academic readers will perhaps challenge at the outset the value of the practical man's opinions of poetry. Why, some one will ask, should a captain of industry venture to advise a captain of art? If the kind of art which a man loves best is the engraving on a silver dollar, is it necessary or desirable to acquaint ourselves with his verdict upon Kipling or Tennyson? Well, in any attempt to appreciate the attitude of the practical man of business, we shall doubtless find that some qualities which we academic persons considered important and perhaps fundamental will be viewed with silent or open contempt by such a man; but the result of our inquiry, if not satisfying, may at least prove suggestive. And we may even discover that the veriest minor poet possesses, in common with the masters, those qualities which are held in most evident derision by the captains and followers of industry.

One of these qualities, and perhaps the one most cordially despised by the practical man, is over-worship of form—what we may call the doctrine of form for form's sake. Nothing seems to arouse the ire of such a reader more quickly than the pretty metrical prattling of one who, as

Carlyle contemptuously put it, can merely "sit on a chair and compose stanzas," who seldom shows that he has lived in a world of realities. Almost a central characteristic of many a recent minor poet is his ability to say nothing in a graceful manner. One is constrained to admit that the influence of Tennyson has in this respect been pernicious. Not the noble criticism of life in "In Memoriam," but the empty cadences of his airy, fairy Lilians have floated on into the pages of present-day versifiers. His modern disciple, like the great Laureate, smokes his three pipefuls over a single line, but, unlike his model, is visited by perhaps one thought *per diem*. The result is that "pretty writing"—sometimes, more's the pity, confounded with real poetry—which both capitalist and coal-heaver so honestly and so justly despise. It is such writers that make possible an antithesis between a man and a composer of verses. Although no one will deny that the explicit idea of perfection in form is admirable, it is generally accompanied by so many sins, especially sins of omission, that in general it may be heartily condemned; for by their fruits ye shall know them. The Swinburnes and Tennysons, and their now numberless horde of disciples, forever straining the honey of Hybla through countless sieves, rarely lift their eyes to the struggling world of humanity. Even Keats, who in perfection of form, Arnold declared, is with Shakespeare, lacks wide appeal, alike in the busy mart and in the class-room, because in most of his verses (the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is a striking exception) the burnish of his style is placed on tenuous and flimsy material. In that "paradise of dainty devices," "The Eve of St. Agnes," there is a wonderful description of a stained-glass window; but one looks in vain for any such description of the magic casements of the soul. For that, one turns to a Shakespeare or a Browning.

The present age, then, is not necessarily hostile to poetry because when it asks for bread it is angry at being presented with a neat cube of sugar. Those invertebrate rimesters who complain of the cold reception of their products are but effeminate protestants. A healthy taste revolts from them as from a continuous diet of confectionery, of "lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon." The sweetmeat school of poetry, though it occasionally gives us a "Blessed Damozel" or a "Belle Dame Sans Merci," has done much to remove almost everything in verse from the notice of the practical man. If one must talk in metrical form, let him not speak "like a comfit-maker's wife." This is not a period which is fatal to poetry; but, thank Heaven, it is a period which is becoming more and more averse to certain kinds of poetry. The poet, like the rest of us, must have something to say; else he is written down a dilettante or a bore. That variety of "poetic license" which excuses a man for talking non-

sense merely because he uses metre for the purpose has lost its validity.

The poetry of sheer brute force—of which there is astonishingly little, by the way—is preferable to that of decadence and effeminacy. Undoubtedly one of the secrets of Kipling's surprising appeal to those who are not commonly readers of verse is his boisterous vigor, a vigor which in his best work is wisely tempered and admirably harmonized with other characteristics. But the effect of many of the "Barrack Room Ballads" is that of a rough, sometimes raucous voice, accompanied by a hearty slap on the shoulder. Here is informality carried to an extreme, yet how salutary the contrast to the versifiers of lotus-land. The homely images, the music-hall swing of the metre, the startlingly vivid phrases, the directness, the realism, even the occasional vulgarity, combine to convince the reader that here at last is the voice of a living man addressed to a pulsating world of men. As Tommy Atkins, the typical British soldier, turns from the "beefy face an' grubby 'and" of Chelsea domestics to his "neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land," one questions whether, after all, the romantic so truly joined to the realistic in this poem, "Mandalay," is not more human than the half-real atmosphere of a "Lady Clare." Even the barbarian genuinely in love is more interesting and convincing than a porcelain figure of romance. There is no "pretty writing" in Kipling and no effeminacy either of style or of sentiment. The worth of manhood, the unsparing condemnation of that man without a spiritual country, the ineffectual homunculus who has done neither good nor evil, and who therefore belongs neither in heaven nor hell—these themes are sung in "Tomlinson" with a vividness and a ruggedness which take us back to the days of Robin Hood. And this despite the boldly imaginative treatment of the spiritual world, not to say the jaunty informality of the same. Certainly this is not the drawing-room atmosphere of Mr. Alfred Tennyson or the peaceful rural atmosphere of Mr. William Wordsworth; and some good people have become so accustomed to these atmospheres that apparently they gasp to find that there is any other poetic atmosphere. But meanwhile that rude person, the practical man, actually begins to like "that sort of thing." And, after all, it is a tribute to our humanity that he does.

Doubtless the practical reader, like all of us, will outgrow his enthusiasm for some of Kipling's poems; and the author himself has excluded one of the most striking, "The Vampire," from his collected verse. But he is a curious person who can "outgrow" the best of Kipling; for Kipling gives us, as often as most of the standard poets, "the real thing" as opposed to the sham. And this is one of the surest indications of his

abiding power. How quick the practical man is to detect sham of any sort may be seen in the failure of Whitman to attract any considerable number of such readers. Whitman, in spite of his elaborate parade of nature and simplicity, was often affected, often insincere. The man who insists upon calling an ambulance an "ambulanza" and who imports a few French phrases into his productions for no intelligible reason rests under suspicion, if he pretends, as Whitman did, to be a true child of nature. He is really a kind of prophet in overalls, consciously attitudinizing; and this sort of thing the ordinary reader does not forgive. "There can be little doubt," says Churton Collins, "that he employed the style which he affected to attract attention." And the same critic adds that Whitman possessed the "arts of the astute showman." Pity 'tis, 'tis true, for in his best poems and passages he escapes these vices; but the fact remains that Whitman has not reached the audience that he longed to reach. And one suspects that it is his own fault.

Yet Whitman, by virtue of that portion of his work which is original rather than bizarre, may ultimately win a wider public than he has so far attracted; for many poetic sins can be forgiven to the man who blazes his mark upon the trees along a new path in the difficult forest of life. We have a right to demand that every poet who would escape futility shall perform this service. The man of verses must answer the riddle, What is life? Woe to him who attempts to evade the issue, by telling an impatient world what is beauty, what is form. Let him add these, as Shakespeare does, but let him not substitute. That familiar statement of Arnold's, that "the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness," reveals at once the eminence of such poetic names as Shakespeare, Goethe, Browning. And every now and then, even in these days of attention to the machinery of existence, to the telephone and the motor-car, some comparatively obscure man is dowered with a sudden vision of the meaning of life as distinguished from mere existence, of life upon some one of its infinite facets. The note of challenge, of defiance to the powers of darkness, and of protest against nerveless acquiescence in fate, has perhaps never been better sounded than in William Ernest Henley's poem, "Out of the Night that Covers Me." This is unquestionably one of the most popular lyrics of the day; but it does not recall Tennyson or the Tennysonian school. Those ringing lines of savage, pagan vigor, though admirable in form, own a quite different strain. It is hardly too much to prophesy that such lines will be cherished long after the productions of the school of honeyed sweetness have been multiplied *ad nauseam* and have been suffered to waste their sweetness on the desert air. Henley's joyous and tremendous

climax, "I am the captain of my soul," thrills the reader, whether practical or unpractical, like a trumpet-call. And yet how few poems of this strain, poems which reproduce a similar effect even in a much fainter fashion, can be found in our representative magazines or in the thin volumes of contemporary verse. Surely our living poets have no reason to be at ease in Zion.

Moreover, even if we return to the glorious past of poetry, we find that our Spensers and Miltons are in many libraries slowly accumulating the dust of the upper shelf. For even the great name of Milton dims when subjected to the most practical and severe tests of the modern reader. Though it be profanation to whisper it, is not Milton, with all his superb genius, deficient in passion and remote in interest of theme and treatment? A penetrating critic remarks that Milton's poetry, though it has the magnificence of the finest marble, has also its coldness. To the practical man, at least, Milton no longer seems to be readable. But Longfellow, often trite and almost always mediocre, comes into his own because he has something simple, direct, practical and helpful to say about human life. No more instructive parallel could be found to make the worshipper of form shed unavailing tears. That "Excelsior" and "The Psalm of Life" should hold the boards while even the first book of "Paradise Lost" remains unread certainly has its pathetic as well as its humorous side. Perhaps the gentle sentimentality of Longfellow in such poems as "Excelsior" explains one element of his appeal to the practical man, who, however much he may conceal this side of his nature, is generally open to a subtle approach; but it explains only one element, and that, after all, not a main element, in his works. The fact remains that Longfellow dealt with vital themes, even though in an annoyingly commonplace fashion, and the shallow tinkle of his bell has drawn many sheepish thousands after him. Life, as he assures us with such a lack of original or imaginative phraseology, is real and earnest; and Longfellow has had his reward. The poet of "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Children's Hour" will never be scorned by the practical man.

Another interpreter of life may be mentioned who is so far from the commonplace and sometimes so near to the obscure that to predict increasing popularity for him among practical men is perhaps to invite ridicule. Yet there are many indications that Browning's best poetry will ultimately win such an audience. In spite of the misguided efforts of his friends of clubs and societies, who have determined to throw into the limelight his Sordellos and Fifies, his subtle intellect rather than his abounding passion and wonderful dramatic sympathy—true Elizabethan qualities—he is heading straight for the average man. He is

being delivered from his friends—something which, in such a case, is more important than to be delivered from one's enemies. One of his most recent biographers, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, frankly declares war upon the Browning societies and upon all the attempts to prove that Browning is what he is not. And within very recent years the committee upon requirements in English for entrance to our American colleges has placed several of his poems on its list.

That Browning did not rely upon perfection of form is notorious; but that he did not care at all for form is a ridiculous as well as a vicious perversion of truth; for he was continually inventing new forms, new metres and rhythms. Like Shakespeare, however, he was interested first of all in life, not in the latest patent polish for verses. But the form of such poems as "Andrea del Sarto" needs no defence. Moreover, better than any high priest of form is a Chaucer or a Browning, whose compelling interest is in his fellow-men. Charles Lamb, it is said, as he walked down the crowded Strand, in London, was wont to shed tears of pure joy for the privilege of seeing so much humanity. Browning, perhaps, was too splendidly masculine to allow the tears; but he, too, was that noblest of lovers, the lover of mankind.

The real secret of Browning's poetry, if it may be summed up in any formula, is perhaps best expressed by a slight paraphrase of Arnold's famous statement concerning Wordsworth: Browning's poetry is great because of the extraordinary power with which Browning feels the joy offered to us in the moral struggle of life; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it. The term "moral" is, of course, used here in its widest significance, as Arnold defined it: "Whatever bears upon the question, 'how to live.'" The most notable fact about the familiar quotations from Browning is that nearly all of them deal directly with this moral struggle of life:

"Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!"

This sentiment seems to have won its author more readers than anything else. The joy in struggle itself, he never tires of assuring us, is the secret of life; and the methods by which he presents this simple truth are original, various, and inspiring—a salutary contrast to Longfellow's. The best of Browning's poems, contrary to an ill-founded but widespread fallacy, are not for a cult but for the average man; they deal directly, and, for the most part, with reasonable clearness and simplicity, with practical problems of every-day life. Such are "The Last Ride To-

gether," "Up at a Villa, Down in the City," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Youth and Art," and many a one besides. And Browning stands unique in his wonderful ability to depict his characters at some crucial moment of life, when, if ever, effort counts and when its effects can be vividly shown.

One modern poet, on the other hand, enjoys at least a moderate popularity because of his loving interpretation of the moments of calm in this inevitable struggle of existence: Matthew Arnold is our best guide to the moods and scenes of twilight and moonlight, and the dew-drenched beauty of early dawn. The pictorial element is much stronger in him than in Wordsworth, and he probably gains by betraying less of the mystical. But both lose by lack of sympathy with the rude, onward jostling of the throng. The practical man, therefore, soon turns back to his Kipling; and in the future is likely to turn more and more to his Browning. He will doubtless never turn, it is true, to "Sordello" or "Fifine at the Fair," or "The Inn Album," or even to certain monologues in "The Ring and the Book"—productions for which no true and discriminating lover of Browning can find much that is good to say. But in the enormous mass of Browning's admittedly unequal work the practical man will still discover more truly indispensable poems than in Tennyson's volume—more, in fact, than in any other modern English poet. Despite his depth of intellect and the impatient rush of emotion which is always at odds with it and which sometimes makes the current of his verse somewhat confused and turbid—despite this, Browning has no nonsense in him, and, however unusual or remote his theme, is surprisingly practical. And his unfailing optimism is so familiar as to need no comment.

In use of realistic imagery and detail, also, Browning far exceeds most poets. His admirable little poem, "Confessions," by no means so well known as it deserves to be, is rivalled in these respects by scarcely any one save Kipling, who is especially famous for his close approach to the apparently unpromising surroundings of practical life. In "Confessions," the sick man's use of his medicine bottles to explain the locality and incident of a love affair in his early life is a surprising but successful experiment which goes to emphasize the originality and infinite suggestiveness of Browning. This is one of the most directly practical poems of optimism ever written. But it is Kipling, after all, who has made most frequent and daring use of realistic imagery in his verse. His recent poem, "The Sons of Martha," which leaped into popularity almost at a single bound, is full of specific references to the homeliest details of the toiler's life. In the following lines, how august and splendid a poetic passage is made out of the achievements of modern engineering on railroad and highway, and on the twenty-story steel-frame building:

"They [the laborers] say to the mountains, 'Be ye removed!' they say to the lesser floods, 'Run dry!'

Under their rods are the rocks reproved—they are not afraid of that which is high."

And it would be difficult to exceed the realism of this denunciation of belief in providence:

"They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before the nuts work loose."

This is the kind of poetry, if any, which will be heard on the lips of the practical man, from mechanic to president of a steel company. And an even better illustration is to be found in the joy of a Scotch ship engineer over his "purrin' dynamos"—an affection like that of a mother for her child. A new subject this for a poem, surely; but Kipling's unconventional genius has given expression to many a hitherto silent affection. And this poem, "M'Andrew's Hymn," is one of his best and most popular productions. There are plenty of new things for the genuine poet to sing of, if he be really in contact with his time, as Kipling is. That impatient exclamation of M'Andrew's, "Why don't poets *tell*?" contains much fruitful suggestion to the scorers of homely detail. No poet has come closer to the minutiae of the toiler's daily life than Kipling, or studied them more patiently and sympathetically; and his popularity on this side is significant. The "horns of Elfland faintly blowing" should not represent all the subjects of verse. Welcome also in their turn are clang of hammer or shriek of engine wheels grinding under the brakes. Poetic beauty is of many kinds; and the glory of one star is not as the glory of another.

Certainly no shallow pretence, no smooth repetition of orthodox commonplaces, no monastic devotion to form, to phrasing and melody, will longer satisfy the demand of the practical reader of verse. And is it not becoming increasingly true that to all modern readers thought and passion saturated with sanity are as the breath of life? This it is that saves Browning from the evil shadow of his poorer productions, that fatal penumbra of eclipse into which so many Bowleses and Rogerses have forever passed. The fact is that the rigid demand for truth in all departments of life is showing itself as more and more characteristic of our age; and this seems to account for the passing or waning of much verse that was formerly considered indispensable. "In Memoriam," in its restless though reverent search for verities, its resolute facing of the facts in life, its sincerity and freedom from artificiality, its partial freedom even from that curiously wrought elaboration, so characteristic of its author's style, is Tennyson's best work—a poem in which he rises above

that intellectual mediocrity which is his chief fault; and to the modern reader "In Memoriam" is of more value than "Paradise Lost," because the latter, based upon the old, narrowly orthodox view of the universe, is no longer convincing, no longer even tolerable. The best feature of the poem is the least orthodox: the original and splendidly vital portrait of a resourceful rebel, "with courage never to submit or yield," a Satan who owes but little to the Biblical narrative but who, curiously enough, forecasts many a quality of that rebellious and often blasphemous genius, Lord Byron. Moreover, even the religious poems of Matthew Arnold, mournfully agnostic as they are, prove more satisfying as an interpretation of at least some of the facts of life than Milton's. "Self-Dependence" is a call which rings true to-day; and "Resignation," with its motto,

"They, believe me, who await
No gifts from chance, have conquered fate,"

is not devoid of rich suggestion and inspiration. The throne of truth, glorified in some admirable stanzas of Arnold's "Thyrsis," is always the goal of Victorian quest. "The reader of Arnold's poetry," says Mr. W. C. Brownell, "never has to say to himself: 'But it is not true!' And to the sense of our own day this is fundamental in poetry as elsewhere."

To come back to our starting-point once more, it is the content of poetry, its "noble and profound application of ideas to life," rather than a form which is so finical that it "would almost rather sacrifice a meaning than let two s's come together," which recommends poetry to the practical reader, and, indeed, to the average reader. The poet like Shelley, whose content is so vaporous and ethereal as to escape the ordinary intellect, the poet who lives in the clouds and frequently even forgets whether he has partaken of a gross mortal dinner—this man will appeal to the epicure of verse rather than the average palate. Nothing can better prove the right of poetry to exist and to minister to us than its ability to endure the test of repeated readings, especially readings after a long interval of years. Poetry whose chief pleasurable element lies in its form will seldom endure this test: instead of growing upon one, it gradually loses its hold and falls into "the portion of weeds and outworn faces." The metrical experiments of Tennyson are not among his enduring poems; and the cloying melodies of Swinburne are often "as rich and purposeless as is the rose."

In one of those terrific passages of scorn for which he is famous, Carlyle asks: "Where are now the Hengsts and Alarics of our still-glowing, still-expanding Europe; who, when their home is grown too narrow, will enlist, and like Fire-pillars, guide onwards those superfluous masses of indomitable living Valour; equipped, not now with

the battle-axe and war-chariot, but with the steam-engine and plough-share? Where are they?—Preserving their Game!”

When the practical man puts a similar question concerning the modern poet, amid the activity and struggle of real life, it will avail but little to answer—“Polishing his verse.”

Harry T. Baker.

MOUNT SAN ANTONIO

BY HERBERT HERON

FAR off—beyond the purple hills, outstanding
Like strong, unwearied warders of a throne,
And hued upon their flanks with pearl and amber
Cast through a sunlit cloud the winds have blown—
Far off—beyond their hill-guards, dark, embattled—
The white Sierras hold their court of storms.
Encrowned with snow they wait; and snow, like ermine,
Robes the immortal glory of their forms.
They wait for him to leave his chosen ramparts
And mingle with the nobles of his realm;
But still he stands without: shall San Antonio
Give o'er his post for death to overwhelm?
No; they shall wait forever, cold and silent,
Or howl their woe through day and star-loved night:
Their monarch enters not their stormy revels,
But guards the younger valley with his might.
Yet see! the wind has blown away the cloud-veils;
And where but now confusion whirled, the sun,
Dying upon the west, has thrown his eagles
Back where his morning journey was begun.
In jewelled light arise the vivid mountains,
Snow-dazzled in the lustre of the sky,
Reflecting lucent waves of awful splendor
To cheer the wandered sun who waits to die.
With heads aloft they stand in line unbroken,
While far above the announcing thunders sing:
Old San Antonio calls his sunset greeting;
Back rolls the mountain cry, “Long live the king!”

Herbert Heron.

THE PERSIAN SITUATION

BY EDWIN MAXEY

THE Iranian Empire is undergoing a crisis, the factors in which are well worth a careful study. So far as can be seen, history is about to be made in Persia. There is something pathetic about this wreck of the ancient and powerful empire of Cyrus and Xerxes. Whatever the cause, the fact is that Persia has reached a point where it is out of joint with the spirit of the times and its environment. A reconstruction either from within or from without is a necessity—the question is one of how, when, and by whom?

Like many other complex situations, the present situation can only be understood historically. Yet for present purposes it does not seem necessary to go back further than the beginning of the nineteenth century in order to enable us to view the present Anglo-Russian agreement as to Persia in its proper historical perspective.

Whether England and Russia had begun to cast covetous eyes toward Persia before the Napoleonic wars or whether the idea was suggested to them by Napoleon's Egyptian expedition, which revived dreams as to Oriental empires, I will leave them to answer. But, in 1801, Russia appropriated Georgia. As her motives were misunderstood by Persia, the latter declared war, as a result of which she was forced to sign the treaty of Gulistan, ceding Baku, Daghestan and Shrivani to Russia. This cession enabled Russia to "pour oil upon the troubled waters." It is also a matter of record that as early as 1810 the diplomatic struggle between England and Russia for supremacy in Persia had begun. For by the terms of a treaty of that year between England and Persia, the former agreed to pay a subsidy to the latter in return for which she was to pursue an anti-Russian policy. This treaty foreshadows a policy, which England has since pursued, and with about as poor success, in Afghanistan. Hirelings are rarely dependable. Hence it is not altogether surprising to find that in 1834 Persia entered into a treaty with Russia in accordance with which she was to pursue an anti-English policy. As a reply to this act of perfidy an English fleet took possession of the island of Karak in the Persian Gulf. Instead of resorting to shirt-sleeve diplomacy in reply, Russia proceeded more leisurely, but nevertheless proceeded. In 1846 she gained important commercial privileges in Persia, and, lest these privileges might meet the fate of orphan children and pine away longing for the sight of the Russian flag, the grant was followed by an agreement whereby Russia was permitted to station war-

ships at Enzeli and Astrabad. So uniformly successful and pleasant had been the "Russian Advance" in this direction that her diplomats began to take seriously the Scriptural injunction "ask and ye shall receive." Accordingly, in 1856, they demanded of Persia the occupation of Herat, now a part of Afghanistan.

Upon such a policy on the part of Russia, England could not afford to look with indifference. When once Russian politeness and deference for the weaker States of Asia had sunk to the low plane of a boorish, land-grabbing policy, it was time to call a halt. Some antidote was clearly necessary. Nor did England hesitate to conclude that she must furnish the antidote. Accordingly the English fleet seized Bender-Bushir and other Persian Gulf ports. It may as well be understood, once for all, that this was not for the purpose of setting a bad example for Russia, but rather to make it abundantly clear that, if the state of health of this "sick man" were such that the time had arrived for a clinic, English surgeons had not lost all their deftness in using the knife. Whether intentionally or not, this seems to have caused a relapse to the milder method of commercial concessions and peaceful inter-penetration.

In 1889 Russia secured the privilege of establishing insurance and transportation companies in Teheran. That there was need of such institutions in Persia cannot be disputed, but that the methods of high finance usually associated with such concerns was helpful is not equally clear, for Persia has since acquired the bonding habit. That there is any causal relation between the two facts may be doubtful, and the whole thing explained as merely an interesting coincidence.

The same year that Russia secured the above concessions England became commercially minded and allowed her subjects to accept concessions for the establishing of the Persian Imperial Bank, for the exploitation of the mineral resources of the empire, and for the construction of a railroad from Teheran to Ispahan and Shuster. It may be well to state, by way of parenthesis, that at that time it was not definitely known that there were no gold mines in Persia. The following year the tobacco monopoly was given to an English syndicate for fifty years. But the liberality of these concessions caused such a revolt among the Chauvinists in Persia that the government was forced to buy off the English concessionaires, for which purpose 500,000 pounds was necessary. Hence, though the tobacco monopoly "went up in smoke," the would-be monopolists were not left entirely comfortless.

In 1892 Persia resorted to a foreign loan. This was placed in England. In Persia, as in most Oriental States, the key to the control of their foreign policies rests in the control of their finances. Up to the

end of the last century, this key to Persian politics was held by England. But in 1900 she foolishly rejected Persia's application for an additional loan. Whereupon Persia turned to Russia, which readily loaned her 22,500,000 rubles, for seventy-five years at five per cent., notwithstanding the fact that she had to borrow the money thus furnished. Out of the proceeds of this loan the English loan of 1892 was paid off. In 1902 the Russian Bank, which, in this case, is but another name for the Russian government, loaned an additional 10,000,000 rubles. Russia now has a mortgage on all the Persian customs, and virtually dictates the commercial policy of Persia, fifty-six per cent. of whose commerce is now with Russia. This blunder was committed by England at about the same time that she lost her position of primacy in Eastern Asia. It seemed that at that time her foreign policy was in very weak hands, and as a result her prestige in Asia suffered all along the line. Nor is prestige something to be disregarded in dealing with Asiatic affairs; it is a far more valuable asset than western nations are likely to consider it. The thing which did most toward regaining for England her lost prestige was not an act of her own but of her rivals—the persistent retreat of Russia before the armies of the Mikado. Had this fact been properly utilized by England, the prestige of Russia in Persia might have easily been reduced to a minimum.

Had a treaty between Great Britain and Russia, containing provisions similar to those of the recent one, been entered into ten years ago it would have surprised no one, because at that time it did not occur to any one to refuse to yield to Russian pretensions, however unreasonable they might be. Her prestige in diplomacy and the mistaken ideas as to her strength were such that no one stopped long to wonder when another nation was either outwitted or overawed by Russia. As yielding seemed to be the only alternative to being crushed, it had become quite the fashion to yield to her. So that when a suggestion was made by her, whether to a tribe in Central Asia, to China, Japan, France, or England, that suggestion had the force of a command, and, whether it was “fours right about face,” or “to the rear, march!” it was obeyed automatically. This magic spell which the mystery as to her strength had cast over the nations was not broken until she gave to Japan the order “shoulder arms.” Her prestige then melted away like a honeycombed iceberg before a tropical sun. Since then, even amorphous, unwieldy, uncrystallized China has boldly ventured to “read the riot act” to her.

In view of the change which the last four years have witnessed, it is most surprising that England should have permitted herself to have been drawn into an agreement out of which she gets so little, and out

of which Russia gets practically everything to which she had the slightest claim. What England gets which she did not already possess, is not evident from a perusal of the treaty. The three great commercial centers of Persia are all recognized as being within the Russian sphere of influence. This sphere is extended so far southward as to control practically all of the great trade routes across Persia. It also includes the greater portion of Persian territory which is productive, while the British sphere is comparatively barren. Included within the sphere allotted to Russia are cities in which the English commercial interests are far greater than are those of Russia, e. g., Ispahan and Yezd, the third and fourth cities in Persia. With the latter, Russia has no commercial connection whatever, and Isaphan is the terminus of the Lynch road, which is supported by British capital. They are also as far from the Russian as from the Indian border, and considerably farther than they are from the Persian Gulf. Hence it is passing strange why, if they were not included in the British sphere, they should not at least have been included in the neutral zone.

Hitherto, England has always shown a keen appreciation of the importance of trade routes. In fact, nearly all of her territorial expansion has been influenced very largely by this one consideration. She has succeeded in placing herself in commanding positions across more of the world's great highways of commerce than have all of the other European nations combined. Why, then, she should have permitted herself to be outwitted with reference to a subject which has hitherto been her specialty, is a problem which perplexes the mind and makes us wonder if perchance a *quid pro quo* has been received from another direction. This is not an age in which we expect to find a nation wantonly sacrificing commercial interests. Territory is not so much coveted as are markets. The dreams of military glory serve merely for diversion, while the struggle for commercial advantage is a part of the real business, of the very life of nations. With commercial competition at fever heat, it is not the part of wisdom to concede to your rival a sphere from which he may and probably will exclude your goods as soon as he has sufficiently established himself within that sphere to warrant his exercising exclusive control. I say that it is not wise to do this unless either forced to do so or unless a sufficient equivalent is received. But in this case our perplexity arises from our failing to find either a compelling force or a compensatory gift.

If some decided strategic advantage were gained by England it might be considered an equivalent for sacrificing her claim to control over the trade routes of at least the southern half of Persia—a claim which, how-

ever groundless it might be as against Persia, was good as against Russia. But we look in vain for any strategic advantage gained by England. True, Russia agrees not to interfere with British supremacy in South-western Persia. Yet this right she already possessed as against Russia—and the treaty binds no one else. It will be noticed that the treaty nowhere concedes to England individual control over the Persian Gulf. By far the greater part of the Persian Gulf littoral is in the neutral zone. Hence, the question of English supremacy over the Persian Gulf is, so far as the treaty is concerned, left to the future. Not only does England fail to gain by the treaty a recognition of her strategic position on the Persian Gulf, but her position is rendered considerably less secure than before the treaty was signed. For, as a result of the treaty, Russia, whose liking for warm water is one of her strongest national instincts, is brought five hundred miles nearer to the Persian Gulf than she was before. In other words, the seven hundred miles which separated Russia from the Persian Gulf have, with the consent of her rival, been reduced to two hundred miles. England no longer has any right to object should Russia construct a railway or railways which would carry her troops to a point from which one week's forced marching would bring them to the Persian Gulf.

It is not outside the realm of possibilities that the very liberal concessions made by England are intended as a means of permitting Russia and Germany to antagonize each other over Northeastern Persia and Asia Minor. The concession for the Bagdad Railway has brought Germany into the field as a competitor not only for trade in Asia Minor and Persia, but as an aspirant for political domination in the part of Persia to the north of the Persian Gulf. Just how strong a hold Germany already has is difficult to estimate. Yet it may be considered by England as sufficient to warrant her in playing the two rivals against each other, and in that way saving her own energies for other work. This, however, would be a confession of weakness, as it would be a resort to the tactics so familiar in the hands of Turkey and China, and would be almost fatal to her prestige in Persia, and, in fact, throughout Asia. To the Oriental nations, the making of concessions are rarely interpreted as an evidence of liberality or statesmanship, but rather as an unmistakable evidence of weakness and fear. Nor is the tendency to measure strength by success confined to the Orient, though perhaps more pronounced there than elsewhere. It is also characteristic of the weak to despise weakness and worship strength.

There is another supposition which may possibly enable us to account for the fact that Russia secured the lion's share in this treaty—it is

this: England may have considered that she could well afford to be liberal with Russia in Persia in order to detach her from Germany, and thus completely isolate the latter in Europe. That is, the present treaty may be looked at not as an isolated agreement, but as one of a series which England has entered into in the last five years, the purpose of which has been the isolation of Germany. In other words, the exigencies of European, rather than Asiatic, politics may have furnished the motive. Looked at from this point of view, Russia's weakness was a help rather than a hindrance, as it is now considered safe to strengthen her, and, from the standpoint of the preservation of the balance of power in Europe, it is desirable to strengthen her. This is probably the explanation.

Yet, to my mind, no one or all of the above reasons are sufficient to warrant the concessions made by England. I cannot justify them from the standpoint of British interests, and am forced to deprecate them when considered from the larger standpoint of their bearing upon the advancement of the world's civilization. For no one, who is at all familiar with what England and Russia have done toward promoting liberty and progress in the lands over which they have extended their influence can reach the conclusion that the highest interests of mankind would be benefited by an increase of Russian, at the expense of English, spheres of influence, or by Russian rather than English control of trade routes.

But whatever may be our judgment as to the effect of the treaty upon the interests of the parties to it, there can be little doubt that it marks the doom of Persia. For some time the territorial integrity of Persia, like that of Turkey, has rested upon dissensions among her protectors. To use a figure of speech, while there was a strong repulsion between the upper and the nether millstones, Persia was comparatively safe, but now that repulsion has given way to an opposite force, the pulverizing process is reasonably sure to take place—in fact, it is already taking place.

The immediate cause for the present outbreak and dethronement of the Shah, Mohammed Ali, is the failure of the Shah to respect the terms of the constitution which he had granted. He persisted in regarding the Medjliss, or parliament, which had been established under the constitution, as a mere puppet. This treatment was resented by the Medjliss, and it seems to have better backing than the Shah. The wave of democracy now sweeping over the world has affected the ideas of a considerable portion of the Persian people. True, very few of them have any clear conception of what parliamentary government means, but yet they want parliamentary government.

Among the champions of a parliament and a constitution are the Bakhtiari. And this is an important fact. Not because they are more

enlightened than the other tribes, but because they include the only real soldiers in Persia. Without soldiers, the reactionary element represented by the late Shah, stands no chance. The rule of Mohammed Ali has therefore become impossible, because he does not command the good will of his subjects, and does not control the physical force necessary to rule them against their will. An idea of his breadth of mind and fitness to rule a modern State can be formed from the following rescript to reactionary Moslem priests: "Now that you have declared that the establishment of a Medjliss is contrary to the laws of Islam and therefore have pronounced it to be unlawful, and now that the Mollahs in the provinces have by letter and telegrams pronounced it to be unlawful, we have, this being the case, changed our mind and shall never again mention the name of such an institution."

But the disposition of Mohammed Ali is but a step in the solution of the problem. To construct a government capable of rendering the service which a government should render is a much more difficult matter. To all appearances, the outlook is not at all encouraging. A wide diffusion of intelligence is the prerequisite to the successful working of any form of popular government. Yet in Persia the great mass of people are uneducated and ignorant. The empire is practically without a school system worthy of the name. The education of all but a very few of the people consists in being taught to read the Koran. It is very doubtful if any system of education controlled by priests will ever fit a people for the management of their political institutions.

Not only are the masses ignorant, they lack interest in political affairs. A large percentage of them are wanting in national spirit. They do not feel that the welfare of the people of another section of the empire is a matter of any consequence to them. This indifference to the fate of their fellow citizens in other parts of the State has become a habit of thought, and, like all other habits, cannot be changed in a day. Until a political consciousness, which lies at the basis of all patriotism, can be developed, it is useless to hope for any scheme of popular government to work successfully. The successful working of any democratic form of government requires not only an intelligent comprehension of its nature and importance, but also a degree of sacrifice which will never be made by a people who do not feel that the welfare of each part of the State is a matter of concern to every other part. One might as well expect a Hottentot to run a steam engine successfully, as to expect a people to operate successfully governmental machinery of whose nature and possibilities they are ignorant. It is likewise useless to expect co-operation where there is not a sense of unity.

That the appreciation of representative institutions has not taken very deep root in the Persian mind may be judged from the fact that while the constitution provided for a National Council of one hundred and fifty-six members, and allotted thirty of these to Teheran, there were in that body but one hundred and eleven members, fifty-two of whom were from Teheran. Such a packed assembly would not be tolerated by a people alive to their political rights and the meaning of constitutional government. Constitutions, as a guarantee of popular rights, get their meaning not from the incident of their existence, but from the fact of their observance.

Bad government has been of such long duration in Persia that it has left its imprint upon several phases of Persian life. This is particularly noticeable in regard to the industrial life. One of the prime necessities to economic progress is a development of means of communication. The road-builder is the advance agent of prosperity. Hence, the opening and keeping open of the "King's highway" should be one of the first cares of a State. Yet so little attention has been given this subject by the Persian government that there are not a dozen good wagon roads in Persia, and the caravan routes are, except in a very few cases, merely trails. And it is an astonishing fact that although Persia is one of the oldest civilized States, a State of 628,000 square miles area and nine million population, she has but six miles of railway. Though the States of the Western Hemisphere have a civilization less than one tenth as old, there is not one of them with which, in this respect, Persia does not suffer by comparison. When we recall the importance of good roads to the political as well as the economic life of a nation, we begin to get some idea of the inefficiency and shortsightedness of the Persian government. The framers of the new constitution for Persia would do well to copy into that instrument the provisions in the Constitution of the United States in regard to establishing post roads.

The effects of a lack of roads and a primitive system of taxation are clearly seen in the statistics of Persian commerce. Though Persia has an area of 628,000 square miles and nine million people, her exports are but equal to those of the Hawaiian Islands, which have an area of 6,449 square miles and a population of less than two hundred thousand, or but a trifle over one per cent. of the area, and two per cent. of the population of Persia. The total foreign commerce of Persia is practically the same as that of Porto Rico, which has but a trifle over one half of one per cent. as great an area, and it is only within the past ten years that the productive powers of Porto Rico have shown a normal development. Other comparisons might be made, but it would simply furnish cumu-

lative evidence, which is not required except upon doubtful propositions.

The police and judicial systems of Persia have become so hopelessly bad that they no longer furnish an adequate protection to life and property. When a government fails in this primary function for which governments are established, a crisis has been reached, some decisive action is imperative; because it is not simply the lives and property of Persians which are endangered, but those of foreigners as well. It is useless to consider a State as an isolated unit. The development of communication between the different parts of the world and the advantage to be derived from international commerce have rendered intercourse between States inevitable. National isolation is therefore out of the question—a State must be considered as a part of the world about it.

Whether or not there is sufficient vitality in the Persian nation to establish a government which will fulfill its duty to its own citizens and the obligations which it owes to other States is a question which time alone can answer. But too much time cannot be allotted for the purpose. Over-delay will mean interference from the outside, which Persia is helpless to prevent. Not only are her finances in such shape as to make it impossible for her to offer effective resistance, but her people seem to have lost their soldierly instincts. This is well illustrated by a recent military episode in Teheran. The Nationalist party suspected the Shah of contemplating a *coup d'état*, and threw into Teheran 10,000 armed men to forestall the move. These entrenched themselves in and about the Mosque of Sipahsalar, and began a vigorous and determined bombardment of the Imperial army with written threats, which was promptly returned in kind. Then both armies hastened messages to the Legations, urging them to interfere and prevent bloodshed.

It is reasonably safe to conclude that Persia is not at present prepared for parliamentary government except in homeopathic doses. The wave of democracy which is leaving no shores unlashd has caused an unrest in Persia, but has not supplied the people with the ability to create institutions fitted to meet the demands of modern life. The fact that the Persian people have submitted for more than a century to the rule of the Kajar dynasty, which was a foreign dynasty, and that when finally the revolution against it came it was not of Persian origin, but "made in Russia," is tolerably conclusive evidence that Persia has neither the spirit nor the determination to regenerate its political institutions.

As the disorders are now mainly confined to the northern part, i. e., within the Russian sphere of influence, what is reasonably sure to happen

is that Russia will feel compelled to interfere to put down the revolution of her own making, and leave a sufficient number of troops there to prevent a recurrence of the disorders, until such time as disorders are necessary to serve the purposes of Russia. In the meantime, she will complete her control over Persian finances. Persia's extremity seems to be Russia's opportunity. At present there appears to be no escape from this partial solution of the question—Persia is too weak to offer effective resistance, and the chances of international complications with other powers are not great enough to deter Russia.

Edwin Moxey.

WITCHERY

BY MADISON CAWEIN

SHE walks the woods, when evening falls,
With spirits of the winds and leaves;
And to her side the soul she calls
Of every flower she perceives.

She walks with introspective eyes
That see not as the eyes of man,
But with the dream that in them lies,
And which no outward eyes may scan.

She sits among the sunset hills,
Or trails a silken skirt of breeze,
Then with the voice of whippoorwills
Summons the twilight to the trees.

She blows the glowworm lamps a-glare,
And hangs them by each way like eyes;
Then, mid the blossoms, everywhere
She rocks to sleep the butterflies.

She calls the red fox from his den,
And, hollowing to her mouth one hand,
Halloos the owlets in the glen,
And hoots awake the purple land.

She claps a nightcap of the dew
On every rosy clover-head;
And on the lily, pale of hue,
She slips a gown while still in bed.

With kisses cool of drowsy mist
She thrills each wildflower's heart with June;
And, whispering gold and amethyst,
Sighs legends to them of the moon.

She bids the black bat forth, to be
The courier of her darker moods;
She mounts the moon-imp, Mystery,
And speeds him wildly through the woods.

She crowds with ghosts the forest walks;
And with the wind's dim words invokes
The spirit that forever talks
Unto the congregated oaks.

She leans above the flying stream:
Her starry gaze commands it stay:
And in its lucid deeps a dream
Takes shape and glimmers on its way.

She rests upon the lichened stone,
Her moonbeam hair spread bright around:
And in the darkness, one by one,
The unborn flowers break the ground.

She lays her mouth, like some sweet word,
Against the wild-bird's nest that swings:
And in the speckled egg, that heard,
The young bird stirs its wings and sings.

In her all dreams find permanence;
All mysteries that trance the soul:
And substance, that evades the sense,
Through her wood-magic is made whole.

Oh, she is lovelier than she seems,
To any one whose soul may see:
But only they who walk with dreams
Shall meet with her and know 'tis she.

Madison Cawein.

RECOGNITION

BY F. V. KEYS

THEY were sitting alone together, in the twilight.

In the deep leather chair which was his by tacit consent, he rested at ease in front of the windows, wide open on to the garden. She sat a yard or two away, turned toward the room, in the low chair she was in the habit of drawing up to the lamp in the winter evenings, to finish, in a rapid hour's work, the day's sewing, and then to a book or writing letters. She seemed fond of writing letters. Perhaps when engaged on something else she would suddenly rise and fetch her writing-desk and fill several pages with close writing, as absorbing to her as when some topic broached in conversation lit in her a sort of fierce earnestness which disconcerted strangers. At present, in the twilight, she too was doing nothing.

Framed before him in the window, the garden stretched its lawn to the brick wall, topped by the lilacs of the gardens beyond, above which a row of young poplars lifted their sparse foliage. The roof line of the next street was just visible against the solemn blue of the eastern sky. It was late May. The air as it came into the room carried the smell of fresh grass under the dew, of hawthorn, and late wall-flowers. It was difficult to distinguish these several fragrances, for hardly a breath of wind stirred, and in the stillness of evening all exhalations dissolved into a general sweetness. Still, every now and then he could perceive, quite clearly, the wall-flower. He was particularly fond of it. Soon it would be past its bloom, and he should not have its perfume here in the evening for another whole year. Spring itself was nearly over. For that too he should have to wait another year. It was a long time. A spring evening, like this, satisfied one.

There was only one sound out of doors—the rare breeze left even the poplars silent—and none at all within. They had dined earlier than usual to accommodate some departing guests, conventional people, well enough for an hour's chat, but wearisome for a whole day's commerce. He scarcely realized till this moment how glad he was to be rid of them: what a relief the quiet was, and the absence of strangers! They had the whole house to themselves. The children were visiting with friends overnight, and the servants she had sent into the country for some spring delicacy. Outside, a few bird-notes came from the trees. Thrush and blackbird fluted infinitely low; occasionally a starling piped a silver note. It grew softer as the twilight thickened. . . .

Yes, it certainly was pleasant to compose oneself thus at the fall of day, with nothing to impinge upon one's musings. He wondered why he did not do so oftener. There was something indescribably soothing, re-assuring, in the stillness, the familiarity of it all: the room about him, the garden there, which was his own, and the idea of the town beyond, the scene of his work, and his successes. The big world and the incognizable future seemed quite friendly to a man in such a nest, with his wife beside him. For she too had grown familiar to him as a sister, almost as a mother. He could count on her. Suppose now, to-morrow, some one should question the soundness of his methods and theory, and the world should turn against him—a man who commits himself to the written word may be arming a secret enemy in the antipodes: well, she would be for him. Of course, it was a purely hypothetical case: still, it was gratifying to feel that, even in an imaginary crisis, he could rely upon her. . . .

Indeed it had not always been so. For upon the first idyl of their union had followed brusquely that stormy period. He could think of it now—this evening—without harshness; it seemed so long ago, and they two different creatures. There were still occasional disagreements, but quite ordinary ones, which occasioned not the least dismay. At first he had felt both dismay and a deep resentment. How distinctly he could even now bring to mind the day the first tempest broke, and the estrangement that followed it! . . . Just when did the breach close? He could not define the precise day, or even year; a year after all is such a little matter, when you have lived nearly twenty of them together. They must have come together again gradually, by a sort of natural process of growth, insensibly—unconsciously, in fact. What the Germans call *Naturlangsamkeit*. Yes, that was it: Nature did it. If you only will leave things to nature, she will accomplish almost anything. There were the children; and his work, in which she always took a fine, intelligent, almost masculine interest. He had always encouraged her in this. Still, it was certainly a slow process. She was very moody. Frequently she acted like a quite ordinary woman, belying his discernment of her. Then she was difficult to live with. She would look at him, sometimes, as if he was a stranger. That was an inhuman thing for a wife to do to a husband. But he had never told her so. . . .

No doubt one did incur certain risks in making a foreign marriage. . . .

Yet the most intimate friend she had, the one she called in her own tongue the Little Sister, was a country-woman of his. Those two got on marvellously well together. They were both superior women, but the

other had more practical sense, except for her absurd way of humoring Astrid. He too humored her; but then the doctor had cautioned him about her heart: her mother had died of some such weakness. . . . It was a great anxiety to have a delicate wife. . . . Not that one would know it to look at her, or see her work. She was never idle. Not fussy though, for nothing engrossed her, except occasionally a book, and her letters. Any other matter she could always break off, to romp with the children. It was not dignified, but it made them love her terribly. Their friends always wanted to come home with them to play, instead of choosing their own homes, and the children themselves were more eager for it. It made more noise than need be, but he never interfered in her ways with the children. That once, she was so violent! . . . How was it she had never quarreled with the Little Sister? It was not because they thought alike on all things. But Astrid never became violent in discussion with the Little Sister as she would with him—that was what made them give up arguing. These two shared an understanding that had nothing to do with the things they argued about. The Little Sister was a brilliant woman. The evenings she and Astrid arranged together were always successful. And they enjoyed them themselves. So did he, though he could dispense with the dancing that they usually wound up with. The Little Sister said to him: “Let the children dance!” Once the President, who was seventy-five, stood up to a Quadrille. Yes, they were successful evenings. But the other evenings, when there were no guests, were agreeable, too. Sometimes Astrid and the Little Sister sat and sewed, while he read aloud; or they wrote letters, and scarcely uttered a word: but there was harmony in the room. . . . It was a pity the Little Sister lived so distant; they saw her, especially of late, so seldom. It was a real pleasure to anticipate her arrival—true enough, it was to-morrow they expected her, for a long visit. The guest-chamber had been prepared, since yesterday (he enjoyed and noted all such domestic details). It was for her Astrid had been so careful to spray the rose-bushes all month. . . . Curious how some natures let duty depend on inclination. . . . She would be with them in the rose-season. They would probably breakfast and drink tea in the garden. It was a healthy fashion—good for the children; on the whole, he was glad Astrid had introduced it. If only, in the evenings, they might have had again the nightingale that had built its nest last year in the elm in the next garden! How its song used to beat the air, in the moonlight . . . till they met, Astrid’s thoughts would be full of the Little Sister. She was probably thinking of her now, she was so still. . . .

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Suddenly, into his general sense of ease, there entered a new element. His perception of it was so clear, that it almost seemed to have a presence. Yet it did not come like a stranger: on the contrary, it was as the discovery of something always there, only just eluding one's consciousness—something inexpressibly intimate, adorably familiar, the secret life of things about him momentarily apprehended. It was at once acute and pervasive—expanding the heart in his breast with a strange tenderness, mingling with his grateful sense of the quiet and deepening it, blending with the faint languor stealing over him and refining its luxury. As at the touch of a magic finger, the tortuous shell of life opened and showed the core mellow, a centre of consummate peace. Even inanimate things seemed instinct with benignant intention. And not less so the human presence there beside him.

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Unheralded in its approach, the presence passed hardly less unawares; but even as he noted its flight, he marked it as memorable. Had she too been subject to the spell? He turned his head and looked at her, and in the soft colorless light he saw her distinctly.

Her head was bent slightly over her bosom, and her hands were folded in her lap. They were beautiful hands. Even in girlhood they suggested the woman's, shapely, firm, accomplished in the discharge of many things. Her face was profoundly grave, her gaze sealed with abstraction. Even as he looked, her plain features became suffused with a slow, an immense tenderness. Such might be the countenance of one who, brooding on a mountain peak at approach of darkness, had caught in the silence the accent of a loved voice. Was this his wife? or the woman to the girl he had loved? . . .

Evening drew her grey wings closer about him. Shadows deepened in the room. A breeze passed like an arrow through the poplar-crowns, clashing their delicate cymbals. The birds were mute.

He sighed uneasily, and shifted his position instinctively, as if to regain the poise of mind, so exquisite, he owned an instant before. A subtle motion had touched the balance, and unsettled it by a hair's breadth.

What was it? Compunction? There was no cause for it. Did not the very present sanction his course, if it was not pedantry to talk of sanction? Was he not successful—and in no mere material sense; were they not a firm, compact family, entrenched here in this modest nook of property, offering a solid front to be reckoned with by either friend or foe? It was what, in the beginning, he had in secret looked forward to as the consummation of his earthly ambitions—ambitions he was care-

ful should not compromise his interests in a possible hereafter. To build up a background, to strike root deep in his destined environment, to make a comely human place for himself, which he should share with wife and children, with friends and disciples—that had been his first youth's ideal, before his nature had been tampered with by impudent intruders. He had been a thoughtful, forward-looking boy. . . .

For a time, as a young man, he had had other thoughts, another sort of hope; but, that, as he fortunately saw in time, was merely a substitution. He strove to remember more precisely. It was about the time he first met Astrid. He was abroad, and had caught the tone of the youngsters he was living with. They were all, in some form or other, revolutionaries—or reformers. And no wonder. The abuses they were banded against were glaring. No honest man could face them and not see them, nor seeing, refuse to combat. They had noisy meetings, late nights; resolutions invariably were passed before they separated. A few women sometimes came in—the right of the sex to work in the cause was one of their shibboleths. He remembered now it was chiefly in discussing these meetings that he had fallen into the way of seeing a good deal of her. She was independent, a free nature—that was what fascinated him. Unlike the others, she would be bound by no expressed rule, conventional or revolutionary. She would give up a dance to attend a debate, or she would miss a meeting for a concert. She seemed nothing but impulse, and yet there was a consistency too in all her actions. Wherever she was, she was liked. He delighted in her popularity, even shared, for a time, her own indiscriminating enjoyment of it. He would have her exactly as she was. It was not till they were engaged (the word, he remembered, in any language sounded to them grotesquely inadequate) that he began gradually to form her. She was strangely amenable. In view of what followed, it had almost appeared to him there was something not quite honest, something feline, in her sensitiveness to his mere suggestion, nay even to his unexpressed preferences. She read, at his hint, his favorite authors, and would quote them with astounding fluency and appositeness. When asked to sing, she would choose his favorite composers. Her manner became quieter, more reserved, dignified; her very apparel seemed to consult his nicest predilections. Everything about her was harmonious, gratifying. . . .

And so it was when they returned together, for a while. She had a way with his kinsfolk that disarmed criticism. But in her own criticism, expressed in private to himself, she was tactless, to say the least. That was where it began. She perceived too many unsightly things in the constitution of his country and its people, and expressed herself with a

horrible directness that made him an accessory to the indictment. She should have remembered he was no foreigner. He recalled her eyes of astonishment when he warningly reminded her she was one, hence inevitably out of touch with his nation. This she denied, vehemently alleging her enthusiasm for its real greatness. But he could read her case clearly by his own experience. Abroad he had become, quite naturally, a radical; but at home, on deliberation, he found he could not, with conviction, be anything but a liberal. It occurred to him, indeed, that she had been a radical at home, too. It gave him some uneasiness, till he found an answer: all things are relative, and a radical in her country stood to the rest of the community just about as a liberal did to the rest of the parties at home. There he was safe on the solid ground of things as they are, and could smile down her protest that for her radicalism meant an attitude toward the absolute, not before one's contemporaries. This criticising, this foolish talk of the absolute, how worthless and disquieting it all was! The real danger of indulging in criticism at all was that so few know where to stop: presently, having dissected everything, they find themselves, figuratively, in the mire, airless, gasping, a useless and unseemly spectacle. He insisted rather: "Leave things to Nature. She has brought us this far, and will do the rest: meantime she lets you live out your own little life in peace and quiet." Why should he presume to make humanity move? Astrid herself there, what did she succeed in doing beyond worrying him, her husband, robbing him of that centre of quiet which he knew he needed if he was to do his best work? She talked to him about principle. Principle! She had none—it was her mere nature she was following in her perpetual restless opposition to convention. She objected that she had a right to her nature; well then, so had he, and his nature, without Tradition, Principle crystallized in Convention, and the whole torch-bearing body-guard of sanctioned virtues, was a dark and terrifying enigma, whose dominion he rightly and reasonably sought to limit and control. For this nature he was not responsible; for what he did with it, he felt he was. He had been brought up to feel that, from his earliest years, had been trained, too (he was grateful for it) to feel his safety in the broad open road where the great throng of his party walked assured, in view of immemorial guide-posts pointing the direction and moderating the pace. He thanked the disposing powers that he had not been left to step into society at haphazard. With a sort of humble pride he had accepted the possession of what he was fond of calling a Point of View, fashioned for him by careful intelligence acting upon experience for generations before he saw the light, pliable indeed, yet firm enough to resist too crude a handling. That time he was abroad, he had not

really dreamed of altering it radically; he had just, by playing at being other than he was, proved its authority. At least now he was certain that this was the case, all that while he fancied that he was free in his thoughts. He distinctly remembered the sort of half amused dismay that would suddenly tweak him during some boisterous sally out into the plain of Question, with those foreign associates shouldering and shouting beside him—or with Astrid looking into his eyes. It was not a twinge only when, later, he walked the silent streets alone, and sat down in his lodgings with only the Point of View for a companion. Then he had thoughts, and something, somewhere, whispered “sacrilege” . . . Yes, certainly, it was all only pretence—although he was honest enough, his heart was never really in it. All along he knew where he belonged. He would never have forgotten it, had it not been for the strange country, the strange friends (friends!); the strange love, Astrid. Of all that time, she was the sole survival. . . .

He had never thought of it just so, before. He was so glad to be away, immeasurably far, from all that—and she? Was it possible she should regret it? Did she feel as solitary, as intolerably lonely, here and now, as he felt when he companioned his thoughts with these phantoms of long ago? What a strange experience to put yourself, without reserve, in the place of another, particularly of someone quite near to you! It was ghostly, almost ghastly. But surely unnecessary, in this case. Had she not children, moreover? A son almost up to her shoulder; and mothers are notoriously content in such cases. . . .

He stiffened his shoulders against the chair-back, and moved his neck within the collar band, like a man who would breathe more freely. Why should his thoughts drive so down this single channel of memory!

He was about to move definitely, utter something, when the image of her in their first faint approaches, tentative yearnings, suddenly returned upon him, as it were smiting him with its vehement protest of reality as against the phantom-memory he would make of it. She literally moved, spoke, lived before him. Heavens, how he did love her—no, rather how adorable she was! What an almost incredible modesty was hers in the universal commendation, applause, affection tendered her! First for her talents, and then for her way of taking them—her open delight in the delight she caused, as free as a child’s, and like a child’s her gratitude. Then her unforced retirement to the ordinary duties, the routine of her studies—her unconsciousness of being still an object of interest, her accesses of girlish shyness when such interest was forced upon her notice; her delicate free grace in coming and going, her nature expanding in the warmth of the general

approval; and all the while the inner chamber of her bosom remained closed, sealed from even the breath of the tumultuous popular voice commending her. She stood upon the threshold of life, with a sort of inward smile upon her features, without misgiving of the path opening before her—some called it a career. Of her various gifts there was the one that obscured the rest in its capacity to satisfy men's hunger for enjoyment: she could act. The discovery (how real it still was to him!) was made almost by chance, and so had the greater splendor. Her extraordinary simplicity of nature, together with a flexible mind enriched by her studies, would lead her to hitherto unexampled interpretations of character: so argued those believing themselves to be disinterested—men safely harnessed to life-companions, and unattached loquacious persons of her own sex. They professed to see a new era opening for the art, under her patronage of it. It was at this juncture he took alarm. If he would win her, it must be quickly, or she would be snatched beyond his reach. Here too she was guileless, unconscious of man's plotting or nature's contriving. Some wondered whether she knew what a gift she possessed. Her serenity seemed to them inexplicable. He, and one or two others, understood it. She had not yet been confronted with the riddle of the Sphinx. She still was ignorant of the fact that the world did not lock all its gifts in a single hand: that to choose the one, meant, as things now obtain, irrevocably to forego the other. She did not know that the day—it was really evening, just after sunset—that she first permitted herself to look at him, shaped her whole life into something as different as possible from what it might be. Nature in her was merciless, and man—even he himself—knew no ruth. Knowing what she did not know—her sacrifice—he took her; and when she began to perceive, he hid behind a furious blaming of her his own rage and terror at being detected. Yet God would remember how easy had been the betrayal, how nearly unconscious the masking of his own nature! Her very belief in him seemed to cover, like a rich mantle, the nakedness of his own disbelief, and his spirit had felt no shrinking in assuming it. In her presence he was all fire and ideality—expansive, humble, brave; union was the entrance to a freedom and fulness of life hitherto and ever unattainable by either alone. And on the other hand, how abnormally acute his vision for all the sordid and odious accessories clinging like mire to the alternative to which her singular gift and the egoism of others were pressing her! For they, too, would possess her, in their fashion, as completely as he would; but they launched their desires under the shield of Art, more bland a covert than the name of Husband. But she alone would be exposed to the calculating managerial stare; the equivocal plaudits of a multitude

ready to read the baser meaning into the finer passion; the drudgery and the re-action, the paint and wig—faugh! Honestly he had believed that he was saving her from all that when he took the hand placed in his shrinkingly, yet withal confidingly, and made it his forever. Yes, saving her, for what? . . .

His anguish sought to blot out the miserable years, feeling he had the right, for he too had suffered in them. But it was not she, but he, who had prevailed, and benefited by those years of misery. She was the victim, while he thought she was the justification, of his course. She had survived to be his, and his only—the mother of his children, the purveyor for his house, the assistant in his labors, the entertainer of his friends, the witness of his success—such as it was. He used to acknowledge, feeling magnanimous, that more properly it might be said to be their success, seeing she had contributed so much toward its achievement. But now he saw that to say so was a lie. His was not the success she would have won, or chosen to win; nor this the scene of her living, nor these the friends—nor the children? God only knew that. What strange thoughts she must have had at times, and never told him. He had believed he was the only one who had kept certain thoughts to himself, worshiping his own discretion. Now, how large a mystery of unspoken words enveloped her! . . . And friends? . . .

Something within him gave way with a groan. He was no longer master of himself: he was thinking fanatically, frantically, his head buried in his hands.

Out of the scores of shadow-faces that the word “friend” conjured up around him, there was the one living one that challenged and held him. Scarcely a friend of his, this one—a student to whom the favor of personal intercourse had been extended. (His old sense of discretion in the bestowal of such favors passed through him with chill irony.) In this case the favor had been accepted gratefully, humbly almost—an ingenuous fellow, of the stuff disciples are made of. He came, shyly at first, then more and more frequently, expanding, gaining from his own enthusiasm a certain self-possession. What miserable trick of Fate had brought the youth at that time?—when his own thoughts were as bitter and irritable, perhaps, as hers. He felt it an intolerable indignity that a mere boy should come between them. That day he came in and heard their voices mingled, voices and laughter, and a note in hers he knew of old, that stabbed him to the quick. . . . Was it mere vulgar jealousy? Even so, it would not have been unbearable to remember, merely one of the “sordid details” he had saved her from. He still believed he was there to save her, and went about stealthily in his mind, contriving, so he told

himself, an escape for her. And suddenly, without contriving, it was put into his hand. That post in Africa—it was a great opening—the chance of a lifetime—with the chance also of—. No, no, he had not thought of *that*! Only a period of separation, distance between them, time; no more was necessary. Only he indeed, in his far-sightedness, could perceive that there was need even of that. He might return whole and sound, and famous into the bargain, heroic, even, having faced, for the sake of science, ——! It all passed before him with the vividness of a lightning flash across the night: the boy's thanks as he left, and hers, for his magnanimous pushing of the case; his own hearty send-off at the station, where the parents, quite humble people, took leave—good God! how could he have watched unmasked the straining of the woman's shoulders as she embraced her son? . . . And the morning of the telegram a month later, as he read it aloud in her presence, out there in the sunlight in the garden, glad, coward that he was, that there were others, indifferent people, between them; his eyes on her face. Her sensitive features showed the blow, but she never opened her lips, nor once met his eyes. At first he had feared her eyes, then had sought them eagerly, he scarce knew why, but in vain. And all the careful phrases he coined in solitude, inviting discussion, died on the air when he opened his lips in her presence, till the silence of hours was that of days, and months, and years. . . . And suddenly, through the vista of those years as through a cold dark tunnel, he beheld himself inhabiting, of the whole earth, a narrow street. He was born there—fast in the toils carefully woven for him by generations of perversely mistaken dead. That was all the Point of View had meant for him. Go wherever he might, he never emerged from that street. There, from their mean houses, he felt his neighbors watching his coming and going, his doing and leaving, with cold evil eyes. In all his actions as a human being, in the relations of his private life, he had never escaped their insolent tyranny. Consciously or unconsciously, his whole course had been determined by the secret motive of baffling their malevolence. Their scale of virtues was one of graduated selfishness—of hatred, in the last analysis, as they betrayed it by their fear and avoidance of the very name of love. Of all possible interpretations of which an act or a word was capable, they had whispered to him the worst as the test, ultimately, of its nature. And there where their intrusion was most intolerable, their tyranny was most absolute—there where his entire and inmost self was involved, in the most complex and inviolably individual of all experiences. Under cover of their impudent and craven denial of the fact of sex in its natural sphere, they shamelessly obtruded it into every province of life, and every moment of existence,

arrogating the right to vulgarize it, villify it, betray it, and then judge it, in their daily converse.

This was his world.

Where had been his trusted guard of law and sacred custom, ceremonial? Betrayed, cast off, alone with the horrid Act, now in the dark first clearly apprehended, he stooped, in his blind terror, to the last ignoble escape. "Astrid!"

The strange new voice that was his terrified him. It was quite dark now, but he could distinguish the motionless lines of her figure.

"Astrid!" he almost screamed, a sort of rage at her strange connivance in his torture mingling with his terror and self-loathing. "Astrid! You must listen to me, speak to me . . . confession—forgive!" . . .

But she answered never a word.

* * * * *

As, in a flash, the meaning of her silence came to him, the mob of his passions fell silent and vanished as at the voice of supreme command. He was conscious only of a vast, an intense, calm within him and about him, as if earth and all the planets had suspended motion to listen and witness. He was merged into one clear intelligence, its attention fixed on himself. The outcry of the stricken creature might be by-and-by: this was the hour for understanding. Her whom presently men would speak of as dead, he already knew as immortal. Only she had escaped him, by this flight so far, swift, unawares, and irrevocable. So timely was it, as almost to seem voluntary, the crowning act of a life, as he saw it now, of incredible discretions. For already he saw her life as something absolute, in the lucid proportions conferred by the close. It was just that she should have evaded the complicity in his abasement he would have forced upon her, and the sequent degraded years. His confession looked at him with its own monstrous features—the brute instinct that prompted him to relieve the horror of his own mind by infecting hers. She had known his act from the beginning, not as his crawling fear would paint it, but in the clear solemn light of her own nature. She neither judged him nor excused him; but from that moment she had changed to him, had ceased to wrangle, ceased to entreat, ceased to urge his acceptance of her faith, seeing him betrayed to death by the gods he had trusted. She had walked beside him as beside a man condemned, who was advancing unwittingly to the execution of his doom; hence that strange forbearance that had at times perplexed him, the sudden silences that fell, the brooding glances, when she thought herself unperceived. She saw the alternative confronting him—this hour of awakening, or the eternal oblivion that meant death.

He had awakened, to what purpose?

For an instant, through a rift in the onrushing cloud of desolation, there broke on him a memory of the world he had forfeited—her world.

He could not define it, except that it was different. He had not lived long with her before he began to perceive that all the forms of things, history, the arts and literatures of men, wore to her an aspect that was subtly but profoundly strange to him. Words did not mean the same things. The overt language of acts, even, was hopelessly obscure. If he could have put his finger on the difference, defined it, everything would have been changed. But he could not. If to-day he thought he had the clue, to-morrow he had lost it. The dreadful thing was that once he had lived in that world—for how short a moment!—as a native of it: in the morning of his loving her. He had felt both uplifted and secure, as if virtue must be the condition of any experience—and the number was unlimited—that might meet him in a world freshly apprehended and unexplored. But the moment he insisted, just, he said for practical purposes, on reading the world in his old way, the new meaning evaded him, forever.

Why could she too not escape him? Why had he, the captive, been permitted to ensnare this free creature and fetter her, a stranger, bewildered, lonely, often sick for home, to his self-satisfied progress to defeat? Nature, conceiving deeply and divinely, had framed her to walk her human ways securely and joyfully, to the confirming of the spirited and the confounding of the craven among the throng that creep and stumble on the road. Scattered, isolated in that throng were her equals, who might have preserved for their great human uses her grave clear reasonableness, her ardor, her courage, her undaunted truthfulness. Perhaps, that one so skilfully betrayed might have been the rescuer, not only of her, but of himself. For he too had been betrayed. What dreadful conspiracy of nature or of man had made it possible that his own mere misfortune should become an irreparable wrong against a fellow-creature? . . .

The protest rose as a cry to his lips; and as the sound flooded his mind with the anguish of the present, he seemed to hear retreating from him the voices that might have answered him. Outside, the stillness of the summer night appeared to ponder, seriously, intently, or perhaps only indifferently, his passionate question.

F. V. Keys.

WASTE

BY BRIAN HOOKER

SHE turned from the screened mirror to glance at the clock. It was not like other clocks: a square, humorously ugly box of brass, with instead of a dial an oblong slot like a street-car indicator, on which the figures of hour and minute clicked into place as if an invisible conductor were ringing up fares. As the girl watched it, a six and two zeros winked into the places of two fives and a nine, the transition emphasized by the tongue of a dull bell. The girl fumbled with her free hand among a mouthful of hairpins and eclipsed herself behind the screen.

Outside, the blue autumn twilight was making mystery of Chelsea. A blur of human noises beat upward from the pavement. An elevated train howled down Ninth Avenue, and the girl went quickly to the window and hung over the sill, peering westward through the dusk. Presently she drew in again, lit the gas deliberately, and returned to the mirror for a final survey of her most intimate work of art. No delicacy of enhancement could have made even prettiness of that face, with its big, humorous mouth and wide-set, boyish eyes; but the dusky, bronze-glinted opulence of her hair was modelled to subtlest harmony of impression; the soft black silk deepened her eyes and subdued her freckled cheekbones, and the thin gold chain looped around her throat said the last word to the virgin sweep of breast and shoulder. The clock clicked. She turned out all but the big drop-light on the table, drew the Japanese screen, and bustled about the studio, banishing stray combs and palette-knives, kicking a canvas farther under the couch, and dragging a battered tabaret under the light for the tea-things.

The clock clicked. A door banged far below, and steps echoed on the stairs. The girl stood suddenly tense in every rich line of her, pressing the copper spirit-lamp she held incongruously to her breast. The step passed her door; she relaxed with a self-critical chuckle, and went on with her arrangements. These completed, she spread herself in the morris-chair and divided her attention between the clock and a magazine. But the regular iteration of the minutes obtruded itself more and more; and presently, she slapped the magazine down on the table with nervous violence, and fell to staring at the lamp, and picking absently at a spot of ochre on her left forefinger.

The chattering of the electric bell brought her to her feet, wide-eyed. She moved a little dizzily to the button that released the street door, then settled herself elaborately back into her chair. The clock

clicked. She answered the knock with a burlesquely intoned "Come i-in!" and before the door half opened, she was laughing on the threshold shaking hands profusely.

"Hello, Max! Wher've you kept yourself all summer? Good to see you again!"

"Hello, Billy." The man's eyes slowly perceived generalities. "It's good to be here. Same old tea-party, I see. How are you?" He turned vaguely about, hat in hand.

"Over there, old sleepy-mind! Same place! Have you forgotten your way around?" Then, as he turned to put aside hat and stick, the girl glanced at her right hand. Three purple bruises between the fingers corresponded to her rings. She touched the hand to her lips with a queer little smile, then plunged into triviality.

"Ravenous, as usual, of course . . . here, don't stand. Take the couch—I've got to get the food . . . how've you been—everything right?"

"All right enough." He watched her vaguely as she moved about the room. "Where was the party, Billy?"

"Party?—oh!" she straightened unconsciously. "Do I generally look as sloppy as all that? I don't call that a compliment . . . here—begin on this. You're the party."

It was no afternoon-tea sandwich, but a solid, masculine chunk of brown bread and cold tongue. She produced from cupboards and window-sill slices of chicken; a fantastic salad; and marmalade in a green crackle-ware bowl. Then, lighting the spirit-lamp, she settled into the morris-chair opposite.

"You're not eating anything yourself," he said presently.

"Yes I am—loads. Try an olive. . . . There—is that right?" She handed him his cup.

"Fine—thanks. . . . How's the work going?"

"I'm beginning to arrive a little. I'm in the exhibition this December—are you proud of me?" She leaned forward a trifle.

"I always was, Billy, since you were that high. I knew you'd make good. That's great."

"Max, I wish you'd call me Isabel."

"Why—I will, if I can remember . . . but what for?"

"Nothing. Never mind—I don't wish anything of the sort, really. . . . I've always been Billy, haven't I? . . . Are you ready to smoke?"

He did not notice particularly that the cigarette was of his favorite brand. As she leaned over to light it for him, his eye fell on a tiny gold key that dangled from her chain, and he took hold of it curiously.

"Where did you get that?" he asked.

"Why, you gave it to me yourself, years ago—crazy! Don't you remember?"

"Sure, what's the matter with me. You see—" He broke off, staring absently at the clock, still holding her by the chain. The girl shot a quick glance at his eyes. The whites were not in the least suffused, nor the pupils dilated.

"Max," she said quietly, "What is the matter? You usually tell me, don't you?"

He smiled at her under knitted brows. "I know I do, only . . . this isn't very easy to tell." He was looking past her now. "You've always been everything I needed—as good as a mother—only . . . this is different—Isabel. . . ."

A little thrill ran over the girl's body as a breeze over still water. Her eyes widened. The tiny gold key lay between them in the hollow of the man's hand, the chain that held it tightening and relaxing with the quick surge of her breast.

"Tisn't so hard to tell me things—is it, Max?"

The clock clicked. The man dropped the trinket, wrung his hand across his eyes, and groped into speech.

"I guess I've messed up my life, Billy, that's all. The old thing you read about—I got myself engaged this summer—and then she found out I wasn't the one, and then—smash. That's all. And . . . and they're going to be married Christmas, and I'm going to Manila on that Government job. I've got it all fixed." He lit a cigarette awkwardly, and began to walk blindly about the room. "I'm not squealing, you know. It had to happen—I see that all right. I'm not going to lie down—only . . . I've got to get somewhere where I won't be reminded, that's all. . . . God, what an old fool I've been!"

The girl's face was quite expressionless. She had somehow grown plainer; her freckles were more evident.

"Tell me about it," she said dryly.

"There's nothing to tell." He sat down again and stared at his hands. "It was sort of first sight, I guess. I never believed in all that sort of bosh before, but—we found out we cared about each other and then . . . oh, things happened; and he was her own age and her own kind, and I was club-footed and tactless—that's all. She'd known him all her life, and the folks liked him."

"Wasn't she worth fighting for?" the girl asked deliberately.

The man laughed—a harsh, hopeless laugh.

"Do you suppose I wouldn't have killed him if it had been any use?"

he said. "You don't understand, Billy." He threw away his cigarette with an impatient growl, and brushed a fallen ash from his coat.

"I suppose not . . . Let me see the letter."

"How did you know?—Billy, I can't."

"Let me see it. I've a right."

He drew out a thumbed envelope. As she took it a tiny gold key dropped out and rolled across the floor. The man snatched it up eagerly. The girl did not appear to have noticed. She was holding the letter before her face to get a better light on the thin, unformed writing. He watched her closely while she read, turned the pages, and began afresh. The clock clicked, and he glanced toward it.

"Same old clock," he said, "I should think you'd get tired of it."

She folded the sheets reverently, and returned them.

"It's no use, Max . . . She's shut the door."

The man nodded. "You understand now, don't you?" he said.

"I think so—Max, tell me you believe that—if you had any chance left—any chance—and I knew it—tell me you believe I'd tell you."

"Why, of course, I do—why shouldn't you?"

"Thank you, Max."

His puzzled look gradually relaxed into vacancy. After a moment he said: "She had a trick of leaning her cheek against the back of my hand . . . she was so pretty, Billy."

The girl pressed her hand against her cheek. "You'll get over it," she said.

"Of course, I will. Does that make it any better?"

"You've got work ahead of you, though."

"Sure I have—I'm good for thirty or forty more years . . . and I'll be all over this in a year or two." He rose. "I've worried you enough with my fool troubles, I guess, Billy. You've been awfully white about it—I'm ashamed of myself for being so leaky, but—it's done me good to let it out to somebody, somehow." He moved toward the door. "I'll see you again some time before I sail."

"You'd better not. You'd get remembering again."

"I guess that's right. Well—good-bye, old fellow."

"Good-bye, dear old boy. Work like thunder and . . . Max, remember you mustn't lose your sand . . . no, the other latch. . . . Can you find your way down those old stairs? . . . all right—God bless you!"

The street door banged. After a few minutes, the girl turned away from the window. She lit the gas, deliberately, and stood for some time staring at herself in the mirror. An elevated train howled down Ninth Avenue, and a solitary cab rattled unrhythmically down the street. The

horse stumbled and recovered in turning the corner. She turned to glance at the clock. It was only seven minutes of nine. She walked across to the table. A fork was tilted over the edge of the plate of cold chicken, and two cigarette butts lay soaking in the dregs of a green teacup.

The clock clicked. The girl started slightly, and stood looking at it, holding the tiny gold key against her breast with both hands. There was an odd suggestion in her attitude of the way a mother holds her child.

The clock clicked again. It would go on clicking out the minutes sixty to the hour, twenty-four hours to the day, three hundred and sixty-five days to the year. . . . She snatched the clock suddenly from the mantel, and threw it with all her strength against the brickwork of the fireplace. It did not fly theatrically into fragments, but rolled face upward with a tinkle of glass, and lay there curiously unaltered in appearance. She stood a moment looking quietly down at it.

"I can't understand God," she said.

Brian Hooker.

MIDNIGHT IN EUROPE, TWILIGHT IN NEW YORK

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

THE Old World sleeps.
Over the wall of sea, dusky and wild—
Where the great tempest sweeps
Untrammelled, as a god that leaps
Forward to kiss the laughing wave, his love—
The New World, like a sleepy child
Whose small diurnal round is run,
Turns, too, her fair face from the sun.

The Old World sleeps, and in the dome above
The midnight constellations gleam
Over the shadowy shores, over the silent stream.
The mighty river dumbly flows.
By friendly wharves, the vessels dark,
Save one dim spark
That high upon the masthead glows,
In spectral solitude repose.
The red-roofed thorps, 'neath linden-bough and oak,
Clustered like berries in their leafy cloak,
Dim at the foot of some north-warding hill,
Sleep in a dreamless slumber and are still.
Over the breathing fields the wooded knolls,
Kindly as some old nurse keep zealous guard.

No light nor sound—only at intervals
A fettered comet, many-starred,
That on its steely path through the still country rolls
With distant thunder and the whistle's calls.
The Old World sleeps.
Dim, storied cities, indolent
With dreams and placid self-content;
Where even Time her hasting wings
Folds, and with generous hand o'er spire and wall,
O'er crooked street and dingy court and empty manor-hall,
Her sweetest gift, her veil of mystery flings;
Cities, where jarring progress creeps
And wise professors still prefer
Nodding o'er Latin roots with two or three
Than in the outer world's unresting stir
Wringing from multitudes an immortality:
Mute by their turgid streams the dreaming cities lie.
Scarcely the tired night-watch their vigil keep;
Even these cities sleep.

Only in giant capitals the night
Brings not the silence and the well-earned rest.
Garish above them hangs the light
Mirrored from thoroughfares and wide cafés
And dazzling signboards hanging in midair
That undulating blaze.
An indistinguishable hum
Of many voices fills the street,
Where the defiled,
The idle, painted, overdressed,
The innocent, the fond beguiled,
The Jew, the Gentile, on a level meet,
And prince and pauper's child,
In Night's delirium.
In restaurants the tired musicians play
Through the long night again and yet again
The numbing strain
Of some light waltz that has its day.
The women chatter as they go in pairs,
Or on the corners singly stand and watch
The endless press

Of petty clerks, of millionaires,
Of pallid youths whose tale is told at twenty,
Of idle lookers-on at life who gaze but never guess
That underneath the very wickedness
Is anguish, dread and loneliness a-plenty;
That underneath the habit of desire
Lives something higher
Than passing cynic eyes may catch—
A gleam of God beneath the scars,
A flickering, aching longing for the stars.
Yet, once again the whirlpool drags the forms
Onward and downward to the crags and storms.
Midnight and dusk—the New World goes to rest.
Midnight is here, but overseas the day
Still hangs upon her mother's breast
An instant while the sunbeams play
On churches' glimmering vanes,
And higher yet and higher
Burst to fire
Copper and golden on the window-panes
Of slender buildings towering o'er the bay.
Even in the great metropolis, the May
Has entered now in girlish loveliness.
In the dark churchyard where the dead
Sleep undisturbed in the engirding press
Of titan warfare and the meaner stress
Of broods that daily battle for their bread—
The elms rise up out of the desert's core
And brightly clothe their naked boughs once more.
Over the graves the young grass springs,
The robins hop from mound to mound;
And now the twilight brings
An end to whirr of feet and clanging traffic's sound.
From every portal streams the eager horde—
Old men and young, women as strong as they,
Courageous as the Amazons in fray,
Counting no man their lord;
But playing each and each her part:
Honor to them! for they are strong of heart.

Out of the gates, women and men and boys,

Homeward they go out of the battle's moil—
Vigorous, free, bred at their birth to toil,
Toil in their eyes, and in their ears the noise
Like a sweet music, of the city's life,
Stirring their youth to strife.

And now the mighty buildings sleep.
Like insects through the gorge-like streets, in clouds
To north, to east, to west the thousands sweep.
The riverboats are black with crowds.
See, how they dot the slanting bridge and pass
Into the lighted cabins, how they mass
On the wide decks, shoulder to shoulder stand
While the chains rattle and the quick gong sounds.
Out of the dock's great open jaws, the boat
Moves to the farther strand.
A city's population is afloat,
Passing at twilight from the narrow bounds
Of its captivity—but to go back
Upon the morrow to the wheel and rack.
Like ghosts that melt before the sun
The city's toilers when the day
Nods to the night and work is done
Into the twilight fade away.
The peopled towers and the populous streets
Deserted lie as though an age had passed
Since man had last
Marked them with triumphs and defeats.
Dark silence and the memory of woe
Hold concourse in that place, and chill and low
Run whispers of man's hunger and man's greed,
His sorry crowns, his bitter wounds that bleed;
And ghosts are there, huge shapes and things that move.
But not in street or by-street, not in the towers above
That one face undisfigured, the face of kindly love.

*The Old World sleeps, and overseas
The New World lays her tools aside.
Night is about you! Night the fever-eyed,
Night shall appease.
Children of two worlds—rest at ease.*

Hermann Hagedorn.

BOOK REVIEWS

LOOKING AND FORWARD BACKWARD IN MUSIC*

BY FREDERICK R. BURTON.

MUSIC has come to one of those stages in its history where it pauses in some uncertainty for a moment, and strives to take account of itself. Its symptoms of unrest and doubt are manifested in the rather general complaint of professional critics concerning the undue complexity of contemporaneous works, in the fact that the works themselves frankly contravene accepted canons of the art, thus bringing us to face the necessity of deducing new laws of form, or of relegating the most imposing creations of the day to the scrap heap, and finally, in an output of books that cannot clearly be classified in a single sentence but that indicate a deep searching on the part of their authors into the nature of music, and that look, some of them forward and some of them backward, for the truth.

In the general cry over the art there are audible voices of recalcitrants who would, if they could, ride across the country in stage coaches to hear the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart. Such are always with us, no matter what the century, and they count little, one way or the other, in shaping the course of the art. There are also those who venture openly to condemn the foremost exponents of musical modernism, but their voices are not very loud, or insistent; their exceptions are taken with a deal of discretion, and there flutters in their utterances a chastened note of reserve which may be traced unfailingly to the mortification of those Don Quixotes of criticism who, within the memory of living man, abolished Wagner and his works from the face of the earth. The prevailing tone of the current literature of music appears to be one of inquiry rather than of assertion; we collate and examine the facts of the past with a view to deduce some rule of development whereby we may be sure not so much as to the future of music as to the value of its present manifestations.

The Threshold of Music. By William Wallace. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Psychology of Singing. By David C. Taylor. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Evolution of Modern Orchestration. By Louis Adolphe Coerne, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Analysis of the Evolution of Musical Form. By Margaret H. Glyn. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

Four books are at hand that, in different ways, give expression to this uneasiness and uncertainty with respect to the art. They are more diversely provocative of comment than might be expected in view of the basic similarity of their subject matter. In the first place, it is inconceivable that four analogous books could be written with regard to any other art. Although man probably learned to sing from the stars that faded into oblivion æons before the first savage listened to the twanging of his bowstring or made a whistle from a reed, the art of music is young, and the volumes, already countless, that have been written about it have been given mostly to wondering speculation, one generation solving the problems that mystified its immediate predecessor only to stagger blindly before problems that yield to the generation following. Sculpture, painting, the various forms of literary art, these long ago became established, and debate now is concerned only with admittedly temporary diversions of the current. Nobody dreams that the *Odyssey* will some day be forgotten, or the masterpieces of Phidias regarded as childish efforts, but there are not wanting sober writers who affirm that Beethoven is and ever will be out-of-date. Not only are we uncertain as to the permanence of compositions that have already stood the test of a century or two, but the very nature of music eludes us. There seem to be as many definitions as there are writers about it. Perhaps, if the truth were known, every man has his own definition, and, in the words of Kipling relative to patriotic lays, "Every blessed one of them is right."

The day distinguished by Strauss and Debussy would be imperfect if there lacked a powerful literary champion of the movement in music represent by them. Mr. William Wallace's *The Threshold of Music* is not obviously a defence of these and similar composers, but it does, nevertheless, champion their cause in a way that is not only worthy of it but that reflects credit on the art of music generally, little though we may be convinced by the author's argument. We bow to Mr. Wallace as to an adversary whose skill and strength must be respected, who must be taken into account in any future discussions of the larger theories of music. He would have us believe that we have but now arrived at the threshold of music, that we have not yet crossed it, and that the race will one day look back with pitying condescension on those who worshiped so childish a master as Beethoven. His argument is largely metaphysical, but he dwells long on the evolution of the orchestra whereby the possibilities of musical expression have been vastly enlarged in recent times; and, as if to supply the thinking musician with the means of keeping pace with Mr. Wallace, Dr. Louis Adolphe Coerne brings forward his *Evolution of Modern Orchestration*, a historical work in which the tone of inquiry is

very noticeable. Mr. Wallace has his gaze fixed immovably ahead; in another department of the art we find Mr. David C. Taylor looking as fixedly backward, for in his *Psychology of Singing*, we learn that the only true way of training the singing voice is that known as the old Italian method, the secret of which lapsed from human knowledge generations ago and became a lost art, and that Mr. Taylor has rediscovered it. In the fourth book, *Analysis of the Evolution of Musical Form*, Miss Margaret H. Glyn undertakes to provide a new theory in the light of which not only the music of the past but of the future may be understood more clearly than is or would be possible under the present conditions of imperfect nomenclature and mistaken assumptions.

Whatever may be the matter with the art of music it would be entirely proper to deduce from these books, omitting Mr. Wallace's for the moment, that something was wrong with the education of those who undertake to write about it. Mr. Krehbiehl has supplied an introduction to Dr. Coerne's book which informs us that the subject matter, in connection with the full score of an opera, was accepted by Harvard University as the author's thesis for his doctor's degree. This was the first occasion when Harvard bestowed the Ph.D. for special work in music. It appears further that the opera, "Zenobia," was accepted for production in Germany, and that it actually came to performance there. Dr. Coerne, therefore, has the distinction of being the only American composer who has written a grand opera that attained to the success of a European production, and this fact, a significant tribute to his musicianship, should be borne in mind in connection with the discussion of his book.

There can be no doubt as to the desirability of such a work as is suggested by the title. Its appeal, naturally, would be limited, and its most appreciative readers would be students of orchestration, that is to say, composers. It is thinkable that here and there might be a cultivated man who included the theory of music among the matters worthy of his superficial attention, but even such a reader would demand no popularization of the subject. In other words, willingness to read about the evolution of orchestration presupposes sufficient special knowledge to enable the reader to understand the necessarily though not severely technical character of such a work. The book is opened hopefully for the reason that there is not an overplus of good works on orchestration, and because no other covers the ground in quite the way attempted by Dr. Coerne. Unhappily one cannot read more than a few pages without experiencing that sinking of the heart that is the advance courier of disappointment, and presently the book is laid aside that the reader may wrestle with the perplexity that arises from Harvard's connection with it.

That university does not bestow the degree of Mus. Doc. Regarding this book, then, as a thesis for a Harvard doctorate, the reader inevitably will ask the question, what can be the value of a Harvard Ph.D. if the ground for one is to be found in the sophomoric solemnity with which the author expresses his estimate of various composers from Monteverde to Strauss? For a very large proportion of the text is devoted to Dr. Coerne's opinions concerning the quality of the output of such composers as he discusses. But it is not merely the sophomoric nature of the dicta that disturbs the reader. Dr. Coerne has acquired a huge vocabulary, so extensive that he who reads conscientiously is driven frequently to the dictionary, and he discovers that, in some instances, the words that puzzled him are obsolete, in others that they have not been used with intelligent regard for their definitions. In still other instances there are lapses from correct syntax that indicate not merely such occasional slips as might be attributable to the haste of the age, or pardonable as personal mannerisms, but that betray a radical weakness in the perception of linguistic values, or, in one plain if harsh term, illiteracy.

This is shocking, especially to one who reveres the name of Harvard, but, after some anxious searching, he comes to a measure of relief when he reflects that the publication of the thesis was not commanded by the university. From this thought as a point of departure the reader presently arrives at a theory which is still more helpful in restoring his esteem for the venerable institution of learning at Cambridge. According to this theory, the immediate purpose of a thesis must be to demonstrate that the author has informed himself thoroughly upon the subject that he has selected for research. In this instance the subject was a department of music, and accompanying the thesis was a score of large dimensions. It is fairly obvious that the score would be sufficient to demonstrate the author's sound musicianship, and that on the strength of it alone a doctorate might properly be granted, however much reluctance the examining committee might feel in passing a crudely written essay.

When the reader has read the book through, he finds that it does abundantly testify to long hours of grubbing in the alcoves of Gore Hall, and wherever else ancient and modern orchestral scores are to be found. From that point of view the thesis is admirable. It is only when it is again regarded as a book that patience gives way, for the prime purpose of a book should be to inform the reader. Let it be acknowledged at once that Dr. Coerne has set down a multitude of facts, and, further, that no reasonable reader would expect that all the facts should be new to him. We must necessarily review in a work of this kind many

things acquired elsewhere, and we willingly read the re-statements in the hope of coming upon new deductions, or new light on standard problems. In this respect Dr. Coerne too frequently disappoints us. He tells, for example, of certain effects contrived by Wagner; we remember the passage and are eager for the explanation, which can be made only by a detailed description or analysis of the orchestration; and just then, when the student's anticipation is at its height, the author blandly remarks that "space forbids" going into the matter in detail. In the name of wisdom, what space? Who forbids the author to teach what the title of his book led us to believe he was prepared to teach? Did the Harvard faculty, or the committee thereof which passed upon the work of the candidate for a degree, rule that the thesis should be so long and no longer? If so, we, who would like to learn, deny that it is the province of the faculty to prescribe the limits of a published book.

This appears to be the crux of the matter. The book was written to prove Dr. Coerne's erudition; it was not written to instruct others. It failed so far with this reader that, after he had finished the book, he repaired to Grove's dictionary and re-read the articles on orchestra and orchestration by Mr. W. S. Rockstro, and found the essential substance of Dr. Coerne's book expressed there with dignified lucidity, and not once with resort to words that would not be understood by an intelligent layman. It is only fair to add after these frank animadversions that Dr. Coerne's collection of excerpts from scores was well made, and that they cannot fail to be helpful to the student. Further, there is much fragmentary information about the composers of Russia, the Scandinavian and other countries, that might escape him unless he read many books not published in English.

The difficulty under which Miss Glyn labored was not precisely that which served to minimize the value of Dr. Coerne's work, but it had one feature in common, in that she could not make the current terminology of music serve her purpose to her satisfaction. Miss Glyn has a theory to state, and her method inevitably arouses the suspicion that her scholarship is of the pseudo variety that loves to befog a subject with vague, high-sounding, pretentious phraseology. Oppressed, apparently, by a conviction that her theory of music is so novel that it cannot be expressed in terms with which musical theorists are familiar, she invents new terms, or makes new definitions for old terms. With bitter pertinacity and perfect consistency, she uses these new terms, or old terms with new meanings, throughout the book, and the result is that her pages are preposterously hard reading. At the end of the book she has furnished a glossary of her technical terms, and asterisks are placed

against those that are new or newly defined. There are fifty-six starred words, rather a confusing number to carry in the head from chapter to chapter. Again and again this reader toiled over a paragraph several times, only to arrive at last at the meaning, and generally his conclusion with regard to it could be expressed, by analogy, thus: "Why! To be sure! Two and two do make four. Who said they made anything else?"

Frankly and briefly, the theory of Miss Glyn seems to be sound. This reader is in entire sympathy with her view of the rhythmic basis of music; he rejoiced to see an effort to treat rhythm in a philosophical spirit, and hoped to find in the book such a satisfactory discussion of its nature as has never yet been presented; but the outcome is hardly worth while, for the musical world will not revise its terminology to suit Miss Glyn, and it does not need to in order to understand her theory. There is not one thought in her pages that could not be expressed with perfect lucidity by the terms in common use. Apparently the book was written with a view to reforming musical educational methods in England. We are quite in the bad habit of holding English music in rather low esteem, and if it really is in such sad estate as to need Miss Glyn's treatment, we are doubly sorry for it.

Mr. Taylor does not confuse the reader with foggy phraseology, or worry him with obsolete words. His deficiency as a book writer lies in failure to grasp the principles of perspective. Having adopted the scientific method, he feels it advisable to recapitulate conclusions from time to time, and he does so with such painstaking faithfulness that his book is expanded to at least twice the length necessary to a thorough and convincing presentation of his subject. An exposition of the fallacies, not to say humbug, that prevail in modern methods of voice training, does not make very exigent demand on the intellect of the reader. There is nothing in the argument that requires hard thinking, and the reader rebels when he finds himself led again and again over ground that had been traversed with perfect comprehension in preceding pages. Indeed, the danger is that readers who should take to heart the author's conclusions, which are well expressed in the latter part of the book, will never have the patience to read so far. It is a pity, for everybody who is interested in singing ought to inform himself of what Mr. Taylor has to say. There is no subject, unless it be theology, which has been the ground for more controversy than the theory of voice culture, and this book, despite its shortcomings when viewed in its literary aspect, is one of the most valuable contributions that has been made to the discussion. The author proposes a "method" which may or may

not be identical with that of the old Italian school, but which commands respectful attention because of its sanity and its elimination of all the rubbish based on the singer's conscious use of organs that perform their functions best when the mind exercises no volitional influence upon them.

The musician, by the very nature of his vocation and the mental equipment required for it, stands somewhat apart from his fellow men. He has gifts of an uncommon order, and his art is so young, as compared with the history of the race, that they are not even yet clearly correlated to other phases of human activity. The world hardly knows where to place him. Little more than a century has passed since Haydn was content to rank with the lackeys in a nobleman's household, less than a century since Schubert had to consort with the servants of the employer who provided him the opportunity to earn a livelihood. Since then the musician has come into his own with marvellous rapidity, but science still places his output in the category of the useless, and in the world at large there lingers a distrust as to his entire respectability. It is not likely that any contemporaneous musician has missed the experience of finding himself an object of condescension, or pity, if not contempt, on the part of men whose gifts lie in business, or statecraft, aye, in literature. He appears often to be held as one possessed of a divine madness, not to say folly, that is productive of transient pleasure for the multitude, but which it is not incumbent on anybody to take seriously, and which deprives his opinion on non-musical affairs of weight. So it would be deplorable indeed if a discussion of books connected with music should have to close in such a way as to leave the impression that conspicuous ability in the art is accompanied by inferior gifts and attainments in such forms of mental activity as are within the common apprehension. Mr. Wallace's book affords welcome opportunity for exactly the opposite inference. No immature mind speaks there, no factitious scholarship manifests its disconcerting presence in appalling type. The author takes up this very question of the musician's real, or ultimate relation to society, and shows by an argument of fine proportions and inspiring earnestness that he has been and still is apart from his fellows because nature is gradually developing a new sense that one day will be, like sight and smell, the heritage of all, but that now distinguishes those whom we call composers. This sixth sense has been known to musicians generally under the somewhat misleading term "intuitive hearing." Mr. Wallace does not presume to give it a name—not one word in his remarkable book is strange or used in an unfamiliar meaning—but he is the first to recognize it as a new cerebral process. With perfect com-

mand of the scientific method, he shows that this sense is a development of the last two hundred years; that in all the previous centuries, during which men sang and some manner of music flourished, nature was but preparing the auditory apparatus to conceive sounds and their pitch relations in silence; that it is only now that a limited fraction of the human family has come to a complete possession of this faculty; and that the whole significance of music, its effective correlation to other mental energies, in one word, its usefulness, can only be established when the musical sense has become, as it surely will, the heritage in varying degrees, of all men instead of a few.

This is a thesis of pronounced originality set forth in a manner that stimulates thought to an extraordinary degree. It is evident that Mr. Wallace is a man upon whom his convictions take the strongest kind of hold, but it is also evident that in this book he has exercised powerful self-restraint to keep convictions on tangential matters from intruding unduly on his main thesis. That he succeeds only measurably in repressing himself is one feature of the book that makes it fascinating, for now and again in flashes of wit, in passages of deep emotion, in incidental criticism, he reveals his personality, his aspirations, aye, his character in such a way as to furnish grateful relief to an otherwise sustained argument, and to arouse in the reader a conception of the author that is admirable co-ordinately with his work. It is these side lights on his thought that justify the observation made in the foregoing that he stands as the champion of the modernism represented by Debussy and others whom he does not mention by name, and whose works he studiously refrains from commending or condemning. He makes it very clear, however, that formalism, as at present understood, has no place in his musical creed; that the growth of musical sense coincident with vastly expanded means of musical expression demands that the art shall stand for something more than the linking together of agreeable sounds in æsthetic relationship; that the inevitable and desirable correlation of the musical sense to other cerebral processes compels the union of music somehow with tangible ideas; and that the musical future to which the door is now open will evolve a significance of the art that will be beyond dispute and of incalculable importance to the race. The author sees as through a glass, darkly; he is a scientist, not a visionary, a philosopher, not a prophet; therefore he does not forecast the nature of musical significance, but his speculations—and here is the salient instance wherein the man reveals himself—his speculations turn longingly, almost with the force of conviction, to some manner of close relationship between music and ethics. This almost belief in the ethical nature of music crops out on

one early page and another, but, with fine regard for the stability of his main argument, he says his last word on that phase of the subject as follows:

We are all groping in a mist, and the sun of our life is but a breath tossed to the wind. But, if the history of evolution is of any value, surely we who employ the musical sense are the forerunners of a race which will bring into man's comprehension a new form of reason—perhaps even an altered system of ethics. May not humanity then find in music a principle upon which some wider interpretation of existence is based?

We who cling to our love of formalism in music, we who deny that music can or should stand for anything but that supernal beauty of which itself is the aim and the law, and the sum of its laws and aims, may heartily approve Mr. Wallace's main conclusion, that is with regard to the evolution of a sixth sense, and yet resist his secondary thesis without abating a jot of our admiration for his essay, or depriving ourselves of one iota of the intellectual joy and spiritual courage to be derived from it. We find our pet theories subjected to the nicest ridicule—and what a pleasure it is to come upon an essayist who does not scorn to employ wholesome humor in the course of a work like this!—but we take the castigation thankfully for the stimulus it gives to our own line of thought whereby we are strengthened in our own convictions. For Mr. Wallace's secondary thesis, which he loves so dearly, leads him now and again into special pleading from which his adversaries cannot but experience the delight that comes from sharp combat. For example, in the course of argument for the relegation of musical form to the limbo of things that have survived their usefulness, he says, "All man's endeavors can be traced to nature, and nature is not symmetrical." To which we reply that we had understood the human form, which is perhaps the highest manifestation of nature, is remarkable for its symmetry; we had always supposed the beauty of bloom was intimately associated with if not dependent upon the symmetrical disposition of petals, the harmonious and orderly arrangement of their colors, and so forth; and that nature, when recovering from elemental disturbance, always tended to adjust herself to such symmetry as is seen in crystals.

But analogy has no proper place in a discussion of music, and Mr. Wallace doubtless knows that it is unsafe to resort to it. The questions he raises will all settle themselves in good time, and such work as his tends to their speedy settlement in the right way. It must be obvious that here is an instance where space does forbid such extended discussion of the author's thought as the enthusiastic reviewer would like to give to it, but the book will best speak for itself, and this writer will be

content if he but call the attention of thinking musicians to it. Regarding it for the moment in its purely literary aspect, the opposite inference alluded to above will be drawn when it is observed that Mr. Wallace is primarily a composer. He has two symphonies, six symphonic poems, four suites, and other large works to his credit, and he therefore demonstrates that conspicuous ability in music is not necessarily accompanied by weakness in cerebral energy demanded by other forms of work. Such demonstration was not really necessary, and one sweeping estimate of his book might well be made by saying that it deserves to be placed in every musician's library beside Sir Hubert Parry's *Evolution of the Art of Music*.

Frederick R. Burton.

A STIMULATING STUDY OF LANGUAGE¹

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

It is a curious characteristic of this modern age that we are devoting nearly all our thought to things which do not really matter, and that we rarely confer serious consideration upon those phases and features of life which are so essential that it is impossible to escape from them. Thus, we are thinking a great deal about flying-machines, which the world has managed fairly well to live without for many centuries. On the other hand, we cannot possibly live without our bodies; and yet we rarely consider how we may best develop them in efficiency and beauty, though this was one of the main preoccupations of the Greeks. Nowadays we are very fussy about getting from New York to Chicago in fewer hours than twenty-four, in order that we may economize that precious entity we call our time; but we seldom bother to consider our eternity. The men of the Middle Ages devoted their best thought to religion, because they found that it was something that they could not possibly escape; now, for the same reason apparently, we ignore it and assume the attitude thus phrased by Mr. Chesterton—Everything matters except Everything. Another of those haunting realities which men cannot live without is language. Therefore, at certain periods, like the Renaissance for instance, the world at large has devoted considerable thought to it. But in this oblivious age of ours, language is pretty generally ignored; and just because a man is doomed to employ it every day of his life, he deems it unnecessary ever to think about it. In mere material and secondary matters we insist on having the best; but we have a vague sense that our

¹*Modern English: Its Growth and Present Use.* By George Philip Krapp, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

way of speaking and of writing is good enough as it is, and may be allowed to take care of itself. Hence, we seldom pause to examine the language we employ in our hourly concerns, to question its efficiency, or to endeavor to develop it in form and fluency.

For this reason there is a very real need at the present time for any book which directs attention to the essentials of our daily speech. And among the books which have been prepared in recent years to fulfill this purpose, one of the most interesting and valuable is the recent volume on *Modern English: Its Growth and Present Use*, by Professor George Philip Krapp, of the University of Cincinnati. This book presents in popular form the results of a very thorough historical study of English inflections, syntax, vocabulary, and pronunciation. In discussing such technical details as these, most academical writers batter themselves into a state of high and dry solemnity; but Professor Krapp has managed to remember that language is a living thing, and to write about it with a live enjoyment. His book—to use an ancient adjective in its Elizabethan sense—is a veritably *witty* work. Seldom has so scholarly a treatise been written so directly and so humanly. The knowledge which is tabulated and told is illuminated frequently with wisdom. Since language is the record of life, any book about language should deal with life at only one remove. This truth, which has escaped most writers on linguistics, has been clearly sensed by Dr. Krapp. He is keenly alive to the humor which not infrequently accompanies the adventures of a part of speech along the highway of history. In discussing questions of divided or disputed usage, his attitude is always sensible and tolerant. Even when the reader disagrees with him, as is not infrequently the case, the disagreement stimulates the disputant to active thought about the point at issue. It is an indication that a thesis has been boldly thought out and vividly expounded, when the reader can find an equal interest in accepting what is said on one page and denying what is said on the next.

Professor Krapp's philosophy of language will occasion considerable consternation among formalists and worshipers of rules. He believes that the only valid laws of language are empirical formulations of tendencies which have been observed in the unconscious custom of the multitudes who use the language in their daily practical concerns. He denies that any man or group of men, any author or school of authors, any dictionary or other work of linguistic scholarship, has any right to issue rules of language *ex cathedra* which shall be binding upon those to whom the speech is native and natural. His historical studies have convinced him that language is continuously in a state of flux, that customs

of speech which have been valid in one century, have grown invalid in the next, and that therefore any arbitrary attempt to formulate to fixity the usages of English is unpractical and vain. Professor Krapp regards language as a popular and democratic institution. Since speech arose spontaneously among the many to meet the needs of social intercourse, and is in its present form merely the record of centuries of immediate unconscious utterance among the many, it is upon the many that its destiny depends. What shall become of English in the future cannot be determined by any monarch or by any oligarchs of speech, but must result from the unconscious suffrages of the word-engirdling millions who are speaking English now. And the way to determine how to speak at present is not to follow blindly the habits of the past, nor even to study the usages of printed literature, but to observe with open ears and a free mind the natural customs of the vast army of contemporary speakers.

This democratic theory of language, which has here been somewhat over-stated owing to the exaggerated emphasis of summary, is very alluring to the imagination, and undeniably explains most of the great changes which have taken place in the history of English. But as a working theory for determining what is the best English usage at any period, it seems to me ineffective and erroneous. For, at its best, language is an art; and no art ever was or ever can be a democratic institution. The best usages of any art are determined by taste; and no one can deny that the taste of the majority is almost always wrong. Though all may speak intelligibly, it is only the few in any age who speak with nicety; and to determine what is the best English, it is necessary, therefore, to listen to the few. And if we turn our attention to language that is written, we are bound to admit that its laws are regulated by the habits of an aristocracy of letters. The written language of Milton is not a democratic institution; and neither is the written language of Wordsworth, in spite of his deliberate attempt to imitate the daily speech of dalesmen.

Upon this point Professor Krapp has expressed himself as follows:

"In all study of language as expression, it is now generally conceded, by those who have given much thought to the matter, that the spoken, as compared with the written or literary language, is of far the greater importance. It is mainly in the speech of men and women as they come into direct social relations with each other that language develops and grows in a natural, untrammelled, and effective way. The language of literature is merely an approximate transcription, more or less remote, of the language of speech. It is from the latter that the language of literature is derived, and it must always return to its source to renew itself when, as it constantly tends to do, it becomes attenuated and outworn. This being granted, it readily follows that it is speech which

we should study, not only for effectiveness in conversation, but also for effectiveness in literature. The popular opinion is not usually in accord with this statement."

That generous last sentence invites to controversy; and I shall therefore venture the opinion that the quoted paragraph presents a peculiar alternation of statements which are true and which are false. To my mind the first sentence is wrong, the second right, the third wrong, the fourth right, and the fifth wrong. With such surprising regularity the pendulum swings from agreement to disagreement! As the crux of the whole matter, let us consider the (to me) astonishing third sentence. Surely the language of literature (except in the special instance of realistic dialogue in the novel and the drama) is *not* "merely an approximate transcription, more or less remote, of the language of speech." In the first place, it is, in its elements, not a *transcription of*, but a *selection from*, the language of speech; and, in the second place, it differs from the language of speech in that it arranges the elements selected in accordance with a conscious pattern. The language of literature bears the same relation to the language of speech that art bears to life; the first is selected and distilled from the second; the one is the quintessence of the other.

But Professor Krapp, because of his determination to be democratic, continually denies that the language of literature is better than the language of speech. He admits that it is different; but when the question of better or less good arises, he feels inclined to side with the unliterary populace. Toward the end of his book he states that "there is no such thing as an absolute English." If this be so, there is reason for grave discouragement among the gallant few who burn the midnight cigarette and search for the inevitable word. All brave and earnest literary toil is inspired by the contrary belief, that there is an absolute, ideal expression for every thought that urges to be uttered. It is to find the one best way of saying something that our literary artists strive and strain. Is Professor Krapp correct in his conclusion that there is no one best way? "No absolute English?"—Let me for reassurance on the counter side, recall a sheaf of sentences and phrases from many sources, old and new, which seem to me to say more perfectly than any imaginable other form of words, the thoughts that they were fashioned to convey:

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

"For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

"And thou, all-shaking thunder, smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!"

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."

"Absent thee from felicity a while."

"No light, but rather darkness visible."

"Quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests."

"The holy time is quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration."

"Magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn."

"Lucent syrops tinct with cinnamon."

"Laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere."

"On one side lay the ocean, and on one lay a great water, and the moon was full."

"Sea-gulls sidelong circling."

"The sudden springing up of a great run of dashing surf along the sea-front of the isle."

These sentences, though they have been culled from several centuries and represent many different styles, are nearly all exceedingly simple; and yet no one of them bears any resemblance to the habitual daily speech of the majority of educated people at the time when it was written. And my point is that the literary utterance is in each case *better* than any unliterary expression of the same idea could possibly have been; and that, in several at least of the sentences selected, the utterance is *absolute*—in other words, the thing to be said has been said in the one best way.

It is not by studying casual contemporary speech that any man may learn to write such a perfect phrase as "the sea-gulls sidelong circling"; because nobody talks with such absolute simplicity and concision, and with such fitness between sound and sense. It is not in the market-place but in the studio that such efficiency is learned.

And now, upon the popular or democratic side, let us once more quote Professor Krapp:

"What, then, is good English? The purpose of language being the satisfactory communication of thought and feeling, that is good English which performs this function satisfactorily."

If so, then this sentence is good English: "Ah, gwan!—quit yer kidden!" We very often hear it spoken; and it nearly always performs its function satisfactorily. That is to say, it leaves no doubt as to the thought and feeling of the speaker.

Professor Krapp continues:

"Such a definition of good English, it will be observed, is purely utilitarian and practical. It defines good English only in the terms of its activity, without reference to any theoretical and abstract conceptions of its value or significance. Whenever two minds come into satisfactory contact with each other, through the medium of language, we have then, so far as each instance taken by itself is concerned, a good use of language. The rustic, with his dialect, and in his own homogeneous dialect community, realizes as much the purpose of language as the most polished speaker in the 'best society' of the city. Each expresses him-

self satisfactorily and is understood satisfactorily, and more than this language at its best cannot do."

This paragraph seems to me to define English that is "good enough" rather than English that is good. Good language is an art; and an art is never "purely utilitarian." And if language at its best can do no more than permit a man to express himself so that he may be understood, then the phrase, "sea-gulls sidelong circling," is no better than the phrase, "the sea-gulls tilted to one side and flying around in long spiral curves," and "laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere" is no better than "carved concentric spheres of ivory, wrought laboriously by Chinese craftsmen."

The root of the whole matter is that the democratic theory of language, when pushed to the utmost, leaves no room for the artist, who is doomed by natural endowment to talk and write as an aristocrat. Professor Krapp might answer that artists, being in the minority, do not really count. But shall we write obscurely because the vast majority of people fail, in their daily speech, to express themselves simply and definitely? And shall I pronounce the vowel sound in *World* and *Journal* as the Park Row newsboys do, for the democratic reason that it is so pronounced by over a million inhabitants of New York City? The average New Yorker agrees with the *L* guard about the pronunciation of *Thirty-third Street*—is the average New Yorker therefore right?

These questions and many others have been suggested to me by reading Professor Krapp's vivid and stimulating book. In this review, excessive emphasis has possibly been placed on special instances in which the author has seemed to overwork his thesis. But it must not therefore be supposed that the thesis as a whole is lacking in essential soundness. *Modern English* is, as I said at the outset, a very sensible and serviceable book; and it is only because it is so bold in thought and lively in presentment that the reader feels summoned at times to couch a lance and ride at tourney with the author.

Clayton Hamilton.

THE TRAGEDY—OR THE COMEDY?—OF THE DRAMA¹

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON.

The criticism of a criticism cannot be much beyond unadorned praise or blame. Unless, indeed, the last critic utilize it as a vehicle for exploiting his own cleverness. The temptation to know better lies so

¹*The German Drama of the Nineteenth Century.* By Dr. George Witkowski, Professor in the University of Leipzig. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

near! And the interpretation of an interpretation becomes attenuated beyond the last homeopathic demands. Therefore it is the test of a work of criticism that it will stand criticizing. If it has a view-point which is sufficiently original to endure interpretation at the hands of another critic; if it be creative criticism; this is proved in the handling of it by others.

Dr. George Witkowski's book on the German Drama has not sufficient of creative criticism in it to endure much interpretative criticism, but it is worthy of considerable praise. And the subject is one that invites discussion which would fain pass itself off as criticism.

The chief fault of the book lies in its form. It is not a consecutive work of criticism, but a gathered series of lectures given at various places, and even more jerky and loosely constructed than such collections are apt to be. The thread of the historical view-point is clear throughout, and the guiding principles of the author's art standard are never lost for a moment. But the *tempo* is very uneven. Long periods are hurried over in hasty enumeration of dates and names, to leave room for a detailed criticism lingering on a single personality. It reads like the scenario of a larger book planned perhaps for later achievement. And it is therefore not always easy to read.

Another fault which makes the reading difficult is the very uneven and oftentimes quite inadequate work of the translator, Prof. L. E. Horning, of the University of Toronto. With evident sympathy for the subject matter, and liking for the author and his view-point, Prof. Horning has made his work a task of love. But he has overrated his own powers. And a too confiding publisher has apparently neglected to give him even the aid a careful proof-reading would have afforded. The English of this book is exasperatingly, grammatically correct at times, but very unidiomatic usually, and occasionally—particularly in the use of prepositions and tenses—it is even ungrammatical. It bears every mark of the English of a highly educated foreigner, whose mind has assimilated the language but whose ear is lacking in the finer sense of sound and expression. At times the translation moves along fairly well. But at other times it becomes so distressingly bad that a good knowledge of German is necessary to enable the English reader to get at the meaning of the sentences. Prof. Horning deserves great credit for having brought to the ken of the English-reading public a book which is quite worth while. It would have been a kindness to himself and the German author had he permitted a competent revision before sending out his work.

What is most noticeable among the good points of the book is the

dignity of the standard upheld by the author for the art which he loves. The absolute consistency of his view-point, which never wavers, shows that it has been won by long and careful study, and is the result of mature reflection, not merely of personal inclination or prejudice. It is a restful standard in its definiteness giving the reader something to hold to, something by which to gauge the more easily the writer's judgments. Added to this high and consistent standard of judgment are a wide knowledge and a pleasing impartiality, with now and then a glimpse of personal predilection to keep it human. It would not be possible to state whether the good points of the book would overcome its faults sufficiently to make it of interest to those readers not especially attracted by the subject. To those whom the subject does attract, it brings much that is good, some that is valuable.

Prof. Witkowski divides his subject into periods that follow the natural breaks in the literary evolution of the century. A very short preliminary chapter touches on the drama at the close of the eighteenth century. Then follow summaries of the periods of 1800 to 1830, 1830 to 1885, and 1885 to 1900, with interpolated articles on special writers and special tendencies that stand out from the general trend of evolution. Some of the writers of to-day are treated with a sympathetic criticism, which understands that the final word can not yet be spoken over the many conflicting tendencies of the past two decades. The final chapter, entitled "Product of the Century," touches the salient features of the past which point to hopefulness for the future.

Dr. Witkowski's understanding of the true essence of drama is finely sane and strong, and he does not find it interfering in any way with his demand for the literary value and the high standard of artistic worth which alone gives a play enduring life. Some of his remarks as to the lower standard of taste, fostered by writers working for immediate popularity and gain, make one wonder what he would say to our stage. Of writers who have "trodden the road to sure royalties" (a delightful phrase) he speaks with scant commendation. As a sign of hopeful improvement over a much-praised past, he says: "That a trained dog or the actor of an ape's part should come on the stage of one of our best theatres in plays written expressly for them, as happened seventy years ago, seems now excluded." We fear Dr. Witkowski might not think we Americans had advanced much from that standpoint if he could see our plays, written around prize-fighters, notorious divorces and ex-criminals. We almost wish he might see them, for he is so sad about various periods of decadence in the German theatre, that it might encourage him vastly to see how much worse things can be elsewhere.

As Dr. Witkowski approaches the much fought-over battle ground of the past quarter-century, he goes more at length into each individual subject, and gives us some admirable short articles on writers of the day. The chapter on Sudermann is unusually good, although the writer seems to have misunderstood the point of one play, *Das Glück im Winkel*, which one expected to appeal especially to him from its simplicity and sincerity. To the multiplicity of comments on Ibsen, Dr. Witkowski has added a couple of pages which, in their concise lucidity, their directness, touch the very heart of the great Norwegian's artistic individuality. They are as good as the best that has been said about the literary giant of the North.

It is a wise and artistically correct touch to add to this summary on the German drama of a century past the chapters on Romantic Opera, and especially the chapter on Richard Wagner. Opera in Germany has always been considered more from the point of *drama* than of music alone. And to Richard Wagner himself any attempt to judge him merely from the musical side would have appeared preposterous.

As a final instance, Dr. Witkowski preaches decentralization in art as the salvation of the drama. This is the logical outcome of his high standard of judgment, for to every candid student of the drama, decentralization shows as necessary to a healthy development in theatrical as in political and economic conditions.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

A NOVELIZED SERMON¹

BY PHILIP TILLINGHAST.

Among the many wise things contained in the late Marion Crawford's little treatise on *The Novel—What it is*, is a vehement protest against "that odious thing, the purpose novel." For he maintains, and quite justly, that it is little short of dishonesty to trick a man into reading an essay or a sermon under the pretence of affording him entertainment. It is because Mr. William Allyn White's voluminous and ambitious novel, entitled *A Certain Rich Man*, belongs unmistakably to the type of the novelized sermon that it fails, by a rather wide margin, to fulfil the promise of real bigness with which it begins.

Let us not, however, be misunderstood as to the precise nature of

¹*A Certain Rich Man*. By William Allyn White. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Mr. White's literary shortcomings. His motive may be briefly defined as a variation upon the old theme, "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Yet this, in itself, is a perfectly legitimate subject for fiction, and one that need not be necessarily handled after the manner of the purpose novel. For, after all, this whole question of sermonizing, under the guise of fiction, is not a matter of theme, nor even of intention on the part of the author, but solely that of method. Supposing, for instance, that you start out with the idea of telling a story about a man who is selfish and hard and filled with greed for gain, and, as a result of his own acts, finds himself, in his old age, disappointed, embittered, and terribly alone. If you write this tale with simple truth and sincerity, showing how each result is not a matter of chance, but the logical outcome of the man's own act, then, whatever purpose may have lain in the back of your creative mind, you have not been writing that sort of purpose novel which Mr. Crawford stigmatized as "odious." But if, on the other hand, you are not content to let your characters remain free agents; if you constantly intervene, to make them commit acts that, either in kind or in degree, are different from what the reader would logically expect them to do; if you make the element of chance intrude in order to achieve a certain exaggerated and spectacular retribution; above all, if you constantly obtrude yourself as a sort of Greek chorus for the purpose of telling the reader what he is to think about each separate action of the characters, to moralize over their sins and shortcomings, to make sure, in short, that the parable is thoroughly taken to heart,—then, beyond all question, and whether you are aware of it or not, you have perpetrated that unpardonable offence, the Purpose Novel, spelt with capitals.

A fair and impartial analysis of *A Certain Rich Man* is not easily made; there are a number of peculiar and pervading difficulties which tend to confuse the critic and blind him to the central and vital issues of the story. To begin with, Mr. White has chosen to present to us a picture of life on a rather big scale, a canvas not merely ample, but crowded with ever-moving throngs of human beings, the multitudinous happenings of daily life. It is the proper background for a novel of the epic type, a novel in which the central figure is the personification of some big, world-wide principle like temperance or liberty or justice, and not for a novel like the present one, which centres in the mental and moral development of just one man. When you have finished the book and closed its covers, and have had time to think it all over rather carefully, you will realize that the thronging, crowding episodes, the kaleidoscopic passing and repassing of human life, have somewhat blurred the picture,

and by a lack of proportion have had the effect of somewhat dwarfing the figure that should have been of central interest. And yet, because all this background is in its way extremely well done; because the early pioneer life in the town of Sycamore Creek, in the Mississippi valley, is set before us so vividly that we almost fancy ourselves a part and parcel of its growth, because each man and woman of all the numerous company that Mr. White presents to us is a carefully executed portrait, a separate personality whose virtues and vices affect us with the tingling keenness of real life, we are inclined to attach more importance to it than the mere background of any story ever reserves.

First of all, then, we need to blot out for the moment all this background, to leave out of sight nine tenths of the minor characters, to disregard a large portion of the narrative, especially that which portrays with undeniable ability the years of the hero's childhood and youth, the humble beginnings of the town, and the part which its early settlers played through the stormy period of the Civil War. Of all this, it is sufficient to retain the simple facts that John Barclay's boyhood was of the hardy, outdoor, barefooted sort; that his heredity is a curious compound of business acumen and religious fanaticism, his rich old grandfather having permanently disowned the son who chose the hardships of a missionary's life in preference to the ambitions of financial power; and that in young Barclay himself these two opposing forces were struggling for supremacy with every prospect that the finer, nobler side would triumph, when suddenly, when he was barely twenty, there died the one person in the world capable of appealing to all that was best in him. Mr. White does not take the trouble to explain how or why Ellen Culpepper, the young girl whom John Barclay loved, happened, without warning, to pass out of life, leaving the lad morally and spiritually stranded, with all his beliefs and creeds shattered and wrecked. Such accidents, however, do occur in real life; and, inasmuch as he uses this intervention of fate as a condition precedent to the story and not as a solution, Mr. White is within his rights. Such a blow, occurring before the moral nature of a man has crystallized into permanent form, is of course likely to produce, in some degree, the sort of change that we are told came over John Barclay. It is the degree of that change which makes the portrait of this *Certain Rich Man* seem artificial and exaggerated, a mere symbol of heartless avarice, rather than a fellow-man. It is easy enough to understand how a man who deliberately makes money his god, and the gaining of the whole world his highest aim, can become so calloused that he cares nothing for truth and justice and the simple fundamental rights of the general public. But John Barclay goes much further than this: one

would suppose that if any human beings were sacred to his eyes they would be the members of the family of the girl he had loved and lost. Yet here are a few of the sins that he committed against even these in his juggernaut career over the souls and bodies that lay in his path to power. He needs the name and the influence of old Colonel Culpepper, simplest, kindest, most generous of souls, in order to get control of a certain bank; having hopelessly involved the Colonel's money and the Colonel's honor, he bullies and browbeats the alarmed and bewildered old gentleman into conniving at a colossal fraud by which the bank gets possession of mortgages on the majority of all the neighboring farms—mortgages which the farmers understand are simply in the nature of security for rent, but which will enable Barclay to foreclose and rob them of their land at the merest fraction of its value. But he needs more money, and this he can get by sacrificing the life happiness of Molly Culpepper, the sister of the girl who died. Molly is betrothed to Bob Hendricks, John's oldest and closest friend as well as business associate; but there is another man with plenty of capital to invest who will gladly remain in town and lend the bank all it needs,—provided only that Molly Culpepper will ask him to do so. Therefore John stoops to the infamy of sending Bob to New York as his business representative, keeping him there, month after month, and meanwhile forcing Molly through threats of ruin and arrest of her father into playing false to Bob, and marrying the other man.

This, of course, is only one of the episodes through which Mr. White tries to show us how completely John Barclay has succeeded in losing his own soul. But it is the most glaring, the most flagrant of these episodes, and the one that most definitely carries on the somewhat tangled thread of narration. With Molly's marriage, the first half of the book closes. The second part starts in well-nigh a generation later, a fact of which the author notifies us in the following thoroughly characteristic passage:

And so, ladies and gentlemen, while we have been diverting you, Time has been at work on the little people of the passing show, and now, before we draw back the curtain to let them caper across your hearts, let us again thank you one and all for your courtesy in staying, and hope that what you see and hear may make you wiser and kinder and braver; for this is a moral entertainment, good people, planned to show you that yesterday makes to-day and they both make to-morrow, and so the world spins round the sun.

Probably there are a good many readers to whom this sort of intrusion on the part of the novelist is not an annoyance. But to those of us who, even in the case of Thackeray, are conscious of a sense of interruption

which we forgive solely because he is Thackeray, and therefore exempted from ordinary rules and limitations, find it difficult to keep our patience, or to convey our protest in terms of moderation. This, however, is merely incidental. A more serious grievance against the second half of this book is the thoroughly unreal way in which, for the sake of pointing a moral, retribution is made to overtake John Barclay. We watch him piling up his wealth, acquiring bank after bank, railroad after railroad, till he reaches the point where he can say arrogantly, "You know what I could do. I could finance a scheme to buy out the meat trust and the lumber trust, and I could control every line of advertising that goes into the damn magazines; and I could buy the paper trust, too, and that would fix 'em. . . . We men who do things have a divine responsibility to keep the country off the rock." And then, to put an end to his arrogance, there comes disaster after disaster. Federal investigation of corporate interests under his control results in an indictment; and the man who gives the conclusive evidence against him happens to be the man whom John Barclay's only daughter loves, and from whom this act separates her. Now, all this is possible, although such conveniently ready-made coincidences do not usually occur in real life; but the final outcome of the whole matter sounds as unreal as a chapter from *Pilgrim's Progress*. Capitalists do not do such things, however profitable it might be for the rest of the world if they would. Because John Barclay suffers remorse, because also his pious old mother argues with him and prays for him; because one day he sits down at his organ and plays for an hour some old, familiar, moving music,—he finds to his surprise and comfort that his heart has become as that of a little child. So he proceeds to follow out the precepts of the Scriptures and to sell all that he has and give to the poor; and, having reduced his entire worldly possessions to five thousand dollars in the bank and forty dollars and some odd cents in his pocket, he finds himself at last at peace with the world and surrounded by a united and loving family, all rejoicing in their newly acquired poverty.

These are some of the reasons why *A Certain Rich Man* fails of achievement. If you are in any doubt about its degree of merit, compare it with such sterling pieces of literary art as either Robert Herrick's *Memoirs of an American Citizen* or Miss Ellen Glasgow's more recent *Romance of a Plain Man*. In each of these books the author has been content to let the characters mould their own lives; you get no impression that they are being meddled with for that very insufficient motive of pointing a moral. And, furthermore, they do not feel that it is part of their duty to instruct the reader every now and then regarding

the way he ought to feel towards their characters. They are nowhere guilty of such intrusion as the following eminently characteristic one:

So, do not pity Molly Brownwell, nor Robert Hendricks, when you learn that as she left the station at Sycamore Ridge, that night, Lige Bemis went to a gaslamp and read the notes that in her confusion she had dropped upon the floor. Only pity the miserable creature whose soul was so dead in him that he could put that note away to bide his time. In this wide universe, wherein we are growing slowly up to Godhood, only the poor, leprous soul, whitened with malice and hate, deserves the angels' tears. The rest of us—weak, failing, frail, to whom life deals its sorrows and its tears, its punishments and its anguish—we leave this world nearer to God than when we came here, and the journey, though long and hard, has been worth the while.

The above passage seems to speak for itself without the need of comment beyond the passing reminder that, so long as there is an abundance of neatly bound sermons on the market, this particular sort of fiction seems not merely superfluous, but not quite honest. Is it not time to suggest the passage of a pure-food law for our brain products, requiring a qualitative analysis to be printed on the covers?

Philip Tillinghast.

The Forum

OCTOBER, 1909

SHALL UNITED STATES SENATORS BE ELECTED BY THE PEOPLE?

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

RECENT correspondence between President Taft and Mr. Bryan concerning the election of United States Senators by popular vote gives peculiar timeliness to the discussion of a question which, during the past fifteen years, has been occupying an increasing amount of attention in the public mind. It will be remembered that Mr. Bryan suggested to President Taft that while voting upon the income tax amendment to the Constitution the States might be afforded an opportunity to express judgment on the method of Senatorial elections; and he added that Mr. Taft, in his speech of acceptance, had asserted his personal inclination toward a change in the present system. Mr. Taft in reply stated that he was not prepared to urge, as an administration measure, an amendment which would provide for the election of United States Senators by popular vote. "I hardly deem this a party question," he added, "and as there is a very great difference of opinion in my own party in respect to it, I think it ought to be presented to Congress, not as a party or administrative measure, but as a matter of individual opinion."

Such, in brief, was the correspondence between the leaders of their respective parties. So far as definite results are concerned, nothing was gained by either side. The letters did accomplish the purpose, however, of giving additional publicity to a question which, in the near future, will have to be answered, either negatively or affirmatively, and to this extent, at least, the advocates of popular election gained a distinct advantage. Apart from all other considerations, the fact remains that there is no proposition now before the people which has such a tremendous impetus behind it. There is no other subject which has received such a large degree of popular approval without becoming a law of the land. Indeed,

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were it not for the fact that amendment of the Federal Constitution is most difficult, it is an assertion warranted by the facts, that the power possessed by the legislatures to choose United States Senators would be wrested from them and placed directly in the hands of the people. In this connection it is worth while to present the details of a very remarkable and practically unknown situation as it exists to-day.

There are two methods by which the Constitution of the United States can be amended. These are fully set forth in the fifth article of the document, which reads as follows:

The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress.

The first method was adopted and is now in progress of execution in the case of the proposed tax upon incomes. The records of the United States Senate disclose the interesting and hitherto unappreciated fact that the second method is on the verge of successful operation. In other words, the legislatures of thirty States, or almost two-thirds of the entire number, have, by resolutions formally adopted, requested Congress to call a convention for the purpose of amending the Constitution in relation to the election of United States Senators. These States are as follows:

Arkansas	Michigan	Oklahoma
California	Minnesota	Oregon
Colorado	Missouri	Pennsylvania
Illinois	Montana	South Dakota
Indiana	Nebraska	Tennessee
Idaho	Nevada	Texas
Iowa	New Jersey	Utah
Kansas	North Carolina	Washington
Kentucky	North Dakota	Wisconsin
Louisiana	Ohio	Wyoming

In order to comply with the terms of the Constitution, therefore, action is necessary only by one or two more legislatures to place upon Congress the responsibility of calling a Constitutional Convention; and when it is remembered that at least four States which have not yet petitioned Congress through their legislatures actually elect Senators by popular vote, it would seem as if the advocates of this method have their goal in sight. These States are Alabama, Florida, Mississippi and South Carolina.

There is one question involved in this situation, however, which is not easy of disposition. The thirty legislatures have not acted simultaneously. Their resolutions have been adopted at various periods from 1895, when Idaho, Wyoming and a few other States took the initiative, down to 1908, when Oklahoma was added to the list. There is nothing in the Constitution, however, which prescribes the time within which the legislatures may act. The only limitation is on the number, and the fact is that upon the journal of the Senate is spread the record of the memorials from thirty legislatures. These memorials are not stereotyped in their language. Nearly all of them contain a preamble setting forth the reasons why the proposed amendment to the Constitution is considered desirable. One of the most direct memorials is in the following language:

Resolved, by the Senate and Assembly of the State of Wisconsin, That, under the authority of Article V of the Constitution of the United States, application is hereby made to Congress to forthwith call a constitutional convention for the purpose of submitting to the States for ratification an amendment to the Federal Constitution providing for the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people.

When, therefore, the thirty-first or thirty-second memorial shall have been received by Congress, it will be in order for some one to question seriously whether or not it is the bounden duty of Congress to issue the requisite call for a Constitutional Convention. The stretch of years over which the memorials extend will unquestionably be interposed as an obstacle to affirmative action. No attempt is made in this article to prophesy the outcome of the discussion. The fact itself is interesting and significant enough without surrounding it with futile speculation.

When the Constitution was in process of construction, our forefathers encountered a serious problem in the method of electing Senators and Representatives. That the latter should be chosen directly by the people was easily settled, although, as a matter of fact, some delegates to the convention had been named by the colonial legislatures. When it came to electing Senators, however, there was a lengthy and, at times, acrimonious discussion. One faction held that "the Senate does not represent the people, but the States in their political capacity," while the other side, under the leadership of James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, held the contrary view. "I am in favor of raising the federal pyramid to a considerable altitude," said Mr. Wilson, "and for that reason I wish to give it as broad a base as possible. No government can long subsist without the confidence of the people."

**The View
of Our
Forefathers**

Without going at length into the debate on the question, interesting

and instructive though it be, suffice it to say that when Mr. Wilson offered a motion that United States Senators be elected by the people, ten States voted in the negative and only one, Pennsylvania, in the affirmative. Finally, when the motion to elect Senators by the legislatures of the several States was voted upon, it was carried, although Virginia then joined Pennsylvania in opposition. The question of the political status of the Senators was, however, largely involved in the consideration of the subject, for it is evident that the makers of the Constitution were profoundly impressed by Roger Sherman's insistence that there should be, in one branch of the national legislature, a place where all the States would stand upon an equal footing. "If they vote by States in the second branch, and each State has an equal vote," he sagely observed, "there must always be a majority of States as well as a majority of the people on the side of public measures, and the Government will have decision and efficacy." This reasoning, together with the fact that the smaller States were jealous of the wealth and population of the larger States, led finally to the adoption of the present system, the vote being nine to one.

This brief reference to the action of the Constitutional Convention is for the purpose of pointing out that the main issue was whether the States should have equal representation in the Senate or whether both bodies should be popular in the broad sense of the word. It is evident that our forefathers acted with great foresight and sagacity when they insured State equality in the Senate, but it is equally plain that the opponents of the election of United States Senators by the people are at fault when they insist that the adoption of the new method would pervert the Constitution. Popular election of Senators may not be wise, but it certainly would not be at variance with the vital principle on which the Senate rests. There would still be only two Senators from each State. The foundation of our national structure would not be disturbed. At present, the people elect the legislatures and the latter choose the Senators. As proposed, the power now delegated to the members of the legislatures would be exercised directly by the voters. If, in the very beginning of our Government, there had been felt the confidence in the people which now exists, there is little reason to doubt that popular election of Senators would have been authorized by the Constitution. At that time, however, it was felt that suffrage was largely an experiment. The right of the ballot was restricted, even in the matter of voting for Representatives, and our forefathers seemed to feel that perhaps it would be well to remove at least one branch of the national legislature to an appreciable degree from the people. In their view, this was the wise and conservative action. "The Senate," according to a remark attributed to George

Washington, "is the saucer in which the hot tea of the House is poured to cool." It was the same thought which provided for the choice of a President by members of an electoral college. We know that to-day the people actually, although indirectly, vote for their candidate for President. The electoral college is now a shadow and not a substance. Our forefathers, however, intended it to be a serious affair. They constructed it as a safeguard against popular clamor, enthusiasm, passion and prejudice. They provided for the election of United States Senators by legislatures for identically the same reason.

If any argument were needed to prove that the election of United States Senators by the people would not neutralize the principles of the Constitution, it would be found in the fact that in more than a dozen States the power possessed by the legislature has been reduced to a perfunctory act and yet all the constitutional rights and privileges of the States in their relation to the Senate and the Federal Government remain undisturbed.

**In Congress
and the
States**

In Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Oregon, North Carolina, South Carolina, Nebraska, Virginia, Maryland, Illinois, Iowa and Texas, there exist to-day what are known as primary election laws, through the operation of which the choice of the people for United States Senator is directly expressed. In Florida the statute declares that one of the purposes of the election shall be "to take the sense of the members of each party as to their choice for United States Senator," while in Louisiana it is provided "that in the year in which the general assembly is chosen, which will elect a United States Senator, the State central committee of the respective parties coming within the provisions of this act shall direct that a primary shall be held to select a candidate or candidates for the United States Senate." In Missouri nominations for the office of United States Senator are made at a primary election, while in Texas all candidates for the Senatorship are allowed to place their names upon the ticket which is to be voted upon. Occasionally, the will of the people is at variance with the political complexion of the legislature, as was recently instanced in the case of Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon. The result was a decided victory for the advocates of popular election, inasmuch as it emphasized the fact which had previously existed, viz: that no legislature has ever rejected the candidate successful at the polls.

With the legislatures of thirty States petitioning for a change and with more than a dozen States practically operating as if the proposed amendment had gone into effect, it is no wonder that the supporters of

the new method confidently predict ultimate success. It can be said in their behalf that, up to the present time, the personnel of the Senators chosen directly by the people compares most favorably with the character of the men selected by the legislatures, and in no case has the campaign been made scandalous by the use of notorious and improper practices. There have been cases in our political history when men of great wealth have been elected by legislatures under circumstances which compelled investigation, while the progress of the inquiry developed the fact that the Senator thus chosen was almost unknown except to the few members of the legislature who manœuvred his election. This condition cannot arise in a State where an aspirant for senatorial honors is forced to go before the people in every county, and make himself and his policies a matter of intimate relationship with the voters whose support he desires. In Virginia, as in other States where the new idea prevails, the Senator who seeks re-election must render an account of his stewardship upon the platform of every county court-house, meeting also his rival or rivals in joint debate. There may be disadvantages in this system for the candidate who desires re-election and who has failed to prove worthy of his trust but, in the long run, it is not the people of the State who will suffer.

As might be expected, the sentiment of the House of Representatives has long been in favor of the proposed change. Four times, at least, the House has adopted the phraseology of an amendment to the Constitution providing for the election of United States Senators by the people, and each time the Senate has deposited the amendment in an obscure pigeon-hole. This does not mean, of course, that all the Senators oppose it. Some of the most powerful arguments in favor of the change have been made by distinguished members of the upper body, notably Senators Turpie, of Indiana; Mitchell, of Oregon; Burrows, of Michigan, Clapp, of Minnesota; Bacon, of Georgia, and Bailey, of Texas. Senator Burkett, of Nebraska, who was the first Senator chosen in his State by popular vote, and who to-day occupies a high position in his party councils, is another advocate of popular election whose personality gives support to the cause. At the same time, the men who dominate the Senate and who can rely with absolute confidence upon controlling their legislatures, are averse to any change, and they are likely to remain in power for some years to come. In the meantime, however, the agitation continues and there is, apparently, no retrograde movement.

It remains now to sum up as briefly as possible the arguments presented on both sides. The bibliography of the subject is most extensive, and it is difficult to review it adequately in the restricted compass of this article. The debates in Congress within the last ten or fifteen

years show more than a hundred speeches, and many of them exhaustive, besides which the question has been widely discussed in political and civic publications. There is, as President Taft says, a wide difference of opinion regarding the wisdom of a change, and this divergence is not along party lines. It is said in behalf of the new system that it will enable the people to do directly for themselves what is now accomplished for them by proxy; that the spectacle of a deadlock in a legislature such as deprived Montana, Washington, Wyoming, Oregon, Delaware, and other States of representation in the Senate could not be witnessed, and that, above all, the control of legislatures by unscrupulous individuals or designing corporations would be impossible. Senator Turpie favored the popular election of Senators because he felt that the legislative branch of the Government ought to be directly responsible to the great mass of the people. "Members of this body," he said in addressing the Senate, "are now chosen by political agents, acting for the people. Why should not the principals themselves make that choice?" He emphasized the fact, too, that in the States the Senators were directly chosen by popular vote, and he asserted that he could see no reason why United States Senators should not be chosen in the same manner. He instanced the various deadlocks which had occurred and predicted that they would increase rather than diminish. In a typical paragraph of one of his speeches he said:

The era of almost exclusive supremacy formerly enjoyed by the legislatures of the States has passed away. The only remnant of it remaining is the election of United States Senators, a method out of accord with the broad and liberal extension of the franchise now everywhere prevalent. The extension of the elective franchise during the last fifty years has been very great, but the exercise of it in choosing the officers of the Government in the several States has been yet greater. The number of voters in the States, by the abolition of restrictions on the franchise, has been very much increased, but the number of officers to be voted for has been even more enlarged. In the early days of this Republic the legislatures of the States chose the whole body of the executive and judicial officers therein, and often selected them from among their own number. Thomas Jefferson was elected governor of Virginia by the legislature of Virginia. He was elected a member of Congress under the Articles of Confederation by the legislature of Virginia. Even in my own lifetime I recollect being canvassed as a member of the legislature, because the legislature elected circuit judges and the governor and the State Senate appointed supreme judges. All this system has vanished. That era has disappeared. These vast delegations of power have melted away in the presence of the people, and this remnant left alone will dissolve also.

Now, in every one of the forty-five States, but with few exceptions, these officers, from the highest to the lowest, are elected by a direct vote of the peo-

Arguments on Both Sides

ple. The pending amendment does not propose so great a change as this, but it does propose that the Congress, in both branches, shall be chosen by the people in the same manner as the Senate and House of the legislatures of the States are now chosen. Thus we may perfect the symmetry of our frame of government and recognize the immediate sovereignty of the people in its legislative department.

The opponents of the change insist that it would be unwise to transfer to the individual voter the responsibility which is now vested in the members of the legislature, it being assumed that the latter, being a sworn officer, feels a greater sense of responsibility than the average citizen. This was Senator Hoar's view. Mr. Hoar also asserted that to change the system of election would imperil the equality of the States, although it must be admitted that this statement is not set forth in convincing fashion. Mr. Hoar also argued that if a contested election case should come before the Senate under the new system it would entail an investigation which would range over entire States. "A contest in New York, or Pennsylvania, or Ohio, or Illinois," he said, "may put in issue the legality of every vote cast in a State of three million, or five million, or perhaps, within a generation, of ten million people. There never will be a close election without a contest here. Unless human nature shall change, the result of these contests will depend on partisan considerations and will shake public confidence in the Senate to its very foundation." There is some force in this objection, although his next contention, that the best men are elected by the legislatures and that the really great men would not be chosen by popular vote, is open to argument.

The opposition to the proposed change is, however, based principally upon the danger of making any alteration in the system of government devised by our forefathers. The conservatives shrink from changing the Constitution and insist that a convention, called for the purpose of securing a new method of electing United States Senators, would open Pandora's box. This is, unfortunately, true. It is the only reason yet advanced which ought to have any weight with those upon whom the responsibility of calling that convention may devolve. A thousand proposed amendments would threaten the symmetry and dignity of our present national charter and incalculable damage might be done.

Taken by itself, a proposition to elect United States Senators by the people is entitled to serious consideration. If it is to succeed, however, at the cost of a Constitutional Convention, which is the method suggested by the legislatures of thirty States, it would be better to let well enough alone.

Henry Litchfield West.

STANDARDS OF SUCCESS

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

NOT long ago a distinguished lawyer of the Middle West, pleading the cause of one of the societies for improving civic conditions, risked the assertion that the higher life of the American people "had been drugged with a spirit of mercenary materialism," and that "political self-seeking and unlimited corporate greed have become a national religion," while material aggrandizement is "leading us in the direction of national decay." Although this charge is overdrawn and is likely to be thrown out by the grand jury of enlightened public opinion, there is conviction in his later statement that mere material prosperity is what is too commonly known as "success in life," whereas "in reality it is failure," for "it confounds the end with the means," since we have reached only "the portals of success when we have become wealthy and influential. Our culture is more or less shallow, and our lives are more or less limited and crippled, unless we are patriotic and unselfish. We are like plants which put forth the buds of promise but never reach the blossoming stage."

It may be admitted, at once, that in the mouth of the ordinary American of to-day the word success is usually interpreted to mean material prosperity, the attainment of a comfortable fortune, the acquisition of the assured position which money generally gives. But when we ask whether this interpretation is either strikingly American or strikingly novel, we are likely to come to the conclusion that it is neither, and that ever since our modern civilization emerged out of the Dark Ages, there has never been a time or a place when the average man found any other meaning in the word. To the large majority of mankind always and everywhere the outward and visible proof of success is "money in the bank,"—or whatever might be the immediate equivalent of this.

Indeed, this must needs endure so long as most men have to spend their lives battling with the waves in the strenuous effort to keep themselves afloat. To measure success in terms of material prosperity may be sordid and it may be dangerous to the commonwealth; but it is natural enough and it marks no sudden fall from grace. Even though this standard of success may seem to some to be more exclusively accepted by us just now, the acceptance is not at all peculiar to the American of the twentieth century. It is only what has long been visible both in France and in England; and the industrial development in Germany

has brought about the same state of affairs even in that land of soldiers and philosophers. When one of my Columbia colleagues was a student at Berlin thirty years ago, he was once told by a native that the Americans "worshipped the dollar,"—to which he retorted that the Germans had a similar god, only it was but one-quarter as powerful.

The real question that confronts us when we seek to attain an understanding of the present attitude of the American people is not whether success is here taken to mean material prosperity, but whether material prosperity is not received by us as the final test of success and as the sole touchstone of a finished career. And this is a question as important as it is difficult to answer. If we are admitting that the acquisition of money is the only standard of a well-spent life, then indeed are we in danger of confounding the end with the means. Then are we hailing the man who has merely entered the portal as though he had conquered the inner citadel. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

While material prosperity is, of necessity, the immediate aim of the average man in the thick of the struggle for life, it ought not to be his only aim; and just so soon as he can feel his feet firm on the ground beneath him, it ought not to be his chief aim. And what may be, for a while, almost the whole duty of the inferior man, is only a small part of the duty of the superior man. When the desperate dread of want is no longer driving us to leisureless toil, and when a fair measure of material prosperity has been achieved by abundant energy or by early advantage, then the further accumulation of wealth ceases to deserve exclusive attention, since it is no longer needful to the individual or to the community. To continue to put forth all one's power for the sake of needless acquisition is a short-sighted selfishness which is not success but failure. It is a failure of the individual, which, if widely multiplied, must be fatal to the community.

There is no denying that there are now in the United States glaring examples of this failure, masquerading as success, nor can it be doubted that many if not most of those who are in the thick of the strife are willing enough to welcome this sham as though it was the genuine article. They are, as it were, hypnotized by the revolving glitter before their eyes; and they are in no condition to appreciate the truth of Beecher's saying that "there are a great many poor men who are rich and a great many rich men who are poor." They do not see that if they got what they are seeking, they would swiftly discover the imposture that they played on themselves. They cannot be expected to find this out until it is too late, until they have failed according to their own

temporary standard, or until they have succeeded according to the standard which will betray them in the end. They have energy and determination and ability; but they are bending their powers to the attainment of an object which will never adequately reward the effort. They have not taken time to plan the journey before them and to decide whether they really want to arrive at the port for which they seem to be steering. "Most men," so Lowell has told us, "make the voyage of life, as if they carried sealed orders, which they were not to open until they were in mid-ocean."

But while there are too many men in the United States who are now recklessly making this blunder, they have had predecessors not a few in other lands. Even the wisest of men, who might be expected to have laid out the course carefully and cautiously, have been not infrequently shipwrecked by the false charts they have made for themselves and by the faithless compass they have chosen to follow. For example, consider the career of Bacon; no one ever sought success more deliberately than he did and with more abundant faculties; and his essays,—wherein we may read that "all rising to great place is by a winding stair,"—might be the handbook of all who wish to make their way in the world by worldly ways. But who is there now who wants the success that Bacon attained at the last? Or turn to Machiavelli, whose powerful intellect was only a little inferior to Bacon's; no one ever laid down more boldly the principles whereby a ruthless man might carve his path to success as he saw it; and his precepts seem to be accepted as valid and to be relentlessly applied by certain of the industrial princes of to-day. Yet the name of Machiavelli is now a by-word and a hissing; and the fact that this fate is not wholly deserved does not help him now.

Contrast Bacon and Machiavelli with Franklin, whose moral code may be lacking in elevation but whose practical wisdom was lofty enough. He preached a humdrum doctrine, that honesty is the best policy, that a penny saved is a penny gained, and that if you keep your shop your shop will keep you,—precepts which bore fruit in the lives of countless thousands of his future fellow-citizens. But he accomplished the rarer feat, of conforming his practise to his preaching; and thereby he found himself in his maturity in the possession of a comfortable fortune, whereupon he gave up the task of making any more money and looked out for an ampler and more congenial field of labor. To a man of active mind and energetic body, leisure could be but the liberty of the choice of a more interesting occupation. In his own freedom from mere money-making he saw the opportunity for a larger public service. He has told

us that he early made the rule of never asking for an office and of never declining one; and in the second half of his career he was laboring as effectively for the public as in the first half he had toiled for himself.

Franklin was able to aid in achieving the liberty of his native land, only because he had first won freedom for himself. "Those only are free men," said Froude, "who have had patience to learn the conditions of a useful and honorable existence, who have overcome their own ignorance and their own selfishness, who have become masters of themselves." It was because Franklin had been untiring in overcoming his ignorance and because he was masterful in conquering his own selfishness that he was able to fill out perhaps the most outwardly successful career yet accomplished by any American, even if we admit that his limitations shut him out from certain of the highest things in life. His later and larger success was due to his never being satisfied with mere material prosperity, to his never confounding the means with the end, and to his generous understanding of the duty of every man toward his fellows.

It was Lamennais who declared that "human society is founded of the self-surrender or sacrifice of man to men, or of every man to all men; and sacrifice is the essence of every true society." Franklin might have smiled at the eloquence of the phrase; but he would have acknowledged its truth,—and he might even have explained that self-surrender and sacrifice need not be painful and that in the long run they are often pleasurable in the highest degree. Certainly he would have approved of a passage in one of President Butler's addresses, which insists that "the moral education of the individual human being to the point where he realizes the squalid poverty of selfishness and the boundless riches of service, will alone lift civilization to a higher plane and make true democracy secure."

The moral education of the average human being, here and now, in the United States, at the beginning of the twentieth century, has not reached this point. Indeed, it may be doubted whether it has ever been reached or whether it will ever be reached by the average human being in any country at any time—for reasons which are obvious enough. And it may be that the acceptance of material prosperity as the sole standard of success has been wider in the past few years in America than it ever was before. But to admit this, is not to admit that "political self-seeking and unlimited corporate greed have become a national religion," with the result of drugging the higher life with a "spirit of mercenary materialism." The evidence is plain to-day that even though we may have started along the road to national decay, lured by the glamor of the success which glitters, we have seen the danger-signals

in time, and that we are now ready to retrace our steps, even if we have not yet regained the right path.

It is a good sign that the attitude toward the very rich seems to be changing of late. They are beginning to feel themselves more or less under suspicion, however much the society-reporter may delight in snobbish adulation. No longer is there a belief that the mere heaping up of money is a sufficient service to the community. There is an increasing tendency to apply a stricter moral standard and to ask embarrassing questions. There is a desire to know where the money came from and whether it was honestly come by. There is a manifest intention to sharpen the laws so that processes of acquisition which may have been legal even if they were immoral, shall hereafter be under the control of the courts. There is an awakening to the value of social service. There is a keener recognition of the fact that the really useful citizens cannot be measured by the money they possess. There is a closer scrutiny of character and a higher appreciation of its loftier types. There is a cordial welcome for these new men in public life, to some of whom it is possible to apply the noble words in which the younger Pliny described one of his friends—"who did nothing for ostentation but all for conscience, who sought his reward of virtue in itself and not in the praise of men."

On the other hand, it is not a little unfortunate that there seems to be intensifying a prejudice toward the very rich as a class, without due discrimination between those who have inherited fortunes honestly gained and those who have amassed large wealth by predatory devices. At times, this prejudice may bear hardly on those "who think their innoxious indolence their security"—to borrow Burke's phrase. But there are only too many among the inheritors of honest fortunes who mistake notoriety for fame and who alienate sympathy by foolish prodigality and by silly display. Some of them seem to spend large sums merely as a means of killing time—forgetting that there is no known way of killing eternity. Some of them reveal the laxity of morals which is ever likely to result from the conjunction of wealth and idleness. Some of them have taken part in that matrimonial exportation of heiresses, which seems especially revolting to the plain people. Most of them have failed to grasp the fact that an industrial community offers few opportunities to the selfish idler who has come into the stored savings of a father honored for his industry. A spendthrift who wastes the wealth he has inherited is likely to get his money's worth of repentance, sooner or later; but not a few of the fortunes recently inherited have been so vast that the weakling heir is really

in no danger of reducing himself to actual poverty. He goes on his way, leading an empty life of lavish luxury, setting up a false standard for others and having very little real enjoyment himself.

The same unfortunate fate seems to have befallen some of those who, after a youth of honest toil, have suddenly found themselves in full manhood in the possession of large fortunes which they do not know how to put to any good use. Perhaps this class is larger just now in the United States than it has ever been before anywhere else, in consequence of the recent gigantic combinations of industrial enterprises, whereby comparatively young fellows who had been engaged in building up the several businesses, laboring with all their might and finding their fun in their hard work, have suddenly discovered themselves out of a job, and paid off with a huge sum of money which a few years earlier would have seemed to them beyond the dreams of avarice. It is not to be wondered that some of them lose their heads and that sometimes they lose their feet also.

It is in his narrative of Catiline's conspiracy that the shrewd Sallust pointed out the reason for the failure of certain of his earlier contemporaries in the final years of the Roman republic. "Men who had easily borne misery and danger and who had gone through the most embarrassing and the most painful difficulties without weakness, bent beneath the weight of leisure and wealth. What made their misfortune was that they had attained what men ordinarily desire." In those dark days the social organization of Rome was crumbling and private corruption hastened public disintegration. Here in the United States the social organization seems to be sound, and to be able to adjust itself in time to changing conditions. Even if society is injured by the misdeeds and by the dangerous example of these energetic possessors of new wealth, it is not actually imperilled. They can harm the commonwealth only a little, even though they wreck their own lives.

They may even be entitled to some small share of sympathy, for they are not ill-meaning even if they are ill-doing. Their early years have been arduous, but full and rich in satisfactory achievement. By personal experience they were proving the truth of Stevenson's assertion that "to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor." All at once their work has been taken from them; and they have had no time to teach themselves how to play. They find themselves with no restraining duties of the kind they are accustomed to; and they have the widest opportunities for so-called "pleasure-seeking." At first they can scarcely be expected to bear in mind that real relaxation is possible only in the interstices of solid work. They can

hardly help rushing forth ardently; and by a strenuous pleasure-seeking for its own sake, they soon atrophy the function of wholesome enjoyment. In this pursuit, for which they have had no preparation, they have no models before them but the idlers of inherited wealth. Trained to make money only and not to spend it, they are tempted to set up as rivals of these idlers and to devote themselves to a display which is wasteful as well as unsatisfactory and to a self-indulgence which has been relaxed from all restraint.

It would be evidence in favor of the contention that the higher life of the American people "had been drugged with a spirit of mercenary materialism," if we found that the average man was looking up to these lusty and lustful spenders as creatures to be envied and to be copied. Indeed, if this vulgar extravagance was widely accepted as the proof of success in life, then might we be tempted to despair of the republic. But this is not the case; in fact, it is very far from being the case. The attitude of the average man toward those guilty of this splurging magnificence is rarely envious; rather is it to some extent contemptuous. For the most part their doings have awakened an amused scorn, when they have not aroused a wholesome anger. The temper of the people is healthy enough, even if the judgments of the people are often swift, unsympathetic and unsparing. Probably the spectacle of the pitiful efforts of these workers turned idlers to get something for their money has not been without profit to the body politic, in that it has stirred the conscience to insist on a stricter accountability to the moral law.

It was in the first half of the nineteenth century that Lowell wrote to his nephew a word of advice, which is as valid to-day as it was three score years ago. "Pin this up in your memory—that Nature abhors the credit system and that we never get anything in life till we have paid for it. Anything good, I mean; evil things we always pay for afterwards, and always when we find it hardest to do it." And this is curiously like a statement of his own creed that Huxley once wrote to Kingsley—"The ledger of the Almighty is strictly kept, and every one of us has the balance of his operations paid over to him at the end of every minute of his existence." The antics of the idlers, whether their wealth is inherited or suddenly thrust upon them, are a spectacle for gods and men; but there is no doubt who will have to pay the piper for their dancing. It is with little desire to figure in the whirling that the most of us gaze at the sorry show.

While the public attitude toward the idle rich of either breed is never admiring, rarely envious and generally contemptuous, its attitude

toward the powerful group of masterful manipulators of the necessities of life is distinctly hostile. Their example has been as demoralizing as their mischievous activity has been dangerous. But this the plain people now perceive; and as a result the plain people are asking for laws which have iron teeth and for prosecutions which will put prison-stripes on a few of these predatory financiers. Probably these self-seeking captains of industry have been astonished of late when they discovered their unfortunate position in public opinion. Possibly they may even be moved to inquire whether the success they have achieved is really worth while—whether it is worth what they have paid for it. Certainly they might awaken to the fact that a man can scarcely be called successful in life when a large proportion of his fellow-citizens not only believe that he ought to be in jail, but would like to see him there. Success is at least a little dubious when men of immense wealth have to go into hiding or to escape out of the country to avoid the subpoena that might force them to the alternative of perjury or of testifying against themselves.

There is no abiding benefit in a material prosperity, however swollen, when its possessors are under the ban of obloquy, when the organs of public opinion are united in holding them up to scorn and even to execration, and when no voice is ever raised in their defense except by those whose consciences have been purchased by gifts. Perhaps there is even a hint of hysteria in the perfervid denunciation of the criminal rich; but even hysteria may have its significance. A remorseless crushing down of other men is likely in time to create a social vacuum; and we all know how hard it is for man to live alone. We crave, every one of us, the good opinion of our fellow-men. There is little companionship in mere money. A man who has lived for himself, without service and without sacrifice, driven by greed or impelled by the sheer exhilaration of the game he is playing, is not likely to find much satisfaction in a solitary counting up of the stakes he has won. Individualism raised to the *n*th is selfishness reduced to the absurd. Even lavish benefactions are coming to be regarded as hush money; and they do not purchase friendship or friendly association with those whose friendship is an honor. Many who are willing enough to accept "tainted money" for the sake of a worthy cause, meet the bestowers of this ill-gotten wealth only on suffrance. Among these leaders in the work of uplift the possessors of predatory riches cannot help discovering that although they have paid for their admission they do not belong within the circle.

They may be slow to make this discovery, since they are likely to be sheathed in self-esteem, an almost inevitable accompaniment of a life devoted to mere money-making. Here, indeed, is another disadvantage

of starting out with the amassing of wealth as the only goal of ambition. If this heart's desire is ever attained it can only be at the cost of a disintegration of character. It is almost impossible for any one who has heaped up a fortune unaided not to be conceited. While the artist and the author may have wholesome doubts as to the abiding value of their works, the man who has made money can measure it with precision. There it is before him, to be reckoned fairly in dollars and cents; and the simple operation of elementary addition is the solid support of his high opinion of himself.

To be raised above immediate want, to be well-to-do, to have inherited or acquired a comfortable fortune—this is a thing not to be despised, since it sets us free for work more interesting than barren self-support. But to have much more than this, to be possessed of immense wealth, is to be heavily handicapped. The tale is told of a multi-millionaire who had inherited his gigantic fortune and who complained that he had had no fun in life. He is reported as saying that he believed he had ability but he was not sure, as he had had no chance to prove it, no incentive to put forth the best that was in him. His excessive riches had disqualified him for taking part in any of the struggles which give zest to life, and he had found himself forced into a career of empty idleness. This seems to be a confirmation of a remark reported to have been made half a century ago by the man who was then supposed to be the wealthiest in New York—to the effect that any one who had half a million “was just as well off as if he was rich.” And this again recalls the saying of a clever old lawyer to a client of moderate means whom he was trying to dissuade from a risky venture: “There isn’t really so much difference between having a hundred thousand dollars and having a million, but there’s an enormous difference between having a hundred thousand and having nothing at all!” There is sense in Ben Jonson’s saying, “What need hath nature of silver dishes, multitudes of waiters, delicate pages, perfumed napkins? She requires meat only, and Hunger is not ambitious.”

Probably many Americans who have made colossal fortunes have not been urged by avarice, by the naked desire for gain; rather have they been taken captive by the lure of the game itself, unwilling to draw out so long as they could sit in at the table. Perhaps some of them may be victims of the false reasoning which justifies a belief that as a moderate fortune helps us to enjoy life, a fortune ten times as large will provide ten times as much enjoyment. To argue in this way is to ignore the law of diminishing returns; and it is to commit the grosser blunder of supposing that pleasure can be bought with a price. But we all know that there is no shop where pleasure is sold—at least there is none where

the products are guaranteed under the pure food law. Pleasure cannot be purchased, and it cannot even be sought for, with any chance of success in the pursuit. If we go gunning for pleasure, we are certain to come home with an empty bag, as well as with empty pockets, and the man who seeks that kind of sport generally starts out with an empty soul.

The truth is that pleasure is a by-product of work. The man who has something to do that he wants to do intensely and that he is able at last to do, gets pleasure as a fee, as a tip, as an extra allowance. Perhaps the keenest joy in life is to accomplish what you have long sought to do, even if you feel that the result might be a little better than you have achieved. Possibly the most exquisite gratification comes from the consciousness of a good job well done. The foolish talk about the "curse of labor" is responsible for much of the haste to gain wealth that we may retire into idleness. But if we are honest with ourselves we know that labor is never a curse, that it is ever a blessing. The theory that work in itself is painful, or that it is the duty only of inferiors, is essentially aristocratic and fundamentally feudal; it is hostile to the democratic ideal. Work is what sweetens life and gives delight to all our days. That man is happiest and gets the utmost out of life who is neither poor nor rich and who is in love with his job, joying in the work that comes to his hands. And that man is truly accursed who is refused the privilege of congenial toil because he has too much money.

There is a significant passage in one of the letters that Taine wrote toward the end of his well-spent life—an honorable life which had been crowned with all the outer rewards of success. "To my mind," he declared, "the hope of success, even success itself, does not suffice to sustain us; man needs an aim, something loved for its own sake, sometimes money or high place, which is the case of ordinary ambition; sometimes an object he will enjoy all by himself, a science he wishes to master, a problem which he wishes to solve to have done with it." The ordinary ambition, as Taine calls it here, money or high place, is a false beacon, and when he who is possessed by it attains to his promised land he finds it to be only a slough of despond, if it has led him to starve his capacity for getting out of life the things that are really worth while. He may seem to have succeeded, but he is left lonely amid those whose ambitions have been better inspired.

In spite of much that may seem like evidence to the contrary, the American people as a whole are not now setting up false standards of success. It is not true that they are drugged with "the spirit of mercenary materialism." There is really little reason to believe that the average

man here in the United States, however much he may wish to be better off than he is, weighs his fellow-men by their balance in the bank. In fact, the average man to-day is not without a pretty high opinion of those whose minds are not set on money-making; and he is in no danger of denouncing as a dire failure a career devoted to the loftier things of life. He may at times display too much curiosity about the methods and the amassed money of Mr. Midas and of Mr. Croesus; but he does not reveal any too great esteem for their persons. He does not actually envy them, even though he may wish that he also had a little more of the material prosperity of which they have too much. It may even be doubted whether he holds them to have been more successful than the men whom he admires as the leaders of public opinion and as the possessors of the things that money cannot buy. He may gossip about the latest entertainment or the latest benefaction of inordinately wealthy men, but he does not set them as high as he rates certain college presidents, certain artists, certain men of letters, certain inventors, whose power and success cannot be measured in money. He would not dispute Bacon's assertion that "no man's fortune can be an end worthy of the gift of being . . . and often the worthiest men abandon their fortunes willingly that they may have leisure for higher things."

All those who are old enough to remember the funeral of Peter Cooper and its outpouring of affectionate regard from all classes in the city he had made a better place to live in, will not need to be assured that the average American clings sturdily to the belief that public service, in office or out of it, is the true gauge of a life. The most useful citizen is in fact the most successful; and it is those who have given loyal service to the community whom the community holds in highest regard. Probably the average American, if he were forced to give thought to it, would admit willingly that the unknown settlement-workers, who put behind them all desire for gain and who give their lives gladly to unostentatious service, have achieved a fuller measure of success than the most of the men who have been conspicuous in amassing millions.

Not what we have, but what we use;
 Not what we see, but what we choose—
 These are the things that mar or bless
 The sum of human happiness.

* * * * *

Not as we take, but as we give;
 Not as we pray, but as we live—
 These are the things that make for peace,
 Both now and after Time shall cease.

Brander Matthews.

THE MARKETS AND THE MIDSUMMER TRADE REVIVAL

BY ALEXANDER D. NOYES

THE three salient facts which come to light in a review of the past three months are, first, continuance at an entirely satisfactory rate of the movement of American trade recovery; second, the spread of Stock Exchange speculation in this country to such proportions as promised, by the opening of autumn, to turn the easy money situation into one of depleted bank reserves and rapidly advancing money rates; third, the gathering of a wheat harvest probably sufficient to make good the shortage of the past two years, but very discouraging promises for the season's cotton crop.

The progress of business revival was much what had been indicated by the experience of the first half of the year. It was not spectacular, like the movement of prices on the Stock Exchange, but gradual and continuous. In this it satisfied the desires of all conservative merchants, and resembled the course of industrial recuperation during such years as 1901 and 1902, when the financial excesses of the period were confined almost wholly to the Stock Exchange. What the pace of business activity has been may be judged from some interesting comparisons of exchange of checks at American banks during the period. In the first three months of 1909, such clearing house exchanges ran 27 per cent. above 1908, but 10 per cent. below 1906, which latter year represented the maximum in previous history. In the second three months of the current year, they rose 33 per cent. above 1908 and slightly exceeded those of 1906. In July and August, the record surpassed all previous figures for those months.

The greater interest of the industrial community converged, as usual, on the iron trade, partly because of the recognition of that industry as a barometer of trade in general, partly because of the very aggressive speculation in shares of the great Steel Trust, and partly because the response which the steel and iron trades would make to the drastic cut in prices during March, and to the expected reduction of their protective duties in the tariff bill, had been awaited with anxious curiosity. As to the nature of the response to the "open market" of last February, there can be no question; the judgment of those who criticised and condemned the "stand pat policy" on prices, pursued by the Steel

**The Iron
Trade's
Recovery**

Corporation during a full year after the breakdown in 1907, has been fully vindicated. Returns of the country's iron production during August, the last which have been compiled at this writing, show total output for the country of 2,248,480 tons, as compared with 1,359,831 in the same month of 1908 and with 1,045,250 in January of last year, when the low ebb of after-panic depression was reached. The August figures come very close to the maximum monthly output of the country's history, having been exceeded only in May, July, August and October of 1907, when the period's feverish industrial boom was at its height. Indications at the close of August, furthermore, were that even these past records would very soon be superseded. The weekly output, as of September 1st, was within 3,000 tons of the high record reported July 1, 1907, capacity for output meantime showing progressive increase.

When the causes and meaning of this great revival in a basic industry are examined, they are found to be, for the most part, altogether encouraging. The showing is not, however, so unprecedented as might be imagined for a year so short a distance away from severe financial panic. Precisely the same sort of revival, with almost exactly similar comparisons possible with preceding years, occurred at exactly the same distance after the panic of 1893. I have referred to this matter before; the current figures make a more detailed retrospect worth while. In 1890, iron production in the United States reached what was then its maximum of 9,202,703 tons. In 1892 the output was only slightly lower. Checked immediately by the financial panic in the middle of 1893, iron production fell in the year 1894 to the very low level of 6,657,388 tons. But such was the violence of the revival in the trade during the ensuing year, 1895, that the output for that period not only ran far above the record of 1894, but actually established a new high record in the country's history. Total production for 1895 was 9,446,308 tons, as against the 1890 maximum of 9,202,703.

The cause for this sudden and spectacular revival in the trade—which, as it happened, was accompanied by a highly sensational rise of steel and iron prices—was twofold: first, the approaching return of financial confidence which for a year had been almost completely paralyzed; second, as a result of the first consideration, a rush to replenish supplies which had been allowed to run very low in the period of stagnation. But the pace of 1895 was not maintained, and for a very obvious reason. It was found that both the financial and the industrial situation had been regarded with premature optimism. Checks and reverses came in each; the simple fact was that real recovery from panic, actual restoration of credit and expansion of consuming power, had by no means moved in

proportion to the preparations made for them in the iron trade. As a consequence, iron production during 1896 fell nearly 1,000,000 tons to 8,623,127, and despite the continuous increase in population and the better times which came in sight, it was not until 1897 that the record in the country's output was again surpassed.

Now it is not my intention to argue that results must be exactly similar this year to what they were in 1895. Prediction based on analogy and precedent is always hazardous, and, as I have frequently had occasion to point out in these columns, there were certain underlying conditions of an adverse nature present in 1895 which have played no part whatever in the present year. The condition of the currency, and notably the position of the grain trade and of the agricultural West, differed so radically in the two periods under consideration that no exact parallel can be reasonably drawn. Nevertheless, analogies count for something, and it is worth while to keep in mind this experience of a previous era in making calculations as to exactly the meaning of this season's phenomena in the iron trade.

There is, in fact, another parallel of absorbing interest between the second year after the panic of 1907 and the second year after 1893. I referred at some length, in the July number of THE FORUM, to the fact that our foreign trade was showing rather unfavorable results, and noted that in May our excess of merchandise exports over imports fell to \$7,300,000, as against \$29,500,000 in the same month of 1908. Since that writing, there have come to hand some much more impressive comparisons. In June, for the first time since 1897, our monthly excess of exports disappeared entirely, imports exceeding exports by \$7,158,000, as compared with an export excess of \$23,262,000 during June, 1908. In July, imports again exceeded exports, an adverse balance for \$2,837,000 as compared with an export excess of \$16,764,000 a year before; in August, imports again ran ahead by \$5,902,000.

It hardly need be said that this was a striking and significant movement of events. During the eight first months of 1909, the total excess of exports over imports footed up \$192,000,000 less than in the same months in 1906, \$298,000,000 less than in 1901 and \$330,000,000 less than in 1908. When the specific cause of this striking change is sought for, it will be found to have been due almost wholly to immensely increased imports. During July, for instance, imports of merchandise were \$25,000,000 ahead of 1908, and were the largest on record except for 1907; in June, imports ran \$32,000,000 beyond 1908 and broke all

**Balance of
Foreign Trade
Turns
against Us**

records for the period. During the eight completed months we imported \$246,000,000 more than in 1908, the receipts of merchandise never having been paralleled for the period except in the year of immense activity, 1907. I subjoin a table which will show at a glance how striking is this change in our foreign balance:

EXCESS EXPORTS, 8 MONTHS ENDING WITH AUGUST

1909	\$ 60,922,219	1902	\$207,515,803
1908	391,369,960	1901	359,678,585
1907	194,563,235	1900	351,163,683
1906	253,688,676	1899	277,400,390
1905	196,282,361	1898	351,709,639
1904	183,934,093	1897	95,371,553
1903	201,930,037	1896	109,698,493

Now, judged from one point of view, it will reasonably be argued that this huge import movement was itself no more than a reflection of the reviving activity in trade and consumptive power of the American community. In that respect it might possibly hold its place along with the figures of iron production. But the case of foreign trade involves some other considerations. It will be recalled that what was then termed our "European credit balance" was a fundamental factor on which the hopes and aspirations of periods like 1901 and 1906 were based. The fact that we were accumulating in the foreign market, through our routine trade, so immense a credit fund that we could draw on foreign resources of capital without borrowing, was of the first importance not only to our basic industries, but to the undertakings in promotion and speculation which were so marked an incident of those years. Considered from this point of view, it will be readily seen that so unusually unfavorable a showing as that of the past eight months means not only that we have no such accumulated fund at our command, but that in all probability we have been forced, in a greater degree than usual, to resort to the foreign money markets for support of our Wall Street undertakings.

What the result of such a position would naturally be, in the later financial operations of the season, must in a large degree depend on circumstances. That these results would be altogether favorable cannot be supposed. It was the turning of a foreign credit into a heavy foreign debit which embarrassed our money market seriously when Europe recalled its advances in the late months of 1901 and 1902. It was wholesale recourse to such foreign borrowing which created a situation in the autumn of 1906, such as frightened financial Europe, led to the interference of powerful foreign institutions, and brought about very shortly

the downfall of the huge speculative structure erected purely on the basis of such borrowing.

How much our foreign floating indebtedness of this sort has grown to be in the present season, is a matter of estimate and conjecture only. European estimates, from good banking quarters, have declared that in midsummer our indebtedness of the sort at London was as much as \$400,000,000. The figure is very large; taken merely as an estimate, it is the highest figure ever named for our foreign floating debt, except at the climax of the great speculation of 1906. Under ordinary circumstances, such an estimate would be received with general scepticism; but I have shown already at least one strong confirmatory bit of evidence, in the failure of our foreign trade to provide the offsetting European credits which have been looked for during normal years. When such a situation on routine international exchange has been followed by prolonged speculation for the rise in Wall Street—a speculation notoriously conducted largely through use of London capital—it is not surprising that high estimates of this sort should get a hearing. As for the outcome of that situation, it is still too early to speak with confidence. Capital borrowed abroad under such conditions ordinarily is raised on bills of no very long maturity, but as a rule the borrower reserves the right of renewal or extension. Sudden and complete reversal of the foreign trade situation above described would possibly serve in itself to liquidate an indebtedness of this sort. As yet, however, it can scarcely be said that any plain indications of a change of such a nature have been apparent in our foreign trade. Even the theory that our midsummer imports were inflated by merchandise, brought hurriedly in through fear of increased duties, has not been borne out by the August trade report, for the tariff bill was passed on August 5th, and the abnormally large imports continued throughout the month. As for the export trade, that will depend on still other considerations and will be largely governed by the general outcome of the crops here and abroad.

In this regard, the events of the past three months have been singularly interesting, but in many respects so conflicting and confusing as to render confident deductions at the present time somewhat difficult. Of the wheat harvest, it may be said that the season ends with satisfactory results. The winter wheat crop, as was apparent early in the season, had been injured by spring droughts; but the spring wheat crop has gone through summer without unfavorable vicissitudes, and in the latest estimates promises to bring up the total yield so high that a

**Out-turn
of the Crops**

crop only twice exceeded in our history will be gathered. Taking the general indication of the present time, the promised wheat yield of the season makes this comparison with the harvests of preceding years:

WHEAT YIELD OF THE UNITED STATES

	Bushels		Bushels
1909	1,710,000,000	1904	552,399,000
1908	664,602,000	1903	637,821,000
1907	634,087,000	1902	670,063,000
1906	735,260,000	1901	748,460,000
1905	692,979,000	1900	522,229,000

In its bearing on the farmer's condition, on railway traffic and on the price of bread to the community at large, this result is altogether fortunate. Its precise effect on our foreign trade cannot be judged, however, without taking into account the harvest outturn elsewhere in the world. It is still early to figure out the complete results of the European harvests of 1909; a recent and apparently careful estimate gave out a probable European yield of 1,792,000,000 bushels, as against 1,742,000,000 in 1908 and 1,691,000,000 in 1907. The crop thus indicated for 1909 would not be as large as was harvested in 1906, 1905 or 1904; but, except for those three years, it would surpass all precedent. On the face of things, it might then be imagined that the foreign producing communities would be able to feed themselves to a much larger extent than in recent years, and that therefore demands by foreign countries on the American wheat supply would be less than usual. But such a conclusion cannot safely be maintained without reference to the stocks of wheat carried over, in Europe and elsewhere in the world, from the old crop of 1908. The total supply available for the wheat-consuming community during the coming season would be made up of the yield of 1909, plus such carried-over accumulations, and the midsummer figures of this possible supply showed a world-wide condition of depleted granaries such as has rarely been witnessed in the recent history of agriculture. I subjoin the figures as of August 1st, the close of the old crop year, on the stored-up wheat in Europe, in America and in the world at large:

	Europe	America	Whole World
1909.....	5,600,000	1,500,000	7,100,000
1908.....	5,850,000	3,100,000	8,950,000
1907.....	7,420,000	7,950,000	15,370,000
1906.....	7,110,000	5,200,000	12,310,000
1905.....	8,160,000	2,600,000	10,760,000
1904.....	8,105,000	2,700,000	10,805,000

¹Estimated.

	Europe	America	Whole World
1903.....	5,930,000	2,880,000	8,810,000
1902.....	5,255,000	4,225,000	9,480,000
1901.....	7,960,000	5,600,000	13,560,000
1900.....	7,310,000	8,270,000	15,580,000
1899.....	7,485,000	6,670,000	14,155,000
1898.....	5,990,000	1,800,000	7,790,000
1897.....	4,383,000	3,100,000	7,483,000
1896.....	5,045,000	7,540,000	12,585,000
1895.....	9,615,000	6,800,000	16,115,000
1894.....	9,355,000	9,350,000	18,705,000
1893.....	10,530,000	9,140,000	19,670,000

It will be seen that supplies on hand, at the opening of the pending season, were lower than at any corresponding period during sixteen years. As a matter of fact, the comparison would be the same if pursued still further back. Furthermore, it will be noticed that, except for 1902 and the famine period 1896 and 1897, Europe's own reserves are at an absolute minimum. This is an influence which will offset, in the season's later demands for our wheat in the export trade, any showing of better outcome in the foreign harvests themselves. Up to the present date, our exports of wheat have been disappointingly small, the result being a rather sharp fall in the price of wheat on the speculative markets. In the grain trade the common explanation was that Russia, always the mystery of the market, had been selling freely from a crop running 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 bushels larger than last year's. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the first demands on the early wheat deliveries from the present crop would come from millers and grain merchants generally, whose own home reserves had fallen so low in last spring's scarcity as to embarrass seriously their current business. Adding to this the fact that the fall in wheat had led the American farmer himself to hold back his new supplies from market, it may be fairly argued that the slow recovery in the export trade in wheat is a temporary matter.

While the wheat harvest has resulted thus satisfactorily, and while most of the grain crops make an extremely favorable showing, there has been disappointment elsewhere. Early in the season, the corn crop promised by far the largest yield in the history of the country, its percentage condition by the monthly Government report being 84 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. in July, which was well above the average for that month and came on a largely increased acreage. The August crop report showed some deterioration, due to drought and the Government fixed the figure 79 $\frac{3}{4}$. Between then and September, highly unfavorable weather conditions pre-

vailed throughout the richest portion of the corn belt, and the September estimate was cut down to $74\frac{5}{8}$, which was actually the lowest September estimate on corn since 1901, the year of actual corn crop failure.

Even with these disappointments in the season's weather, the corn crop still will measure fairly up to the average of the past half dozen years. The cotton crop tells another story. Starting out during June with the Government condition estimate of $81\frac{1}{8}$, which was better than that of 1908 or 1907 and fairly up to the average of preceding years, the cotton growers were pursued by the same unfavorable weather as had afflicted the corn fields. In July, the cotton estimate was marked down to $74\frac{5}{8}$ per cent.; in August, to $71\frac{7}{8}$; in September, to $63\frac{3}{4}$, which was in point of actual fact the lowest September estimate in the twenty-seven years in which monthly reports have been made by the Government on the cotton crop.

Taken along with a reduction of 1,452,000 acres in the present year's planting, it was figured out by the cotton trade at the opening of September that the estimate meant an indicated yield of not much more than 11,500,000 bales. Now 11,500,000 bales would have been called an abundant crop six or seven years ago; but spinners' demands have increased, since that time, at a rate which has changed the aspect of things entirely. The Ellison estimate, published once a year in Liverpool, figured out last autumn, as the world's requirements from the American cotton crop for the impending twelve-month, 12,438,000 bales. Obviously, supposing this estimate to be anywhere within reason, an American crop short of 12,000,000 bales, and especially one in the neighborhood of 11,000,000, would create an awkward situation. But with cotton, as with wheat, the problem cannot be very well worked out without careful consideration of the foreign producing countries and of the world's reserves from the preceding season.

In these respects, conditions differ considerably from those prevailing in the wheat trade. Egypt and India, which are our two main competitors in the cotton producing industries, promise better results this year than for many preceding seasons. Furthermore, there exists at present in the cotton storehouses of the world an exceptionally large reserve from older crops. Europe in particular, which, in the short year 1903, when English spinners paid famine prices for our cotton, held only 291,000 bales of cotton at the opening of September, and which reported only 723,000 at the same time a year ago, held in the first week of September, 1909, no less than 1,225,000 bales. Clearly, this promises larger foreign production, and the larger reserves carried over from

last season have their bearing on the question, what part cotton will play in the season's export trade.

The consideration is of great importance, as may be judged from the fact that in the calendar year 1908 our cotton exports alone footed up \$438,000,000, out of \$912,000,000 for our total agricultural exports, and of \$1,668,000 for exports of all sorts. In other words, our cotton shipments make up in a favorable year one-third of all our exports. With Europe in a position where it would have to buy our cotton in the usual quantity and at any price, the export trade might hold its own despite a deficiency in the crop; this was, in fact, the actual result with the short crop of 1903, when exports of cotton in the autumn months exceeded both in quantity and value every monthly precedent. It remains to be seen to what extent a different situation will have been created this year by a favorable cotton harvest abroad and the larger reserves on hand.

I have mentioned that the stock market was violently agitated during the great part of the summer. The speculation which prevailed throughout June and July was conducted, by all indications, under the auspices of powerful capitalists; it involved purchase of stocks on an enormous scale, and it converged, as is usually the case, on a particular quarter of the market where it was thought that popular interest could be aroused to an exceptional degree. The central point during all the earlier months of speculation was the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation. In the autumn the price of this stock went above 80, which compared with the price of $41\frac{1}{4}$ during February, with the high price of $58\frac{3}{4}$ in the excited advance which followed the 1908 election, and with a maximum price of 55 prior to 1908, including the years when a 4 per cent. dividend was paid on the common stock.

Such an extraordinary enhancement of the market price would usually suggest that earnings of the property must be making an unprecedentedly favorable showing. But this was not the case. In the quarter ending June 30th, according to the report made at the close of July—the latest now at hand—the company's net earnings footed up \$29,340,000, which compared with \$20,265,000 in the same quarter of 1908 but with \$45,504,000 in 1907. In 1907, neither dividends nor prices were in any such altitudes as those of 1909; therefore it is apparent either that the rise in the stock this season was unwarranted, or else that anticipations not yet realized were governing the whole movement of values. It was argued in some quarters that the relatively

**The Stock
Exchange
Speculation**

smaller earnings were no conclusive argument, since the completion of the Gary plant would free the company's annual surplus fund from the demands which were made for purposes of constructing that new equipment. But this quite valid consideration is in at least some degree offset by the fact that wholly outside of appropriations for the Gary plant, there

<p>Rise in the Steel Trust's Stock</p>	<p>were set aside in 1906 for special purposes of improvement and construction the sum of \$36,000,000, and in 1907 the sum of \$39,000,000, whereas neither in 1908 nor in 1909 was a dollar laid apart for these extra appropriations. The great increase in the coun-</p>
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try's iron production was an argument often cited for the price of Steel stock, but in the public mind this consideration was superseded by two arguments more striking and picturesque in character.

I mentioned in the July number of this magazine the efforts made to list the stock on the Paris Bourse, with a view of widening the market for speculation and of so far increasing demands by foreign investors as to enhance the price accordingly. Since that writing, the Paris experiment has met with what is seemingly final failure. The stock has not been listed on the Bourse, and, unless conditions radically change from those that now exist, it is not likely to be listed. No doubt, the protest of the French steel manufacturers against drawing on the capital of France to support a competing foreign industry was the conclusive argument; but, as is apt to be the case, the explanations officially put forth were more specious and general in their nature. In particular, the fact of unfavorable action by our congress in the matter of duties on various French products, in the Tariff Bill of the summer past, has been cited in France as a valid reason for refusing favor to the shares of the Steel Trust or any other American corporation. How far this argument had any *bona fide* force, I do not know; that it was widely believed to have been the paramount influence has been indicated by the action of M. Jaurès, the Socialist leader in the French Chamber of Deputies, who publicly declared, a month or two ago, that the Government was negotiating with our own Administration for the granting of favorable terms to French exporters in exchange for admission of Steel shares to the Paris Bourse, and who promised a vigorous interpellation of the Ministry on that question when the Deputies should be in session again during October. The absurdity of this notion hardly needs discussion; but I refer to the matter to illustrate what appears to be the attitude of the French public mind on the question of the Steel shares.

The other consideration on which the rise in Steel stock had been made to pivot was a predicted increase in its dividend; and, in fact, at the quarterly meeting in the last week of July, that dividend was raised from an annual rate of 2 per cent. to the rate of three. As a speculative move, the action must be described as moderately successful and as fully confirming expectations. The larger question, whether the rise was warranted, must be judged in the light of other considerations. We have seen already what the corporation's earnings were, in the quarter for which the dividend was increased. These earnings were less by fully 30 per cent. than in the year when the 2 per cent. dividend rate had been maintained without question. Apparently, the directors' action of July can be justified only on the theory that a 2 per cent. annual dividend, under all the circumstances, had been all along very much too low. Naturally, this theory has been aggressively and continuously asserted by the faction in the management which was responsible for the placing of Steel common stock on a 4 per cent. basis at the beginning of its history. The market has seen since then, however, what were the results of this wholesale paying out of annual earnings to the stockholders, and it is quite impossible to deny that the action of last summer, all the surrounding circumstances being kept in view, was more of a reversion to the hazardous finance of 1901 and 1902 than a recognition of actual and visible conditions.

Converging, as I have said, on this stock in particular, Stock Exchange speculation reached its climax during August. At that time it was possible to say that United States Steel stock had advanced 39 points from the lowest of the year, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, 21; Great Northern, 21; Louisville and Nashville, 41; New York Central, 27; Northern Pacific, 26; Pennsylvania Railway, 17; Southern Pacific, 25; Union Pacific, 46, and Reading, 48. In the month of August, all other considerations bearing on speculative and investment values suddenly gave way to one which, for the time being, absolutely displaced all other facts and arguments from the financial mind. Exactly what would have happened to the stock market, in view of the great speculation which had been built up in it during the two preceding months, had Mr. Harriman's illness not assumed a critical form, and had none of the sensational events developed which then came in sight, is perhaps not an easy question to answer. Certainly there were reasons for believing, in the light of all experience, that at least a halt in the speculative rise of prices must very soon occur. As a matter of fact, the

**The
September
Break in
Prices**

stock market had shown signs of wavering some time before this episode took the centre of the stage. It is possible that the signs of weakness in the great speculation were aroused from early knowledge of facts which came only sometime afterward into the public view; but it is reasonably safe to say that the speculation was approaching a stage where any speculation must be subjected to an ordeal which will test its intrinsic qualities.

Not only in 1909, but on practically every other occasion of the kind when values have been immensely enhanced through the use of money borrowed at low rates in the period of midsummer trade stagnation, the approach of the autumn season, when withdrawal of cash for harvest purposes always coincides with expansion of loans for use in general industry, is very apt to bring about precautionary liquidation which in turn may lead, as it did last year, to an exceedingly sharp collapse. It has been the uniform experience on such occasions that a break begun, so to speak, automatically, was emphasized and rendered acute by some other incident which nobody had taken beforehand into calculation. At the close of August a year ago, the weakness following these realizing sales was turned into demoralization by what was called the "election scare"; on other occasions, as in 1905 and 1906, money market conditions themselves became acute, and seriously upset the plans of speculating financiers. It is therefore reasonable to suppose that a break in the scale of prices which had been so continuously advanced during the summer would have been inevitable, even had no news of any definite source been received from Mr. Harriman. But the Harriman episode was for many reasons sensational in itself, and from certain incidents during the last week of August and around the time of his death on September 9th, it is likely to remain a consideration of great importance in the developments of finance.

It was at the close of May that Mr. Harriman departed for Europe. At the time, there were in circulation many disquieting rumors regarding his physical condition, and in the light of what has happened since, the report then current, that he was afflicted with a mortal disease which left him only a few months more of life under any circumstances, may probably be regarded as correct. It will be recalled that his valedictory interview, on taking the European steamer, predicted continuance of prosperity, expressed his belief that a "big burst of speculation" would ensue, but ended with the warning that "if a tide of speculation sets in rapidly again and we jump things up thirty or forty stories and then smash, the fall will be greater." Recollection of this interview, and knowledge that it was not Mr. Harriman but his old Wall Street antag-

onists who were most active in the midsummer speculation for the rise, gave ground for some occasional misgiving in the Wall Street community. This had been pretty much forgotten, however, when a very striking and mysterious episode occurred.

In the second week of August, as I have shown already, the speculation for the rise had shown signs of wavering. In the view of people who had watched the proceedings closely, the decline in stocks which then began had an obvious cause in the calmness and indifference with which the investing and speculating public had received the news of the tariff bill's enactment. The final passage of this measure occurred on August 5th, and up to that time there had been no pause or halt in the violence of the upward movement on the Stock Exchange. If the predictions, made earlier in the season by the rank and file of Wall Street financiers, had any meaning, they had reckoned on this event for the beginning of a speculation as excited as that which followed Mr. Taft's election last November. As I set forth in these columns last July, eminent financiers had conditioned their predictions of prosperity on the settlement of the tariff revision. Mr. Jacob H. Schiff declared in April that "as soon as the tariff revision is settled definitely, America will enter upon a period of unexampled prosperity." Senator Aldrich, speaking in the Senate, declared at the same time that "the era of prosperity which commenced the first part of March is likely to continue uninterruptedly with the enactment of wise tariff legislation." Other interviews from similar quarters had served still further to indicate the prevalent idea that the speculative spirit was held back until the tariff bill should be finally settled.

I have previously intimated my own feeling in regard to such predictions. The condition assigned for returning prosperity and advancing values by these financiers was not that tariff duties should be raised or that they should be lowered, but merely that the tariff debate should be concluded. But this was something which everybody knew was bound to happen. The notion that either Wall Street or the public at large would wait, before giving way to its optimistic feelings, for the announcement of an event which was a certainty, took very small account of human nature. As a matter of fact, neither industry nor speculation waited. Improvement in general trade, as we have seen, went on uninterruptedly throughout the summer, and nowhere was the progress toward a better state of things more marked than in the steel and iron trades, which were most certain, of all industries, to be confronted with reduced protective duties. As we have seen, the Stock Exchange was still less inclined to wait. Therefore it would seem to have been the conclusion of common sense that actual enactment of the tariff would be taken as a matter of

course, and would be received with neither surprise, enthusiasm nor excitement.

But this was certainly not the view of the active financiers on the Stock Exchange. It is probable that they based their expectations on the experience of last November. It was then pointed out by many people that Mr. Taft's election was a certainty, and that therefore the public would receive the announcement calmly. As we know, the public did nothing of the sort. Probably because it had seen the election of a successful candidate followed on one or two previous occasions by a wild speculation for the rise, it chose to inaugurate a runaway market on the announcement of the vote of November, 1908. From this it seems to have been inferred that the public would do precisely the same thing when it learned that the tariff debate had ended. But analogies are dangerous, and on this occasion the public did not follow its own precedent of 1908. It manifested neither interest nor enthusiasm at the final news of the tariff bill's enactment, and both the markets and the industries went on precisely as before.

To the general public, there was nothing strange about such a result; but it is easily possible that the sequel may have been received by the large Stock Exchange operators with something like consternation. In the course of their long-continued speculation for the rise they had necessarily accumulated immense amounts of stock. These securities were carried on borrowed money, and in this speculation, as in all others of the kind, the calculation must have been to distribute these stocks at a high price level to the general outside public. Without such an outburst of enthusiasm as must have been expected, no such distribution was possible. The natural sequel to a situation of the sort was the beginning of sales of stock at a sacrifice.

When, however, during the second week of August, this movement of liquidation was in progress, there suddenly occurred a most extraordinary movement in Mr. Harriman's stock—Union Pacific. Within a week this stock, which was already selling at a reasonably high price, went fifteen points higher still, on enormous buying, the preferred stock going up thirteen points in the same time. The most striking part of this incident was that while Union Pacific stock was rising, nearly all other stocks on the market continued their decline. As inquiry became urgent over the cause for this sensational movement in the Harriman stocks, a definite report was circulated that the so-called "segregation plan" had been finally agreed on, and this report was at once confirmed in quarters so high as to ensure its general acceptance.

A word may be necessary to recall the situation which was to be dealt

with by this so-called segregation plan. The reader does not need to be reminded of the situation created in Union Pacific finances, first, by the purchase, on the Union Pacific's credit, of \$78,000,000 Northern Pacific stock in the Harriman-Morgan contest of 1901; then by the sale of the stock received in the Northern Securities liquidation, and finally by the reinvestment of \$50,000,000 cash, together with something like \$75,000,000 raised on the company's notes in 1906, in the shares of half a dozen other railroad companies, most of them not connected with the Union Pacific. This \$131,000,000 worth of railway stocks was held at the end of 1906 in the Union Pacific's treasury. In all, and including Southern Pacific stocks bought by the Union Pacific early in 1901, the Union Pacific held in the middle of 1908 securities with a par value of \$239,831,000, and of this enormous sum all but \$108,000,000 Southern Pacific stock were held unpledged and free in the treasury of the company. The extent to which knowledge of these extraordinary operations of 1906, and of the possibilities involved in their continuance, aroused the public mind to indignation, will be readily recalled; the exposure of the facts by the Interstate Commerce Commission was followed shortly by a fall in the market value of these shares, during the panic of 1907, such as involved a paper loss of something like \$40,000,000 on the original investment.

During the panic, some of Harriman's most responsible associates strongly urged upon him the wisdom and necessity of separating these assets in some way from the railway business of the Union Pacific, with which, from the public point of view, they had been most improperly entangled. Harriman himself went so far at the time as to intimate his willingness to consider a plan for segregating these security assets, and a committee was, with his consent, appointed to consider the means of making such separation. Nothing was ever heard from this committee, and nothing more was said in any official way regarding the segregation plan until the sudden outburst of rumor in the middle of last August. Even then reports were surprisingly indefinite; no one appeared to be in possession of facts indicating how the proposed division would be made. In general, the popular idea appeared to be that another corporation would be formed to take over these Union Pacific assets, and that shares in this corporation would be allotted pro rata to existing holders of Union Pacific stock. Those who foresaw objections to this plan on the ground that it necessarily would leave the existing situation unchanged, held to the theory of an alternative plan that beneficiary certificates, similar to those issued to Great Northern shareholders when that company sold its ore lands to the Steel Corporation, would be allotted to the shareholders,

giving them merely a proportionate right to the proceeds derived from the property in question.

No details, however, which could be called either definite or informing came to light. Financial interests closely associated with Mr. Harriman professed their utter ignorance, and at the height of the perplexity and speculative excitement brought about by these flying rumors, came the sudden announcement that Mr. Harriman, whose return had not been looked for until well into the ensuing month, was about to come back immediately to New York. At first this news was greeted by still further advance in prices, on the theory that Harriman was returning to participate with his co-directors in the division of Union Pacific's assets; the reasoning of Wall Street being that a division of assets in the nature of a "deal" would somehow make the stock of the company concerned more valuable than it had been before—this in accordance with the curious Stock Exchange notion that Wall Street amalgamations make two and two worth more than four, and that Wall Street disintegrations make four minus two something more than two. It very soon developed, however, that speculative Wall Street was on the wrong track in its conjectures. Rumors began to circulate that Harriman's return had a different purpose than participation in any scheme for segregating Union Pacific assets. The stock market continued in much confusion during the week when Harriman was on the water. His arrival on August 24th was awaited with movement of values almost in suspense.

Two things became at once apparent when the ship touched land: one, that Harriman himself was a very sick man; the other that some contest of opinion had arisen between him and the authors of this segregation story. All accounts agreed as to the feeble condition of the Union Pacific's chairman, and promptly on his return he gave out the following simple statement:

I have nothing in my mind in the way of segregation, or of extra dividends, or of speculation. The only thing that concerns me is the development and improvement of the lines under our charge, and that we may take advantage of these prosperous times more thoroughly—I mean more quickly—to complete these developments than would be possible if there were less prosperity.

It might have been imagined that this conservative and broad-minded declaration of policy would have helped the market. The result, on the contrary, was that the very next morning Southern Pacific shares fell three points on the Stock Exchange and Union Pacific five. Mr. Harri-

man was at once immured in his country house, and nothing but contradictory stories regarding his physical condition circulated. The market in the meantime moved up and down in irregular and unsettled shape, which gave no clue to the actual situation in finance. Meantime a curious story circulated to the effect that Harriman had returned, despite his enfeebled condition, with the purpose of checkmating plans which had been laid by associates of his own to get control of Union Pacific into their own hands, while its chairman and controlling power was lying helpless on his European sick bed. As Wall Street interpreted it, this story meant not only that a sharp division regarding Union Pacific policy had arisen between Harriman and certain other Wall Street men, but that Harriman had directed all his energies toward crippling the speculation built up by antagonists on the Stock Exchange. The story contained so many elements of the sensational that it was rather generally discredited until some two weeks later, when an apparently authenticated interview with the Associated Press, described as being given by an intimate friend of Mr. Harriman, and undoubtedly put out with his assent, made the following sensational assertion:

About this time, when Harriman was in the hands of a Vienna specialist, some people in Wall Street took advantage of Mr. Harriman's absence and made a raid on his property. Assuming that his career was over, they even announced the name of his successor. Drs. Lyle and Kovak, after considering the matter thoroughly, felt that the best thing for Mr. Harriman to do was to return to the United States. It was all very well to tell him to let his business alone; but, four thousand miles away, with his enemies struggling to unhorse him, this was impossible. His physicians found that there was no necessity for an immediate operation, and that if he came back to the United States and went to Arden he would be in intimate touch with his affairs.

Up to the present time of writing, it is far from clear what was actually meant by this extraordinary charge. That some of Harriman's previous associates had begun to make plans for the property without reference to the absence of the chief of the Union Pacific, and that they had undertaken prematurely to make their designs serve their own purposes on the Stock Exchange are facts which seem to be indicated both by the incidents of the period and by the trend of rumor and discussion since that time. Beyond that, it is impossible to go, even in conjecture. It can only be said that belief in the existence of something like disloyalty among certain of his old colleagues embittered the last days of Harriman's life and led to an extraordinary policy of seclusion on his part, even from his previous Wall Street intimates, during the days when he was sinking fast. That is the pathetic side of the story, and perhaps

points its own moral as to the vanity of human ambitions and human wishes.

Mr. Harriman died at his country home upon the Hudson, on September 9th. During the preceding week, when rumors of his imminent death were circulated in Wall Street, the Stock Exchange fell into a condition of something like hysteria. It was at times impossible to trace the source of the orders which poured into the Exchange. Some of them were undoubtedly realizing sales for the account of midsummer speculators for the rise; some of them the closing out of individual speculations supported by insufficient margins; some of them merely aggressive operations for the decline, conducted by a daring group of professional bear speculators. Of this it should be enough to say that the downfall of values, during the time when Harriman's death was under discussion, went so far as 24 points in Union Pacific stock, 17 in Southern Pacific, and $16\frac{1}{2}$ in New York Central, and that during the day or two immediately preceding his death declines of 7, 8 and 10 points in a single day were no great exception to the rule.

I have shown to what extent the causes lying behind this convulsive decline were confused by circumstances. There could, however, be no doubt that the heavy break in prices during the days referred to was a result of Wall Street's apprehension as to the effect of Harriman's coming death on the markets and on the investing public generally. For this more or less vague misgiving, there were three main arguments. Harriman was an extensive holder of investment securities; therefore his death might precipitate sales of such securities on the market. He was a railroad builder and railroad manager of great capacity, and the recent fortunes of the great Union Pacific property had been bound up with his activities; therefore the disappearance of Harriman from the scene must somehow mean an altered future for Union Pacific. Finally, Harriman was himself one of the most aggressive and at times successful of all the Stock Exchange speculators of the generation; his removal would, therefore, mean the absence of a powerful hand in sustaining values by lavish use of capital.

There was, however, an easy answer to each of these several arguments. The notion that the death of a great investor should be followed by hasty liquidating sales on the Stock Exchange, for the account of his estate, has been exploded many times during the past few generations, and in no instance of the sort has it turned out that Wall Street's misgivings have been realized. The explanation is entirely simple. The larger the

After the
Death of a
Great Leader

interests of a given capitalist in the investment market, and the closer his relations with other speculating or investing capitalists, the more closely safeguarded will his affairs necessarily be against precisely such accidents of nature. Were it not so, it is quite inconceivable that powerful financiers would engage in joint undertakings and operations on the scale which is habitual with them; the sudden death of one participant might otherwise bring ruin to his associates.

The death of such investors as old Commodore Vanderbilt and Jay Gould was followed by scarcely a ripple on the speculative markets. In one particularly noteworthy case, the sudden death of William H. Vanderbilt in 1885, which occurred from apoplexy and which was wholly unexpected, the Stock Exchange passed for twenty-four hours into a convulsion of fright and pessimism. That time elapsed, prices recovered as rapidly as they had declined, and a week later it was impossible to say that the death of Mr. Vanderbilt had exerted any permanent effect on financial values.

Further than this, it is undoubtedly true that Harriman's investment holdings, and his power as actual owner of securities, have in the public mind been greatly exaggerated. Mr. Harriman was a man who acquired his overshadowing power less through his own possession of actual investments than through his personal influence over other financiers whose property holdings far surpassed his own. It is not in the least probable that Mr. Harriman could ever through his individual ownership of shares have carried the Union Pacific annual election. It is possible that, without the co-operation which he obtained from the powerful group known as the Standard Oil party, his personal holdings could not even have turned the scale in such a vote.

The second argument commonly assigned for expecting disturbance as a result of Mr. Harriman's death had in it something more of logic. His power and capacity as a railway organizer have been fully recognized, at home and abroad. His death, by universal admission, means the removal of an aggressive will, a broad sagacity and a powerful moving force in the direction of the affairs of his own railways. Yet it none the less remains true, in the light of all experience, that intrinsic values of a property thus built up are not permanently, and, in most cases, not even temporarily, impaired by the death of their organizer. What has been said above of the general stock market, in the case of the death of the eminent earlier railroad men referred to, has invariably turned out equally true in regard to their own particular enterprises. It is the way of the world, and it is nowhere more the normal course of events than in America, that some one is always found to take up the work laid down by so

powerful a hand, consolidating what has been already done and carrying forward the task of extension and development.

No investment property of the first importance in this country, so far as I am aware, has ever suffered irreparable harm as a consequence of the death of its organizer. The question, indeed, of Harriman's relations to his transcontinental enterprises is surrounded by some peculiar considerations. In the public mind, the contrast usually drawn is between the Union Pacific property, a seemingly hopeless financial wreck in 1896—a "line of rusty rails through an unsettled country," it has sometimes been described—and the Union Pacific of 1906, paying 10 per cent. dividends, enjoying apparently unlimited credit on financial markets, and buying up other railways at the rate of \$131,000,000 in six months. The comparison is picturesque, and Harriman undoubtedly deserves his share of the credit for bringing about so dramatic a change in the situation. Yet it remains to say that the Union Pacific rise in wealth and fortune, since the hard times of the nineties, was by no means wholly or chiefly the result of the energies of any man or group of men.

The contrast between the transcontinental railway properties in 1896 and 1906 is no more striking than the contrast between the countries which they traversed in the two periods referred to. The agricultural West of 1896 was in something like a bankrupt condition, and the railroads which crossed it were insolvent because of that very state of things in the country which they traversed. Neither Harriman nor any one else could by any intellectual insight have discerned the extraordinary and epoch-making change which was destined within a decade so completely to revolutionize the affairs of the farming West. The rise in the price of agricultural products, from the lowest price on record to a price which made the farmer a man of independent wealth, was itself a consequence of causes which no man could have foreseen. Whether that industrial revolution was a result of the failure of production to keep pace with the growth of population, or whether, as is alleged by another school of reasoners, it was a consequence of the increased supply of gold, in neither case could the experienced mind have reckoned confidently on the causes which eventually operated.

Nothing more clearly illustrates this fact than the hesitation of Mr. Harriman himself in 1896 or 1897 between the Union Pacific and the Erie. At the present distance of time, the fact of such hesitation seems absurd, with the Union Pacific property what it is, and the Erie only narrowly saved from fresh insolvency a year ago. But the question involved no such absurdity a dozen years ago. The West was still in the grasp of seemingly hopeless debt; the Eastern communities which the

Erie traversed were at least sure, in the light of ordinary experience, of recovering from the depression of the day and of advancing into new prosperity. As it happened, Harriman's choice was wise. With the flood of agricultural prosperity, trade, population and industrial activity grew with extreme rapidity in the Middle West, and nowhere was the growth in all three directions more marked than in the district traversed by the Union Pacific. The Northern Pacific's territory doubtless came next in its good fortune, and the transformation of that line from its bankrupt condition of a dozen years ago to its wealth and prosperity of to-day is almost equally striking with the Union Pacific's story. This is not said by way of detracting from any of the really brilliant qualities displayed by Harriman as a railway operating manager. The light which it throws on the matter under discussion is in its showing of the extent to which natural advantages which are permanent in character have contributed to achievements which in the public mind are apt to be associated with the work of a single man. The death of no man can call a halt on the march of agricultural and industrial prosperity in the United States.

The argument that with Harriman a powerful manipulator of values disappeared, and that the markets would lose the services of a financial genius usually directed toward advancing values, is in the last degree superficial. In its nature speculation of this sort, or of any sort, can have no permanent influence on financial values. The successful speculator can do no more than anticipate the future; but in order to make his growing anticipations profitable to himself, he must be in the end a seller to exactly the extent that he had previously been a buyer. So far, then, as his individual activities on the Stock Exchange are concerned, he is bound to leave the situation precisely where it was before.

But this is not all that can be said in answer to this particular argument. The speculative side of Mr. Harrimann's career was by no means something to be unreservedly accepted as a benefit to the community or to any party. In so far as concerns his use of Union Pacific's credit on an unprecedented scale, to buy up shares from the speculative market and incidentally to stir up wild speculation on the Stock Exchange, the markets and the country were under a constant and never-ending menace. The exploits of Mr. Harriman in 1906, when the Union Pacific's credit funds were employed to buy up shares of railways not even geographically connected with his own, differed in no respect, except in their success, from the undertakings by which McLeod plunged the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad into insolvency during 1892 and 1893. In so far

Harriman
as a
Speculator

as immunity from the penalties usually attendant on a venture of this sort is the criterion for judgment, Harriman was vindicated where McLeod was not. But to allege the fact that these rash exploits were conducted without involving wreck to the companies concerned as proof of their wisdom or propriety, would be simply conceding that the staking of fortunes of great corporations on a speculation should be the rule of corporation finance. As every sensible man is perfectly well aware, recognition of a principle of this sort would simply amount to the discarding of all rules of business prudence and common sense.

As was reasonably to be expected, the violent break in prices which preceded the news of Harriman's death on September 9th was followed almost immediately by recovery in Stock Exchange prices as abruptly as the preceding decline. It was merely the readjustment of the market to a position where the incorrect and distorted views of the preceding week or so would be brought in line with real conditions. The problem which remains, and which possibly will remain in the speculative arena for some time to come, is the ultimate disposition of the great railway properties over which Harriman had exercised so autocratic a control. On Wall Street, rumors naturally circulated, during the few days after Harriman's death, that a vigorous contest would be inaugurated for capturing these properties by the so-called "Morgan interest," against whom Harriman during his decade of absolute power had waged unrelenting warfare. It required, however, only a week before the action of Union Pacific's own directors showed that at all events things were destined to move in a decent and orderly way. Judge Robert S. Lovett, Harriman's intimate associate and Vice-President under him of the Union Pacific Company, was elected Chairman of the Board, and the vacancies left in the directorate and executive committee by the death of Mr. Harriman and of his colleague, H. H. Rogers, were filled by the choice of Mr. Jacob H. Schiff and Mr. William Rockefeller, both of them close associates of their predecessors and identified with the Wall Street faction which they represented.

What the next turn in events will be is, no doubt, a matter of conjecture. That the events and contests of the last half dozen years will be renewed is the remotest of possibilities, and there can be no doubt that the financial situation generally will be greatly improved by the absence of such sensational demonstrations. So far as concerns the Union Pacific property itself, there is little doubt in the minds of conservative men that the plan for splitting apart the railway stock investments made by

The Market's Recovery

the company in 1906, from the Union Pacific's railway business pure and simple, must be carried through. Continuance of the situation created by this use of a railway's credit would not be tolerated either by the community at large or, I believe, by the courts and legislatures.

The further question, as to the future relations and alignment of the powerful opposing forces who have fought the great Wall Street battles of the past ten years, is less easy to answer. The Wall Street notion, adopted when the September stock market had recovered, of a community of interest in which all these powerful financiers would act in concert in their plans in the investment world, has a character more or less ideal. The one fact which seems to stand out unquestioned from the rest is that a new and different era in finance has opened. What is to be its character will depend largely on the new personalities which appear upon the scene. The men who fought the aggressive battles in the opening years of the present century, in so far as they still remain upon the scene, are so far advanced in years that renewal of the campaigns which stirred the financial world at that time is scarcely to be expected from them. As with personalities, so with general conditions; railway and corporation finance is passing into another stage, whose characteristics can be judged only as successive episodes throw light upon them.

Alexander D. Noyes.

OFFERINGS

BY BRIAN HOOKER

IF I could sing as no man ever sang—
Find the red heart of that unspoken lore
That all sweet sound is only hunger for,—
If I might call the moonlight on the sea,
The river-lily's dream, the soul of dew,
To lead the voices of my harmony,
I should have songs, O Love, to sing to you.

If I could love as no man ever loved—
The questing of the girl unsatisfied,
The passion of the bridegroom for the bride,
The mother's wonder in her newborn son,
The boy's fresh rapture in his life come true—
If I might compass all these loves in one,
I should have love, O Love, to bring to you.

Brian Hooker.

LIBRETTISTS AND LIBRETTOS

BY LEWIS M. ISAACS

IN the history of opera there are many curious anomalies; but perhaps the strangest is the rôle played by the librettist. For the most part obscure and unimportant and generally unremembered, his ranks have nevertheless been recruited from the ablest and most brilliant men of letters. Among those who have undertaken the part are such unlikely names as Voltaire, Goethe, Wieland, Addison and Fielding; while others of considerable poetic talent, as, for example, Metastasio, Calzabigi, Rinuccini, Boito and Coppée, have tried their hand at libretto-writing with assurance, giving to it their best efforts. And yet the successful librettists are few—the merest handful out of a harvest of three centuries. There seems to be something in the task that eludes pursuit. Goethe, the myriad-minded, experimenting in every phase of poetic art and almost always justifying his attempt, wrote several librettos that have been consigned to the limbo of forgotten things. His latest biographer calls them “insignificant, colorless and shadowy.” And the same story of failure may be told of many others only less gifted. Yet literary hacks of the lowest calibre have turned out successful librettos and some of the composers themselves, without pretence to literary ability and actuated solely by musical considerations, have produced results of which the best of their collaborators might well have been proud.

To the vast majority of opera goers, the libretto seems the least important part of the entertainment. The diminutive form of the word itself seems to point to the inference that it was thus looked upon by the creators of opera. But there are too many instances of poor librettos wedded to beautiful music and carrying it down to oblivion to justify that idea. Besides, the originators of the opera were trying to revive the Greek drama with its accompaniments of music and dancing, so that the book of the opera clearly was not in their estimation of minor importance. The first beginnings of the modern music drama are credited to a brilliant group of artistic and literary dilettanti who met at the home of Count Giovanni Bardi in Florence, toward the end of the fifteenth century. There they discussed art theories and sought to put into execution the ideas evolved. Their experiments, crude as they were, served to turn the development of music into a new channel. The first opera ever performed in public was *Eurydice*, composed by Joseph Peri, with libretto by Ottavio Rinuccini, two of the members of the Bardi group.

The choice of subject, the familiar story of Orpheus and Eurydice, was, of course, not accidental, but a natural one in view of the avowed purpose of the authors—to resuscitate Greek dramatic art. Rinuccini's endeavor was simple—to set forth in slender outline the plot of the story, allowing the dramatic points to tell as they became unfolded. He made little attempt at versification, the major part of the book being mere recitative and dialogue. There is a prologue in verse and short metrical passages for chorus. An instrumental episode in the first act and some dancing at the end of the opera are notable points of effect. The scheme throughout was naïvely simple and gave the poet but little scope for imaginative play. And the music itself is colorless and unpretentious, and scarcely indicative of the fruitful product of later centuries. The novelty of the thing rather than any intrinsic worth was what made the strongest appeal to the audience. But the path was blazed and soon became filled with followers of the new school. Rinuccini wrote several other librettos, among them *Daphne and Arianna*, which, however, presented little or no change in formal scheme from the earlier work. *Arianna* was set to music by Claudio Monteverde, a far greater composer than Peri or any of his group, and the new opera showed not only that there were immense possibilities in histrionic music, but also that the formal requirements of libretto construction had been met at the outset by Rinuccini. The general plan of his librettos has served as a model upon which successive generations of writers have built and elaborated.

Of the librettists that followed Rinuccini in the early days of opera practically nothing is known. They seem to have originated little and always subordinated their work to the demands of the composer. A chronological catalogue published at Bologna in 1737 and giving a list of the operas performed at that city from 1600 to that time, records also the names of the librettists; but few of them are known, even as names, at the present day.

The first modifications introduced into libretto writing were not by way of improvements. Almost simultaneously with the rapid rise of Italian opera came a decline of Italian poetry, and the librettist became wholly subservient to the composer, the theatre manager and the singers. The aria and various forms of concerted music were introduced without regard to the dramatic necessities. The prima donna must needs have her solo at an opportune time for her. Extra characters had to be introduced to eke out a quartet or sextet as the case might be, and the chorus was always called on to close the act with its inevitable finale. Thus gradually, the libretto became a mere mechanical contrivance for the exploitation of the composer. Its plot was controlled by considerations wholly

apart from those of dramatic consistency; and the verses and dialogue were written to supply the particular exigencies of composer and singer.

As might have been expected, this condition of affairs reacted in turn upon the music. The singer grew careless in memorizing the words, which meant nothing anyway. Declamation and phrasing were sacrificed on the altar of vocalization, and the cadenza, developed to an absurd extent, became the Ultima Thule both for the singer and for the audience, which soon learned to watch for the display of vocal gymnastics as the climax of the performance. The composer, writing for popular approval and ignoring the demands of art, gave the singers and their audience what they wanted.

By the middle of the eighteenth century, the conventionalization of opera reached its climax. The famous attacks in the *Tattler* and *Spectator* give some idea of the absurdities of operatic works as they appeared to the more thoughtful portion of the public, even though it be admitted that Addison's strictures were probably somewhat influenced by his own unsuccessful attempts to establish English opera. Johnson denounced opera as an "exotic and irrational entertainment," and although he knew little and cared less about music, his criticism was not only true but showed real insight into the defects of opera as an art form. Lord Chesterfield wrote a remarkable indictment of the prevailing entertainments in a letter to the *World*, published in 1754, from which an extract may prove interesting:

Should the ingenious author of the words, by mistake, put any meaning into them, he would, to a certain degree, check and cramp the genius of the composer of the music, who perhaps might think himself obliged to adapt his sounds to the sense, whereas now he is at liberty to scatter indiscriminately, among the kings, queens, heroes, and heroines, his adagios, his allegros, his pathetics, his chromatics and his jiggs. It would also have been a restraint upon the actors and actresses who might possibly have attempted to form their action upon the meaning of their parts; but as it is, if they do but seem, by turns, to be angry and sorry in the first two acts, and very merry in the last scene of the last, they are sure to meet with their deserved applause.

In Lord Chesterfield's paper, he praised warmly the work of the Italian poet Metastasio, who, as a writer of librettos, exerted a large influence on the dramatic art of his time. Metastasio began to write in the early part of the eighteenth century and continued his active participation in operatic affairs down to the time of his death in 1782. He wrote thirty-four librettos in all, and they were set many times, one of them, *Artaserse*, having a record of being used by forty different composers. Despite the effect of the formal restrictions in opera books, which

were such as to make impossible a natural and consistent drama, Metastasio succeeded in producing really effective pieces. Their conventionalities were glaring, but they managed, nevertheless, to give the composer the best opportunities for expressing the dramatic point of the scene. Metastasio's verse had a charm and sweetness of its own, that added to his popularity with the public as well as with the musicians with whom he collaborated. His own views on opera are contained in his correspondence with the singer Farinelli, and are all-important to students of eighteenth century opera. It is amusing to find him complaining of his difficulty in finding subjects for dramas which he was called upon to prepare for archduchesses with a passion for amateur acting. "Greek and Roman subjects are excluded from my jurisdiction, because these nymphs are not to exhibit their chaste limbs."

Among the composers who used his librettos were Mozart, Händel, Gluck, Hasse, Graun, Jomelli, Scarlatti—indeed all the foremost composers of the century.

The arbitrary rules of Italian opera, summarized by W. S. Rockstro, give one some idea of how the restrictions which hedged in equally the composer and the librettist affected their work. The orthodox number of characters was six, three women and three men. The prima donna was always a high soprano, and the second or third a contralto. The first man (*primo uomo*) was necessarily an artificial soprano, even though the part assigned to him was that of Hercules, Theseus or some other hero. The second man was either an artificial soprano or contralto, and the third was a tenor. Sometimes a fourth male character was introduced, and he was frequently bass. The airs entrusted to the singer were arranged in five unvarying classes, each distinguished by some well-defined peculiarity of style. The general design of all consisted of a first and second part followed by the indispensable *da capo* (repetition). It was *de rigueur* that no two airs belonging to the same class should follow each other directly. In each act, each of the principal singers was allotted at least one air; and the two principal characters, male and female, had at least one duet. All this and much more had to be observed by the joint authors of these entertainments. Compared with it, the *Tablatur*, or musical code of the Meistersingers, was a simple and most liberal set of rules.

To break the conventions that thus bound operatic pieces required something more than the advent of a man inspired by musical or poetic genius. He must also have inborn the spirit of the reformer. At a time when the progress of opera seemed forever barred, Gluck appeared on the

scene, and by the force of his commanding genius, unerring dramatic insight and critical acumen, exerted a lasting influence upon operatic art, freed it from its bondage and made it once more a rational, artistic creation. His first works gave no hint of a coming change. He wrote to librettos of Metastasio and seemed content to keep to the beaten track. His success was marked, but he became dissatisfied as the absurdities of the operatic stage impressed themselves upon him; and in 1762, after a period of comparative silence, he came forward with *Orfeo*, the libretto of which was written by the poet Calzabigi, on principles totally opposed to those of Metastasio. Not entirely satisfied with the book, Gluck re-wrote and revised it until the enraged poet threatened to withdraw from the collaboration, and he so domineered over the rehearsals that the Emperor had to intercede to prevent a deadlock. After these and other obstacles had been overcome, the performance took place; but the work was received by an audience which, though well disposed, was utterly bewildered by the novelty of the thing. Gluck, apparently cast down by its non-success, went back for a time to conventional librettos; but again, becoming dissatisfied with the existing order, he turned to Calzabigi and they collaborated in *Alceste*, *Paride ed Elena* and *Iphigenie en Aulide*, the latter being given in Paris under the patronage of Marie Antoinette. *Alceste* was prefaced by a manifesto proclaiming the tenets of the reformer. The function of music, maintained Gluck, is to support poetry without either interrupting the action or disfiguring it by superfluous ornament. There was to be no concession to "the misapplied vanity of singers"; the warmth of dialogue was not to cool off while the actor waited for a wearisome ritornello, or exhibited the agility of his voice on an appropriate vowel; the old da capo form was to be given up as undramatic, and the distinction between aria and recitative to be obliterated as far as possible.

In France, as well as in Germany, opera librettos never quite reached the low level of the Italian works, largely because declamation and dramatic force were esteemed above mere vocal smoothness. It is not surprising, therefore, that the French audience, more used to the declamatory operas of Lulli and Rameau than to the sensuous allurements of Italian art, should have welcomed Gluck's works with acclamation. A reaction soon set in, however, the French art world being divided into two parties, one of which supported and the other opposed the new school. Rousseau was a strong adherent of the former, D'Alembert and Marmontel of the latter party—the Italian party as it was called. Mme. de Staël sided with Marmontel in condemning the reformers because they "follow too closely the sense of the words," whereas the Italians,

"who are truly the musicians of nature, make the air and the words conform to each other only in a general way."

To bring the matter to an issue, it was proposed that Gluck and Piccini, who had, rather against his own will, been made the leader of the opposition party, should both set a libretto based on Racine's *Iphigénie en Tauride*. The challenge was accepted, and Gluck's opera, the greatest of his works, was easily conqueror. One critic, speaking of a passage in which Orestes, after a scene of agitation, exclaims, "Le calme rentre dans mon cœur," found fault with it on the ground that the musical accompaniment belied the words. "Not so," said Gluck. "He mistakes physical exhaustion for calmness of heart. Has he not killed his mother?" One would not demand greater verisimilitude from the most modern of moderns. It illustrates the changed attitude toward operatic representations. Truth toward nature was its chief axiom. As a consequence of Gluck's reforms, the dramatic action was given greater importance, and the music became subservient to its demands. Concerted pieces, arias with the stereotyped da capo were discarded. Freedom in the choice of singers was recognized, and operatic forms dictated by considerations other than dramatic were abolished. The criticisms that assailed Gluck were strangely like those with which almost a century later Wagner was attacked. La Harpe said that he sacrificed music to a drama "which would have sounded better without it"—a curious anticipation of some of the criticisms of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*.

It would lead too far afield to speak in detail of the subsequent course of operatic development. After Gluck, Mozart occupied the stage as the foremost opera writer. He employed conventional librettos, among others Metastasio's *Clemenza di Tito* and *Il Re Pastore*, and when dissatisfied with them, as in *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, he rewrote the book to suit his ideas. Mozart would not have approved Gluck's avowal, "When I sit down to write an opera, I endeavor before all things to forget that I am a musician;" but his musical gifts were transcendent, and although, or rather, indeed, because, his method of composition was independent of librettist's collaboration, he managed to write operas whose dramatic worth communicates itself from the music to the libretto. In his masterpieces, *Don Giovanni* and *Figaro*, he found a collaborator, Lorenzo da Ponte, of more than ordinary ability. Considered apart from the music, the books of the operas do not stand searching scrutiny, but they have the great merit of being well adapted to be the conveyance, as it were, of Mozart's glorious music. The situations are vivid and picturesque, the characters subtly differentiated, and the scenes, taken separately, coherent and forceful. The general development of plot is weak;

but it cannot be said to have affected unfavorably the musical treatment. They were well devised for Mozart, and therefore their author justly stands high in the ranks of librettists. It seems curious to think of him ending his days in New York, a professor of Italian literature at Columbia College, and dying of old age as recently as 1838.

Mozart's last opera, *Die Zauberflöte*, has one of the most hopeless books ever written. It is by Emanuel Schikaneder, a broken-down theatre manager and brother mason. There is no plot, an atmosphere of magic serving to excuse countless absurdities. The characters are wholly ineffectual and motiveless, and the introduction of nameless animals, goddesses, a bird-catcher dressed in feathers, all only emphasize the impossibility of the concoction. It is a most convincing proof of triumphant genius that Mozart was able to make of *Die Zauberflöte* a living, breathing masterpiece, that appeals to us powerfully, over all the obstacles that the librettist had made. Strange to say, Schikaneder was the author of a number of other librettos which seemed to find musical settings that were popular in their day, although only *Die Zauberflöte* survives.

Unlike Mozart, Beethoven was not easily suited with a libretto. He objected especially to the frivolous morality of the prevailing fashion. At last he saw Paer's *Eleanora, ossia l'Amore Conjugale*, a book of which the subject was unexceptionable, and his friends having prepared a German translation of it, he set to work and wrote *Fidelio*. The libretto was twice revised, but it has always stood in the way of the opera's success.

In point of fact, while the libretto has seldom, except in a negative way, contributed to the success of an opera, it has often in a very positive way been responsible for its failure. Weber and Schubert were both unfortunate in choosing librettos by the eccentric German poetess Helmine von Chezy, who wrote both *Euryanthe* and *Rosamonde*, both replete with fine music, but both hopelessly doomed by the librettos. Indeed it is generally thought that Weber's life itself was shortened by the effort and exertion of whipping into shape the libretto of *Euryanthe*. Goethe, in his conversations with Eckermann, said: "Karl Maria von Weber should never have composed *Euryanthe*; he ought to have seen at once that it was a bad subject with which nothing could be done." The despairing Weber himself nicknamed it "Ennuyante." And yet he did not fail to recognize the responsibility of the composer in the choice of librettos. "Do you suppose," he said, "that any proper composer will allow a libretto to be put in his hands like an apple?"

In another way, the libretto almost gave the death blow to Rossini's masterpiece of comedy, *The Barber of Seville*. The author Sterbini had collaborated with the composer Paisiello in the production of an opera

that, although forty years old, was still popular at the time Rossini undertook to set the book. At the first performance of the new work, the audience hissed vociferously, and refused to give it a fair hearing. It was only after persistent presentations under an altered name (the original title was *Almaviva*) that it won its way. Even recently, Verdi's last opera, *Falstaff*, has been far less successful in Germany because of the vogue of Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor* than would otherwise have been the case. And thus is seen a change in viewpoint from the days when Metastasio's *Artaserse* was set to music by two score composers.

Before speaking of Eugène Scribe, the greatest among the librettists of the nineteenth century except Wagner, it is proper to refer to the librettists of Lulli and Rameau on whose pattern he built. The pioneer of French librettists was the Abbé Perrin, whose chief work was done in collaboration with the composer Cambert, about the middle of the seventeenth century. He broke away from the conventional but almost sacred hexameter by writing what he called "paroles de musique, ou des vers à chanter." The combination of Perrin and Cambert was eclipsed by the stronger one of Lulli and Philippe Quinault, who for a generation practically monopolized the Parisian stage. In its purely theatrical features, the Lullian opera was very advanced, and in the form of the overture, the allegorical prologue, the alternation of chorus and ballets, the semi-recitatives in which the dialogues were written and composed, and the laying out of the acts, the form remained the same almost without change for many decades after Lulli's death. Quinault is generally considered the creator of lyric tragedy, and his numerous librettos have merit that entitles them to more than mere historical notice and respect. His verse was smooth and well suited to musical treatment, and his plots, though naïvely simple, never affronted the intellect by absurdities. Boileau, attending a performance of *Atys*, asked the usher to place him where he could hear Lulli's music, which he loved, but not Quinault's words, which he despised. But his attitude was rather that of the public, which then, as to-day, thinks more of the music than of the words of an opera, than of the judicious critic. Rameau, who followed Lulli as purveyor-in-chief to the French operatic public, was less fortunate in his literary partners; and possibly his theory that almost anything would do as a subject for musical treatment, even the *Gazette de Hollande*, was largely responsible for the generally low level of his librettos. Voltaire was induced to furnish him with a book on the subject of *Samson*, but for some occult reason its performance was forbidden. Twenty years later Voltaire and Rameau again collaborated, in *La Princesse de Trebizonde*, produced on

the occasion of the Dauphin's marriage; but like most *pièces d'occasion*, though received with great applause, it did not survive the original performance. Voltaire did not make any other essays in this field, in which his powers were clearly not at home.

But to return to Scribe. Writing a hundred years after Quinault, he found the general form of lyric tragedy pretty definitely established on the lines laid down by Lulli's collaborator. Yet his lively feeling for situations, his extraordinary cleverness and unfailing invention, coupled with supreme technical skill, made his contribution to libretto writing notable. He devised that peculiarly Parisian product, the ballet-opera, and handled tragic themes with breadth, pomp and climactic effect that has ever since become synonymous with the epithet "operatic." In an essay on Scribe, published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Brander Matthews thus sums up his work in opera: "It was he in great measure who made possible Herr Wagner's art-work of the future, by bringing together in unexampled profusion the contributions of the scene-painter, the ballet master, the property-man, and the stage manager, and putting them all at the service of the composer for the embellishing of his work."

Scribe's fertility was so remarkable that he was accused of keeping a play factory under the name of Scribe & Company. There have been published six volumes of his operas and twenty of opéras comiques alone. In one year he brought out a score of plays. His librettos number more than a hundred, and were set by the foremost composers of his day. Many of them are still current in the modern operatic repertoires. To name only a few, Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, *L'Africaine* and *L'Etoile du Nord*; Auber's *Masaniello* and *Fra Diavolo*; Boildieu's *La Dame Blanche*; Halévy's *La Juive* and Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers* were all Scribe operas. His favorite composer was evidently Auber, with whom he wrote fully a score of pieces. His genius for stage effect is nowhere better exhibited than in the Meyerbeer operas with their spectacular brilliance, cleverly mingled with the dramatic play.

Scribe had a large number of literary partners, which explains his fertility, otherwise physically impossible. When he was first received at the French Academy, one of his colleagues murmured: "It is not a chair we should give him, but a bench to seat all his collaborators." Among them was Saint-George, author of *Martha*, *La Fille du Régiment*, and other operas, only less popular in their day and familiar still to the present generation. Saint-George was next to Scribe the most productive of the French librettists. But fertility seems to have been a characteristic of the entire tribe of librettists who followed in Scribe's wake—Meilhac, Halévy, Barbière, Carré and the rest of them.

This article would, of course, be incomplete without a reference to Richard Wagner, who was his own librettist. Wagner's theories and reforms are too well known to require presentation afresh. In *Rienzi* he wrote the book on the Scribe pattern, just as he composed the music on the Meyerbeer model. But with *Der Fliegende Holländer* and the rest of the familiar series he arrived at a higher poetic plane. In them, the ordinary characteristics of the conventional libretto have disappeared. The aria, the duo, the familiar repetition of a sentence by different characters with alterations of the pronoun, the lines for the chorus, the inept asides—none of them are found in Wagner's works. The scenic effects, which had become so prominent in the Scribe operas, are now an integral part of the play, and the stage carpenter has one of the chief rôles. Wagner's choice of mythical subjects was an important part of his theory that the scene of an opera should be removed as far as possible from every-day life. His chief influence on subsequent libretto writing has been in the direction of teaching both composers and public to pay more attention to the story and its dramatic truth. The problem of the compromise necessary to the co-existence of music and poetry in opera has been brought nearer solution by Wagner. Opinions as to their literary worth differ widely; but in spite of many defects of structure, Wagner's librettos, judged from their fitness for the musical marriage to which they were consecrated, are works of genius.

From Wagner to W. S. Gilbert, the collaborator of Arthur Sullivan in the famous Savoy operettas, is not so far a cry as it may at first seem. The union of book and music in these delightful pieces is as perfect as though both had sprung twin-born from the one mind. There is more dramatic and literary art in the libretto of *The Mikado*—to take one of them—than in the great majority of grand opera librettos with which the modern opera goer is familiar. In the development of situations calling for musical treatment, the preparation for musical numbers in large variety, and the treatment of the chorus, Gilbert has shown consummate skill. Of course the essentially light treatment of trifling stories militates against the longevity of these works; but from an artistic point of view they rank high indeed among opera librettos. Clever and exceedingly well suited to their purpose are the librettos of Meilhac and Halévy, collaborator-in-chief of Offenbach in his merry and ephemeral opéras bouffes. But they offer little worthy of note as contributions to operatic literature. Meilhac and Halévy also wrote the book of *Carmen*, which is a good example of an operatic book constructed on conventional lines.

On the whole, then, the rôle of the librettist has been an humble though not unimportant one. The conventions and restrictions that

hedge his path, the necessity for consulting the wishes of his musical confrère as well as of the manager and artists, all tend to make his task a difficult one and to rob it of any semblance of spontaneity, artistic power or individuality. They also serve to keep him in the background. How many of the hosts of people who have heard *Trovatore*, and are familiar with every note of it, ever heard of Cammarano, who wrote the libretto, or of F. M. Piave, who wrote *Rigoletto*, and many others of the early Verdi operas or of Felice Romano, Bellini's collaborator in *Norma* and *La Sonnambula*? Nevertheless, as is apparent from the great men who have attempted to write librettos, there is something alluring because elusive in the art, and success when it comes, as it did to Metastasio, to Scribe, to Wagner and to Gilbert, is the more striking for the obstacles overcome.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

NIGHT IN THE HOSPITAL

BY GEORGE T. MARSH

THROUGH western casements sunken eyes behold

The sun's farewell.

The shades of darkness lower, fold on fold.

Afar the tolling of an evening bell

Strikes like a knell.

Dim night-lamps glimmer now through dusk-filled rooms

Where grief has lain.

Mid empty corridors' unechoing glooms

The demons of despair hold silent reign—

Night trysts with pain.

At times the ether-laden air is stirred

By muffled moan;

But torture that lies deeper is unheard,

For so the stouter soul, voiced by no groan,

Fights on alone.

Ghost-like the white-robed nurses minister

To one bereft

Of hope, waiting the summons sinister

With quiet eyes and feeble, groping breath,

When—dawn brings death.

George T. Marsh.

ALLIANCES WITH AND AGAINST FRANCE

BY EDWIN MAXEY

AN alliance is rarely of much value as an offensive weapon, but may be effective as a defensive one. The explanation of this is to be found in the fact that all alliances rest upon a real or supposed community of interests. If the former, the alliance may be permanent; if the latter, it is always temporary. A glance at the history of alliances will verify the correctness of this generalization. A disregard of its truth has resulted in much waste of diplomatic energy and stimulated many false hopes and ambitions.

As, then, alliances rest upon a community of interests, it is not difficult to see why their effectiveness should be mainly for defensive rather than offensive purposes. For a community of interests may readily spring from a necessity of self-defence, but rarely from the results of aggression. The most common outcome of offensive operations is a division of spoils, and in a division of spoils a community of interests rarely exists, and still more rare are the occasions wherein its existence is admitted by the participants in the division. In discovering the existence of a community of interests, humility is of decided assistance, but humility is not the distinguishing trait of an aggressive combination. In other words, a feeling of interdependence is not the natural offspring of an offensive campaign.

Furthermore, combined international action is a most difficult matter, so difficult that there are very few incentives sufficiently strong to call it forth in any but a perfunctory way. Of these the desire for self-preservation is the main one. The later coalitions against Napoleon may seem to contradict this, but, looked at from the point of view of the actors, these alliances were formed for the purpose of self-defence. This conclusion is borne out by the fact that France was not dismembered by the allies after Napoleon was crushed.

An alliance, in so far as it is not formed for purposes of deception, is always a confession of weakness, of an inability to stand alone. This statement may be resented by States in which the habit of forming alliances has become fashionable, but there are many more serious defects in writings than the fact that they may arouse resentment. The primary purpose of writing should be to enunciate truths rather than elicit applause.

Such being the nature of an alliance and the purpose for which it is fitted, let us study with care and candor the recent alliances by and

against France. And, though the limitations of space preclude an exhaustive study, such limitations do not, we hope, prevent its being made suggestive. The series of alliances which we must consider was started by Bismarck, in 1879, by the alliance between Germany and Austria, which three years later was completed by the addition of Italy to form the Dreibund, or Triple Alliance.

The situation which led up to the formation of this alliance is interesting. In 1875, the German press was clamorous for a war with France. It argued that while France was only half crushed she might at any time recommence the duel; that, therefore, there could be no permanent peace in Europe until she was completely crushed. Whether this jingoistic press represented the views of the Government cannot be asserted with positiveness, but it was quite generally believed throughout Europe that it did. Bismarck scoffed at it, but Bismarck's devotion to truth was not always as great as his devotion to German interests. The situation was looked upon as a serious one by both England and Russia. But it was the latter which persuaded Germany that the crushing of France was not indispensable to the peace of Europe. On May 12, 1875, Alexander II. said in an interview with the French Ambassador, Viscount de Gontaut-Biron: "Peace is necessary to the world. We each have enough to do at home. Rely on me and make yourself easy. Tell Marshal MacMahon how much I esteem him and how sincerely I wish that his Government may be strengthened. I hope that our relations may become more and more cordial. We have interests in common. We must remain friends." On the 14th of the same month, Gortchakoff addressed a telegraphic circular to all of the Russian Ambassadors containing the significant announcement that "the maintenance of peace is assured."

The discomfiture resulting from the discovery that, if Germany were to attack France, she would find herself between two fires, drove Bismarck into what Shouvaloff called his "coalition nightmare." In order to relieve Germany of this embarrassment, he determined to isolate France. A revival of the Drei-Kaiserbund, which had been used to advantage by Metternich in the early part of the century, seemed impracticable because of the antagonism between Russia and Austria over the Balkan question. Whatever chances there may have been were ended for some time by Bismarck's anti-Russian policy at the Congress of Berlin and his hatred of Gortchakoff. Russia's reply to Bismarck's policy was a charge of ingratitude and a massing of troops on the Polish frontier, which resulted in the Austro-German Treaty of October, 1879, which has formed the basis of the Triple Alliance. The provisions of this Treaty, which are important in our present discussion, are contained in Art.

II.: "If one of the two high contracting parties were to be attacked by another Power, the other high contracting party binds itself, by the present act, not only not to uphold the aggressor against its high Ally, but at the least to observe a benevolent neutrality with regard to the contracting party aforesaid.

"If, however, in the case previously mentioned, the Power attacking were to be upheld by Russia, whether by way of active co-operation or by military measures that should threaten the Power attacked, then the obligation of reciprocal assistance with entire military forces—obligation stipulated in Art. I. of this Treaty—would immediately become executory, and the military operations of the two high contracting parties would also, in such circumstances, be conducted jointly until the conclusion of peace."

The addition of Italy to the alliance was a very easy matter. The assistance given by France to the Pope in opposition to the movement for Italian national unity had not been forgotten. And more recently the Tunis affair had strained relations between Paris and Rome. From 1873, Italian journalists had advocated an alliance with Germany. Bismarck had but to give the signal and Italy became a party to the above pact in May, 1882. It was renewed for five years in 1887, for twelve years in 1891, and in 1902 for another twelve years. How many times, or for what periods it will be again renewed, is a question which time alone can answer.

By means of this alliance, Bismarck consolidated Central Europe, from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, under German hegemony. Whose should be the guiding hand in shaping the policy of this alliance was not doubtful. To quote from Andler's *Prince Bismarck*: "The force of Germany was protected by a belt of two bulwarks; against France there was the Italian alliance; against Russia that with Austria. Within this, where she was invulnerable, she remained free for making an attack. Defensive in its appearance, this grouping of forces allowed Germany to act on the world at will. This it is which, since that time, has been called the German hegemony."

Such a situation, if not alarming, was at least not reassuring to France. She was isolated and apparently at the mercy of a none too well-disposed neighbor. Whether or not an alliance was necessary to her safety, it was certainly essential to her influence upon European diplomacy. In casting about for an alliance, the field of her choice was rather circumscribed. It was practically confined to Europe. An alliance with a second-rate power could accomplish but little. And among the first-class powers, England and Russia were the only ones not already pre-

empted by Germany. An alliance with the former did not at that time seem at all feasible, not only because of the traditional antagonism of centuries, but because of a clash of interests growing out of their colonial ambitions in Africa. The political exigencies of the time seemed to indicate that France must ally herself with Russia or remain isolated.

The idea of an alliance between France and Russia was by no means a new one. As early as 1717, Peter the Great suggested an alliance between the two powers, and in his offer of an alliance used the following language: "I will stand to you in the stead of Turkey, Poland and Sweden." Such an alliance was favored by Richelieu, Chateaubriand and Polignac. But however old the idea, the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had placed many obstacles in the way of its realization. The French Revolution had embittered Russia against French ideas and institutions. The Napoleonic regime had brought the two Powers into armed conflict. The French sympathy for Poland; the French proposal of a pardon for Berezowski, who had fired a pistol at the Czar; the refusal to extradite the nihilist Hartman; the pardon of Prince Kropotkin; the undiplomatic remarks of Admiral Jaures and Floquet, all served to retard the development of cordial relations between the two Powers. But the pressure of interests forced them together. Perhaps the determining event in paving the way for their alliance was the Congress of Berlin, which broke the bonds of affection between Russia and Germany. Alexander II. declared that "Bismarck had forgotten his promise of 1870." It must be admitted that at times Bismarck's memory was convenient rather than accurate.

Among the French statesmen most immediately responsible for bringing about the dual Alliance are: Flourens, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Goblet Cabinet, who assured the Bulgarian delegates that their first duty was to reach an understanding with St. Petersburg; Hoskier, who arranged with Wichnegradski, the Russian Finance Minister, for the floating of a Russian loan of 500,000,000 francs, in France; Ribot, the Minister of Foreign Affairs; Laboulaye, Ambassador at St. Petersburg; Constans, Minister of the Interior; and Freycinet, Minister of War. The treaty of alliance was signed August 22, 1891, following the visit of the French squadron, under Admiral Gervais, to Cronstadt.

This alliance was formed partly from military and diplomatic reasons, as has already been pointed out, but partly from economic reasons. The change in the industrial organization of Russia, inevitable if it wished to compete successfully in the commercial world, demanded capi-

tal. The home supply was entirely inadequate and in the floating of foreign loans the endorsement of the French Government was of tremendous advantage. The Russian loans floated in France, beginning with the one already referred to, which was made in 1888, have amounted to 7,542,000,000 francs. Had this vast sum been expended entirely in the development of Russian industries, instead of using a large portion of it in preparation for and in carrying on the Russo-Japanese War, it would have been vastly better for Russia, and she would have been a far more valuable ally of France, so much so that the Moroccan question would not have been raised by Germany. For this mistake France is in part responsible. The greatest mistake in connection with the alliance has been the failure of France to protest against Russia's far eastern policy. France had a right to expect that the millions she was furnishing Russia should be used as a guarantee of European peace. But instead of doing this, she tacitly encouraged Russia in the belief that she approved of her far eastern policy, and that the alliance which was unquestionably formed with reference to European affairs, and should have remained so, extended to Asiatic affairs. The declaration of the French Cabinet on being notified of the Anglo-Japanese Convention of January 30, 1902, could not reasonably be interpreted otherwise than an admission that France considered herself a partner of Russia in the Far East. In support of this assertion, we need but quote the following sentences: "The two Governments deem that the respecting of these principles is at the same time a guarantee for their special interest in the Far East. However, being themselves obliged to provide for the case in which either the aggressive action of third Powers, or new troubles in China, raising the question of the integrity and free development of this Power, should become a menace for their own interests, the two allied Governments reserve to themselves the right eventually to provide means for their preservation."

The fact that the Dual Alliance survived the shock of the Russo-Japanese War and the Moroccan crisis is strong evidence of its vitality. Many a ship has been wrecked upon less dangerous reefs. For France to fulfil her duties as ally of Russia, and at the same time foster her cordial relations with England, the ally of Japan, was indeed a delicate problem, the successful handling of which required the utmost tact and skill. The service rendered by France in bringing to a peaceful and satisfactory settlement the Dogger Bank affair placed not only England and Russia, but all friends of peace under obligations to her.

Though during the war, and occasionally since, the question has been raised in France as to whether or not the benefits she derived from the

Dual Alliance were not purchased at too high a price, this scepticism has quite generally given way to a candid recognition of what it has done and will do toward protecting France and making her a factor in European affairs. It is entirely within the facts to say that there is now no general disposition in official or unofficial circles in France to discontinue the alliance. Equally conclusive is the evidence of Russian faith in the virtue and expediency of the alliance and of her determination not to abandon her old for a new ally.

But France is not dependent upon the Russian alliance alone for protection against German aggression. She had proceeded determinedly and effectively to re-establish cordial relations with the Western Mediterranean Powers and with England. It was the unreserved backing accorded France by Downing Street that, more than anything else, enabled her to call Germany's bluff at the Algeciras Conference. Notwithstanding her ambitious naval programme, Germany was not at that time willing to risk her industrial and commercial development by persisting in demands upon France, which would have resulted in a naval conflict with England. It was the conviction that England would furnish something more than moral support to France that threw Germany into a reflective and reasonable state of mind.

It is worth while noting how the understanding, which in diplomatic language is called an *entente*, between France and her Mediterranean neighbors, as well as that with England, was brought about.

The friendship between France and Italy, cemented by blood upon the battlefields of Magenta and Solferino, had given way to an attitude of cool reserve and suspicion. The assistance rendered the Pope by French troops, the petition of the French bishops for the re-establishment of the Pope's temporal power, the Duc de Broglie's ministry, the Tunis affair, were all skilfully made use of by Bismarck for the purpose of straining the relations between Rome and Paris. And in order that this hostility might rest upon interest, rather than sentiment, he encouraged Italy to embark upon a policy of colonial expansion, which would be sure to cause her interests to clash with those of France. Her attention was also called to the fact that as her Mediterranean coast-line was double that of France she should become the naval power of the Mediterranean as a preliminary to making Northern Africa her inheritance. To quote from a letter of Bismarck to Mazzini: "Italy and France cannot associate to their mutual advantage in the Mediterranean. This sea is an inheritance that cannot be divided between two kindred nations. The empire of the Mediterranean belongs indisputably to Italy, who possesses in this sea coasts twice as extensive as those of France. . . . The

empire of the Mediterranean must be Italy's constant thought, the aim of her ministers, the fundamental policy of her Cabinet." Italy swallowed the bait, and, as a means of insurance against accidents, sought admission into the Triple Alliance. During the eighties, relations were more strained between Italy and France than between France and Germany. But gradually Italy began to see a new light. The deficit of 180,000,000 in the 1894-95 budget was not devoid of illuminating features. Of a like nature was the fact that the denunciation of her commercial treaty with France had been followed by a falling off of 61 per cent. in Italian exports to France; that during a single year French capitalists had withdrawn 700,000,000 francs from Italian undertakings. French markets had been closed and those of Germany not opened; French capital had been withdrawn and German capital not furnished to take its place. General Corsi admitted that "the economic consequences of the alliance with Germany were disastrous." The Italian mind was now prepared for a *rapprochement* with France, and the French statesmen did not overlook the opportunity. In 1896, the Tunisian treaties were revised and the treaty of navigation which had expired in 1886 was revived. Two years later a treaty of commerce was entered into resulting in an increase during the first year of 100,000,000 in Italian imports, and 200,000,000 in her exports. In 1901, the purchase of 100,000,000 of the Italian Public Debt by French bankers saved Italy a financial crisis. The notes exchanged between Delcasse and Prinetti, in December, 1900, recognizing Italy's rights in Tripoli and those of France in Morocco, form the diplomatic basis of the Franco-Italian *entente*; the geographical location, industrial development and financial condition furnish the economic basis.

The Franco-Spanish *rapprochement* was brought about with much less difficulty, because fewer obstacles were in the way. The Spanish leanings toward Germany had been considerably weakened by the conflict over the Caroline Islands, in 1885. And, although Alfonso XII had married an Austrian princess, the growth of democracy, even in Spain, has been such that the interests of the people and not the affinities of royal families must govern state policy. The better judgment of Spaniards told them that no other state could do them as much harm or good as could France. The good offices of the French Government during the peace negotiations between Spain and the United States paved the way for closer relations between the two states; the most serious obstacle in the way was their conflicting interests in Morocco. But Spain had learned to subordinate her foreign policy to considerations of internal development and the convention of 1904 was agreed upon by Delcasse

and Castillo, by which Spain gave her adhesion to the Anglo-French declaration of April 8th of the same year. This completed the *rapprochement* between Paris and Madrid, which up to the present time has lost none of its cordiality.

The most important and unexpected of the understandings reached by France is the Anglo-French *entente*. From the time of the Tudors the two states had not been good neighbors. The traditional feeling of hostility had long since outlived its usefulness, but still it lived. During the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early part of the nineteenth centuries, the habitual relation of the two states was that of war, and, when not war, mutual distrust. This traditional antagonism rested upon the conviction that the colonial policies of France and England could not be made to harmonize, and that if France were allowed to become a colonial power, she would sooner or later dispute with England the supremacy of the sea, which is essential to England's influence and security. Nature has so placed England that she must be either the queen of the seas or their victim. Hence was born the two-power standard in naval construction. Hence the jealousy with which she has guarded her line of communications with India. Until recently, France had not shown a disposition to look at the situation from the English point of view, and it seemed to have occurred to neither of them that reason rather than force might be made the solvent of their conflicting interests. Not to review the time-honored conflict over French and English colonies in India and America, we notice that during the past quarter of a century each has disputed the expansion policy of the other in Egypt, the Soudan, on the Congo and the Niger. In view of this attitude of antagonism persisting through centuries, an attitude which has been the cause of several destructive wars, which has frequently stood between each and the realization of its highest purposes and normal development, in view of this record the bringing about of the *entente cordiale* must be considered one of the greatest achievements of French and English diplomacy. Its significance is equally great whether we consider it from the point of view of the progress of the parties to it, or as a guarantee of the peace of Europe. The recent *rapprochement* between England and Russia will prove an important factor in the smooth working of the Anglo-French *entente*. While England and Russia were at loggerheads, the position of France as a friend of both was a most difficult one. But now the embarrassment due to this cause has been removed and the way been made much easier for converting the *entente* into a formal alliance, should such a change be considered desirable. Yet while the present basis for an understanding

continues, its form does not seem to be a matter of such great moment.

The changed attitude of England and France toward each other is not to be found in any change of temperament of the two peoples—temperaments do not suddenly change—it must be looked for in external facts, and the greatest of these is Germany. The aggressive policy of Germany in colonial, commercial and naval expansion has made her the rival of England. The considerations which have hitherto made France the object of English distrust and opposition now apply with greater force to Germany. It has finally become clear to the English mind that if England's supremacy of the sea is challenged, there is a far greater likelihood that the challenge will come from Germany than from France. And it has finally dawned upon those blunt, beef-eating Englishmen that Germany's ambitious naval policy is but a preparation for the issuing of such a challenge.

On the whole, the alliances and *ententes*, not amounting to alliances, formed by France must be considered as making for the preservation of the peace and equilibrium of Europe. They must also be looked upon as a skilful and effective attempt in the direction of isolating Germany. True, a number of circumstances have united to make the work easier for France. But, notwithstanding this fact, we cannot fail to admire the skill which has been shown in removing obstacles, the good judgment used in the handling of what was at best a delicate situation and the substantial progress that has been made. Though Americans are wont to consider questions of European politics as outside of their sphere of interest, a situation which vitally affects the peace of Europe can never be a matter of indifference to the United States. Improved means of communication have brought all parts of the world so much closer together and the increased intercourse resultant therefrom has been such that each part has a substantial interest in the normal development of all other parts.

Edwin Maxe.

OVER-PRODUCTION IN THE AMERICAN THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

ART makes things which need to be distributed; business distributes things which have been made: and each of the arts is therefore necessarily accompanied by a business, whose special purpose is to distribute the products of that art. Thus, a very necessary relation exists between the painter and the picture-dealer, or between the writer and the publisher of books. In either case, the business man earns his living by exploiting the products of the artist, and the artist earns his living by bringing his goods to the market which has been opened by the industry of the business man. The relation between the two is one of mutual assistance; yet the spheres of their labors are quite distinct, and each must work in accordance with a set of laws which have no immediate bearing upon the activities of the other. The artist must obey the laws of his art, as they are revealed by his own impulses and interpreted by constructive criticism; but of these laws the business man may, without prejudice to his efficiency, be largely ignorant. On the other hand, the business man must do his work in accordance with the laws of economics—a science of which artists ordinarily know nothing. Business is, of necessity, controlled by the great economic law of supply and demand. Of the practical workings of this law the business man is in a position to know much more than the artist; and the latter must always be greatly influenced by the former in deciding as to what he shall make and how he shall make it. This influence of the publisher, the dealer, the business manager, is nearly always beneficial, because it helps the artist to avoid a waste of work and to conserve and concentrate his energies; yet frequently the mind of the maker desires to escape from it, and there is scarcely an artist worth his salt who has not at some moments, with the zest of truant joy, made things which were not for sale. In nearly all the arts it is possible to secede at will from all allegiance to the business which is based upon them; and Raphael may write a century of sonnets, or Dante paint a picture of an angel, without considering the publisher or picture-dealer. But there is one of the arts—the art of the drama—which can never be disassociated from its concomitant business—the business of the theatre. It is impossible to imagine a man making anything which might justly be called a play merely to please himself and with no thought whatever of pleasing also an audience of others by presenting it before them with

actors on a stage. But the mere existence of a theatre, a company of actors, an audience assembled, necessitates an economic organization and presupposes a business manager; and this business manager, who sets the play before the public and attracts the public to the play, must necessarily exert a potent influence over the playwright. The only way in which a dramatist may free himself from this influence is by managing his own company, like Molière, or by conducting his own theatre, like Shakespeare. Only by assuming himself the functions of the manager can the dramatist escape from him. In all ages, therefore, the dramatist has been forced to confront two sets of problems rather than one. He has been obliged to study and to follow not only the technical laws of the dramatic art but also the commercial laws of the theatre business. And whereas, in the case of the other arts, the student may consider the painter and ignore the picture-dealer, or analyze the mind of the novelist without analyzing that of his publisher, the student of the drama in any age must always take account of the manager, and cannot avoid consideration of the economic organization of the theatre in that age. Those who are most familiar with the dramatic and poetic art of Christopher Marlowe and the histrionic art of Edward Alleyn are the least likely to underestimate the important influence which was exerted on the early Elizabethan drama by the illiterate but crafty and enterprising manager of these great artists, Philip Henslowe. Students of the Queene Anne period may read the comedies of Congreve, but they must also read the autobiography of Colley Cibber, the actor-manager of the Theatre Royal. And the critic who considers the drama of to-day must often turn from problems of art to problems of economics, and seek for the root of certain evils not in the technical methods of the dramatists but in the business methods of the managers.

At the present time, the dramatic art in America is suffering from a very unusual economic condition, which is unsound from the business standpoint, and which is likely, in the long run, to weary and to alienate the more thoughtful class of theatre-goers. This condition may be indicated by the one word—*over-production*. Some years ago, when the theatre trust was organized, its leaders perceived that the surest way to win a monopoly of the theatre business was to get control of the leading theatre-buildings throughout the country and then refuse to house in them the productions of any independent manager who opposed them. By this procedure on the part of the theatre trust, the few managers who maintained their independence were forced to build theatres in those cities where they wished their attractions to appear.

When, a few years later, the organized opposition to the original theatre trust grew to such dimensions as to become in fact a second trust, it could carry on its campaign only by building a new chain of theatres to house its productions in those cities whose already existing theatres were in the hands of the original syndicate. As a result of this warfare between the two trusts, nearly all the chief cities of the country are now saddled with more theatre-buildings than they can naturally and easily support. Two theatres stand side by side in a town whose theatre-going population warrants only one; and there are three theatres in a city whose inhabitants desire only two. In New York itself this condition is even more exaggerated. Nearly every season some of the minor producing managers shift their allegiance from one trust to the other; and since they seldom seem to know very far in advance just where they will stand when they may wish to make their next production in New York, the only way in which they can assure themselves of a Broadway booking is to build and hold a theatre of their own. Hence, in the last few years, there has been an epidemic of theatre building in New York. And this, it should be carefully observed, has resulted from a false economic condition; for new theatres have been built, not in order to supply a natural demand from the theatre-going population, but in defiance of the limits imposed by that demand.

A theatre-building is a great expense to its owners. It always occupies land in one of the most costly sections of a city; and in New York this consideration is of especial importance. The building itself represents a large investment. These two items alone make it ruinous for the owners to let the building stand idle for any lengthy period. They must keep it open as many weeks as possible throughout the year; and if play after play fails upon its stage, they must still seek other entertainments to attract sufficient money to cover the otherwise dead loss of the rent. Hence there exists at present in America a false demand for plays—a demand, that is to say, which is occasioned not by the natural need of the theatre-going population but by the frantic need on the part of warring managers to keep their theatres open. It is, of course, impossible to find enough first-class plays to meet this fictitious demand; and the managers are therefore obliged to buy up quantities of second-class plays, which they know to be inferior and which they do not expect the public to approve, because it will cost them less to present these inferior attractions to a small business than it would cost to shut down some of their superfluous theatres.

In New York, nobody will go to the theatre in July, and most of the play-houses are forced to close. Practically speaking, nobody will go

to the theatre in August either, except the fairly large floating population from such towns as Omaha and Kansas City that drifts to the metropolis at that uncomfortable season for purposes of business, or sight-seeing, or both. A few years ago, the theatres of New York remained closed until the middle of September. This year most of them opened with a rush at the beginning of August. The managers apparently decided that they could save the rent of their theatre-buildings for that month by shovelling on the stage some sort of entertainment which might attract the visitor from Kansas City and show him the interior of a Broadway playhouse. It is obvious that no manager would waste at such a season a production which he fully believed to be first class; any play which he knew absolutely to be good he would naturally save for one of the four best months for new productions—October, November, January, or February; and the logical inference is, therefore, that the managers themselves knew very well that their August offerings were second class. We are thus confronted with the anomalous condition of a business man offering for sale, at the regular price, goods which he knows to be inferior, because he thinks that there are just enough customers available who are sufficiently uncritical not to detect the cheat. Thereby he hopes, in the off season, to cover the rent of an edifice which he has built, in defiance of sound economic principles, in a community that is not prepared to support it throughout the year. No very deep knowledge of economics is necessary to perceive that this must become, in the long run, a ruinous business policy. Too many theatres showing too many plays too many months in the year cannot finally make money; and this falsity in the economic situation reacts against the dramatic art itself and against the public's appreciation of that art. Good work suffers by the constant accompaniment of bad work which is advertised in exactly the same phrases; and the public, which is forced to see five bad plays in order to find one good one, grows weary and loses faith. The way to improve our dramatic art is to reform the economics of our theatre business. We should produce fewer plays, and better ones. We should seek by scientific investigation to determine just how many theatres our cities can support, and how many weeks in the year they may legitimately be expected to support them. Having thus determined the real demand for plays that comes from the theatre-going population, the managers should then bestir themselves to secure sufficient good plays to satisfy that demand. That, surely, is the limit of sound and legitimate business. The arbitrary creation of a further, false demand, and the feverish grasping at a fictitious supply, are evidences of unsound economic methods, which are certain, in the long run, to fail.

The plays with which the present season opened were, for the most part, wearisome to see. Most of them were either foolish farces or mechanical melodramas. Criticism can hardly deal distinctly with such a mass of mediocrity; but it may be profitable to enumerate the offerings in illustration of the principle which has just been discussed. And two or three of the plays, by some happy accident, are good of their kind, and are worth considering at some length as a contrast to the others.

The most ludicrous and entertaining of the early-season farces was *Billy*, by George Cameron (Mrs. Sidney Drew). It was an amplification, in three acts, of what was originally a twenty-minute sketch; and although the idea, when stated in a summary, does not sound sufficient for more than one act, Mrs. Drew succeeded in making it serve for a full-length farce without evidence of padding or repetition.

"Billy"

To do this required a quick eye for recurrent novel combinations of the same materials, and a ready wit in writing. Billy is a foot-ball hero, who has had four of his front teeth knocked out in a strenuous game and has secured a plate of artificial teeth to wear in place of them. He is exceedingly sensitive about his accident and does not want anybody to find out about it—least of all the girl that he loves. Therefore he decides to go with his sister on a sea trip to Havana and back, so that he may have time to get used to his new teeth before he appears again in society. To his consternation he discovers that the girl he loves is also travelling on the same steamer, together with her mother and a young man who is Billy's rival for her affections. Billy loses his false teeth; and, as a result, he is unable to pronounce, without lisping, any sibilant sounds. Since the girl he loves is named Beatrice, he cannot even address her distinctly. Hence arises a farcical nervousness in his behavior which the girl misunderstands and which leads to many complications. There is an especially ludicrous dialogue in which Billy attempts to achieve an extended conversation with Beatrice by using only words which contain no soft and slippery consonants. In the end the teeth are recovered and the girl is won.

This material sounds, in retrospect, very slight and rather silly; but the farce is well worth seeing, because it is cleverly devised, skilfully acted, and wittily written. The lines themselves (as is not often the case in contemporary farces) sparkle with clever sallies and amusing witticisms. That a piece of work has been done well is sufficient proof that it was worth the doing; and *Billy*, light as it is, is therefore not a waste of time.

The Florist Shop, however, was a superfluous production. It was adapted by Mr. Oliver Herford from a German farce entitled *Glück bei Frauen*, by Alexander Engel and Julius Horst.

**"The
Florist Shop"**

Realizing that gentlemen waste a great deal of money every year in buying perishable flowers for ladies because delicacy forbids the sending of more serviceable gifts, Claudine Benoit opens an Innovation Florist Shop, which accepts orders for flowers from admiring gentlemen, but which sends instead to the intended recipients either silk stockings or Parisian lingerie to the value of the flowers ordered. This idea, which gives the farce its name, is productive of one or two grotesque situations, as when a minister of the gospel discovers that he has unwittingly sent gifts of flaring stockings to three grass widows of his congregation. The minor ideas from which the farce is made are all familiar and conventional, and need not therefore be enumerated. The piece presents a continuous series of old expedients and old pictures; the tricks of repetition and parallelism of structure are greatly overworked; and the whole piece is therefore too obviously mechanical and artificial. One fault it shares with nearly every farce that comes to us from Germany, the fault of being over-symmetrical—of presenting, that is to say, too obvious a balance of scene against scene. For example, one young woman has married a man whom she believes to have been a devil in his youth but who has actually always been a lamb; and she is paired with another young woman who has actually married a rake but who thinks that her husband has always been above reproach. This absolute balance of material is too artificial to interest us any longer—our own farces (those of Mr. Thomas, for example) being so much better made. *The Florist Shop* is only superficially Americanized; and Mr. Herford, in the writing of the lines, discloses none of his wonted and expected wit. The piece should have been left in Germany.

A much better German farce is *Die Thür ins Freie*, by Blumenthal and Kadelburg, adapted into English by Mr. Leo Ditrichstein, under the title of *Is Matrimony a Failure?* Ten married couples are disclosed living in a suburban town. To all appearances, the husbands and wives are getting on pretty well together; but at times their shoulders seem to fidget under the matrimonial yoke. A lawyer from a large city, who has settled for a time in the suburban town in order to clear up the affairs of a recently deceased Justice of the Peace, learns that the latter had had a habit of going away on fishing trips and leav-

**"Is Matrimony
a Failure?"**

ing his office in charge of his clerk, and discovers further that all marriages that have been performed by the clerk in the absence of the justice are legally invalid. It turns out (providentially for the authors of the play) that nearly all the couples in the town have been married by the clerk. Taking advantage of this door into the open, the husbands leave the wives and the wives the husbands. In the end, however, in spite of all their railings against matrimony, they quite naturally return to each other and get married all over again.

This German farce, like *The Florist Shop*, is too symmetrical in structure and is only superficially Americanized; but it is an amusing satire and affords an interesting evening's entertainment. It is regrettable that there is such an absolute and artificial balance between the ten husbands and the ten wives; for the spectator wishes frequently that something would happen to disrupt the regularity of the structural pattern. It is even more unfortunate that, although the scene is apparently set in a suburb of New York, the action could not possibly happen in America, since it is not our custom, especially in provincial districts, to be married by a Justice of the Peace or an underling of his office. The action, the characters, and the main ideas are German throughout; only the speech and the clothes of the actors and the details of the scenic setting are American. The piece is somewhat too talky and is a little monotonous in action; but it is kept moving by Mr. Belasco's stage-management. It is never brilliant in situation or really witty in the lines; but it discloses here and there some clever bits of characterization, and it maintains through its three acts a pleasant mood of satirical amusement.

The Dollar Mark, by Mr. George Broadhurst, is a piece of theatric journalism depicting a business struggle between Carson Baylis, a multimillionaire, and James Gresham, a young man with the right on his side, who undertakes to fight him single-handed. The play propounds the usual, platitudinous newspaper story of the rich malefactor and the honest knight errant of business; and there is therefore no necessity for summarizing it. The characters are conventional types rather than real people, and the dialogue is wordy and dull. Several of the situations are effective theatrically; but the plot is unnecessarily intricate, and the melodrama as a whole does not justify the manufacture of so much machinery as is required to make it go. What the play lacks is the note of high sincerity. It is a fairly vigorous fabric of the theatre; but it is too elaborate and artificial, and lacks the depth and simplicity of life.

"The
Dollar Mark"

The Ringmaster, by Miss Olive Porter, tells approximately the same story as *The Dollar Mark*. The question as to which was written first

**"The
Ringmaster"**

is immaterial, since neither play is novel and both are bad. Miss Porter's play is as a whole less vigorous than Mr. Broadhurst's, but it has the advantage of a simpler plot. The hero, who is endowed with the usual sentimental interest in "widows and orphans," undertakes on their account to struggle for the possession of a railroad against a powerful rich malefactor who is known as the Ringmaster. In Mr. Broadhurst's play, the hero and the millionaire both wanted to marry the same girl: in Miss Porter's play, the hero wants to marry the daughter of the millionaire. Thus subtly is the element of love introduced into these dramas of business! The second act of *The Ringmaster* passes on board a yacht [this yacht appears in the third act of *The Dollar Mark*]; and the action consists of a sugary young girl's picking out with a code-book the sense of cipher wireless messages which are vibrating through the ether, and thereby disclosing to the friend of the widows and orphans the wicked commercial machinations of the stern father of his beloved. That Miss Porter should have wasted a whole act to accomplish this detail of narrative gives evidence of her inexperience as a playwright. The ethics of business are sentimentally discussed in frequent weary dialogues between the hero and the heroine. The later acts exhibit a woman's view of what business is about and how it is conducted. The piece is neither virile nor vital, and is written without distinction.

From these artificial fabrics it is a great relief to turn to a play in which a sincere effort is made to tell the truth, and in which the material is taken from life, instead of from the newspapers or from other plays. *The Only Law*, by Mr. Wilson Mizner and Mr. George Bronson-Howard, is a very valuable study of the oblique ethics of the half-world. Its leading figures belong to the class whose only moral law is the obligation to "be on the square with a pal"; and the story deals with an unpardonable violation of that law. Jean, a chorus girl of the Casino, is being supported by Bannister, a rather nice young man of means who really cares about her. With the money that she gets from Bannister, Jean supports the lad she really loves, a worthless hanger-on named MacAvoy. By wheedling from Bannister a tip on the Wall Street market, Jean manages to make ten thousand dollars by speculation in stocks. This she turns over to MacAvoy, with the idea that they may now be married and live in a cottage far from the weary whirl of Broadway. Bannister asks Jean to marry him; but,

**"The
Only Law"**

though deeply touched by his generosity, she declines. Meanwhile MacAvoy absconds her money, and tries to run away to Europe with another girl. A friend of theirs, named Spider, who is a professional swindler and confidence man, discovering MacAvoy's perfidy, manages to get him arrested at the steamer dock, and by curing Jean of her faith in MacAvoy, makes it possible for her to realize how much is meant to her by Bannister's sincere offer of marriage.

The play which Mr. Mizner and Mr. Howard made out of this unsympathetic material was simple, concise, and real. In MacAvoy they presented a really remarkable study of the caddish mucker—a type which, because it necessarily alienates the sympathy of the audience, has rarely been shown upon the stage. Spider, with his curious sense of ethics, is also admirably realized; and the struggle by which he brings himself to go back on a pal because the latter has gone back on his girl is genuinely imagined. The ugly facts of the story are never for a moment sentimentalized; yet the play is alive with emotion. The women are not so well studied as the men; Jean's turning to Bannister at the end of the play, and allowing him to marry her, is, for instance, hard to reconcile with her character as previously disclosed. The action is cleverly plotted, and the slang dialogue is admirably written. All in all, *The Only Law* is a very excellent piece of work. In two important features it is a better play than *The Easiest Way*: first, it exhibits far more clearly the motives which actuate the leading characters and explain their relations to each other; and, second, it contributes more truly to an emotional understanding of the sort of people that it represents. *The Only Law* was very severely slated by nearly all the New York newspapers, and has apparently failed to please a large proportion of the public; but it is the most sincere work of dramatic art that has been disclosed in New York during the first month and a half of the present season.

Such a Little Queen, by Mr. Channing Pollock, is a pleasant bit of matinée-girl make-believe. Anna Victoria, the young Queen of Herzogovina, is expelled from her kingdom by a sudden revolution. In the company of her Prime Minister, Baron Cosaca, she escapes to Trieste. Since she is a royal personage, she must of course have cousins in every court in Europe, by any of whom she would be welcomed and assisted; but, for the sake of his make-believe, the author tells us that instead of turning to them, she took a steamer to America and met on board a rather nice young fellow, named Robert Trainor, who fell in love with her and taught her American slang. The Queen and Cosaca are first disclosed to us in the kitchen of a flat on St. Nicholas

"Such a
Little Queen"

Avenue; for their funds are nearly exhausted and they have been reduced to the necessity for rigorous economy. This bizarre situation, which achieves the effect of humor by means of the incongruity between the dignity of the characters and the indignity of their surroundings, is pleasantly shot through with gleams of sentiment and fantasy. Soon Stephen IV, the young king of Bosnia, who for reasons of state has been betrothed to Anna Victoria, appears in the Harlem flat; for he has likewise been ejected from his monarchy. The king is as poor as the queen; and Trainor helps them out by getting them both jobs as clerks in the offices of Lauman & Son, with which company he is connected. This lays the basis for another situation of entertaining incongruity, which is impossible as life but bright and pretty as make-believe. The king and Trainor both love the queen; but she prefers the king. Stephen receives an offer from the leader of the revolution in Bosnia by which his throne may be restored to him if he will renounce his contemplated royal alliance with Anna Victoria; and when he refuses this offer because he loves her, she pretends to love Trainor and sends Stephen away from her so that he may not be kept from his kingdom. This melodramatic culmination is a little out of keeping with the tone of humorous fantasy which has been maintained through the preceding acts. In the end, of course, the queen marries the king and both their kingdoms are restored to them.

This is essentially a play of plot and is not made vital by any very thorough strokes of characterization. The lines are occasionally clever, but are at other times rather vulgarly slangy and therefore out of the key of charming fantasy which the author wishes to maintain. The piece never reminds the audience of life; but it is not nearly so vapid as its title would suggest; and on the whole it deserves to be remembered as an amiable entertainment.

The Sins of Society is a Drury Lane melodrama, in four acts and fourteen scenes, devised and written by Mr. Cecil Raleigh and Mr. Henry Hamilton, whose work in this particular sphere of theatrical contrivance has been favorably known for many years. The aim of such a play is to tell an exciting story in a series of swiftly shifting scenes, so arranged as to end each act with a thrilling mechanical effect.

**"The Sins
of Society"**

No characterization is necessary; no sane endeavor to tally with the facts of life is demanded of the authors; no cleverness of writing is required. They must, however, have a sure sense of the mechanics of modern stagecraft, and must be able to plot a story so that it tells itself easily to the

eye. *The Sins of Society* is a good enough example of its type. The story that it tells is rather trite, but it holds the interest from scene to scene; and some of the mechanical effects are really remarkable, and produce a momentary thrill. The most effective scene shows the S. S. Beachy Head going down with all hands rallied round the flag; and a scene in which the young hero dives into a river just above a waterfall is very well contrived. All in all, a Drury Lane melodrama is a very comfortable sort of play to see; because it never for a moment pretends to be anything other than it is.

The familiar and effective theme of self-sacrifice for the sake of friendship is used anew by Major W. P. Drury and Mr. Leo Trevor in their play of life in the British navy, entitled *The Flag Lieutenant*. Major Thesiger, of the Royal Marines, has never had an opportunity for effective active service, whereas his friend, Lieutenant Lascelles, has enjoyed no end of luck in having important opportunities thrust upon him. There is an uprising in Crete; and the British landing party is cut off and surrounded by the natives. Thesiger plans to disguise himself in native costume, make his way through the enemy's lines to the telegraph office in Kandia, and signal to the fleet. Just as he is starting on this enterprise, he is struck in the head by a bullet, which renders him unconscious. Lascelles hastily assumes the disguise himself and successfully carries out the project, thereby saving the regiment. Thesiger, on regaining consciousness, is unable to remember anything that has happened; and Lascelles is easily able to persuade him and the others that it was he (Thesiger, and not Lascelles) who did the deed of heroism that Thesiger had planned. But a complication arises. While he was absent in the enemy's lines, Lascelles has been needed by the colonel in command; and after his return, he is unable to explain his absence from the post of duty. He is accused of cowardice and threatened with degradation and disgrace, just at the moment when Thesiger is being decorated and celebrated for his bravery. Thesiger himself is especially earnest in begging Lascelles to clear up the mystery of his apparent defection from duty; but the latter's lips are sealed. In the end, the commanding officer discovers by a fortunate accident that Lascelles is the real hero, and, without revealing the full facts to Thesiger or anybody else, contrives to reinstate Lascelles in the general confidence.

All that has been narrated in the foregoing summary (except the ultimate reinstatement of Lascelles) happens in the second act of *The Flag Lieutenant*. It will be seen, therefore, that the natural method of pre-

"The Flag
Lieutenant"

sending this material would be in a one-act play. The trouble with the piece as it stands is that the authors have written three unnecessary acts—one to lead up to their real story and two others to lead away from it. As a result, the play, in its four-act form, is drawn out to tenuity, and gives the sense of story-book narrative rather than of drama. It will be noticed that no women are demanded by the theme; but each of the two friends is given a lady to love, and the plot is extended in other needless ways. The piece apparently gives a faithful rendering, in minor moments, of English navy life; but the scope of that life is rather too restricted to interest an American audience at large.

Detective Sparkes, by Mr. Michael Morton, is a commonplace play of plot, complicated to the point of obscurity, and unrelieved by any humanity in the characters or brightness in the lines. Lady Axminster has very imprudently gone on an extended balloon trip with a well-known aeronaut. The balloon is wrecked; the occupants escape; but the discovery of a peculiar brooch in the basket of the balloon sets all England searching for its unknown owner. Meanwhile Lord Axminster thinks that his wife is visiting her sister, an American girl named Athole Forbes; and in order to divert his attention from Lady Axminster's continued absence from home, Athole plans a trumped-up robbery of his famous and dearly-loved collection of miniatures. She warns him by telephone that robbers have planned to rifle his house at midnight, and assures him at the same time that a mythical personage named Detective Sparkes is coming down from London to look after his collections. By playing the part both of the non-existent robbers and of the non-existent detective, Athole keeps Lord Axminster's mind away from the subject of his wife until the latter can get safely home.

The trouble with this sort of plot is that half of the characters on the stage think that the robbery is real, while the other half know that it is merely a subterfuge. It is therefore exceedingly difficult for the stage director to decide whether to present the whole piece seriously, in the mood of the characters who are really concerned, or to present it comically, in the mood of the characters who are perpetrating the hoax; and any oscillation between the two moods results in a division and dispersal of the attention of the audience. This type of serio-comic mechanism is therefore almost sure to fail; and *Detective Sparkes* is not even a very good example of the type.

This error of uncertainty of mood is skilfully avoided in another detective play, entitled *Arsène Lupin*, by Francis de Croisset and

Maurice Leblanc, which is really a very effective melodrama. Arsène Lupin is the *nom de guerre* of a very famous thief, who nearly always warns his victims in advance of the place and time of his intended attacks, and nevertheless succeeds in carrying off his booty under the very noses of detectives and police. Thus he sends a letter to the rich *bourgeois*, M. Gournay-Martin, whose daughter Germaine is engaged to marry the charming young Duke of Charmerace, warning him that his town-house is to be robbed at a certain hour; and in spite of the precautions of the entire family, the robbery is accomplished. A great detective, named Guerchard, who has been outwitted many times before by Arsène Lupin, takes charge of the case after the efforts of the police officials to unravel the mystery have proved grotesquely inadequate. The element of suspense is exceedingly well sustained. It gradually grows apparent that the great thief must be one of the inmates of the household. Suspicion is cast successively on different minor characters and thereby diverted from the real criminal. One of these, Sonia Kritchnofe, a secretary and social *protégée* of Germaine, is actually caught with a stolen tiara in her possession, and is saved from discovery only by the Duke, to whom she then confesses her guilt. But even she does not suspect what the audience does not discover until the third act—that Arsène Lupin is no other than the Duke himself. The last act is taken up with Lupin's escape from the clutches of Guerchard.

This play is not, like *The Thief*, an absolutely perfect bit of machinery; there are gaps in its plot-structure here and there; but the mechanism is fully adequate to sustain the element of mystery, and the piece holds the interest of the audience from the outset to the end. Arsène Lupin and Guerchard come very near to being real characters; and the duel of wits between them at the climax of the third act is brilliant and exciting. Apparently the dialogue has been tampered with by the translator, whose name is not disclosed upon the programme. At several points, in the New York performance, the characters explain their motives to the audience in asides; and it is inconceivable that this should be done in any first-class play produced in Paris at the present day. Furthermore, the last act is marred by moralizing, which, both in its nature and in its extent, seems scarcely likely to have been part and parcel of the French original. These plays whose heroes are artistic thieves must, of necessity, be frankly immoral; and any attempt, in the lines, to explain away their essential immorality merely spoils the spirit of sport in which they are conceived.

Clayton Hamilton.

THE LAMENT OF ADAM

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

I

How frail you are! How fair you lie, asleep!
'Twas dawn I laid those roses on your breast;
And then "Leave me," you said and smiling pressed
Your lips to mine: but why, Love, did you weep?
How pale your brow! The sunbeams—see them creep!
They touch with life the hair I have caressed
So often since . . . how largely God hath blessed,
Despite the promise which we failed to keep.

How white you are! And still, I know, you dream
Of golden moments in our Eden's shrine,—
You who were made for me to shield from fear . . .
And yet, forever, *now*, I need you near!
Ah, break the silence! 'Tis not kind to seem
So far away, you who are wholly mine.

II

I need you near me. Speak! no, touch my hand,
So I may feel that it is I who ask!
Whisper some word, a "You!" Set me some task,
To bridge the heav'ns! One glance—I'll understand.
Listen! the treasures of both sea and land
Are yours! (They are not men but ghouls who bask
This day in sunlight!) Love, throw off that mask!
Answer! 'Tis I, your lover, who command.

I need you near me! Love, you who are "I,"
I need to share each breath, to bear each woe,
To make each joy. Love, how I need you! Give,
Ah, give some sign, some little look I know!
How cold your lips! How still you sleep to live!
I need you near me! Eve! You *dare* not die!

III

They are not men but ghouls who bask this day
In sunlight. Sun? . . . there is no light! Once more
The earth is void and awful Night spreads o'er
Its formless horror. Such as still obey,

The living creatures, serpents all are they!
 Flowers, trees that yield me fruit, I set no store
 By these. Dry are the seas, the rivers four!
 Havilah? Can insensate gold repay?

How black the space we used to call the sky:
 Oh Love, my Love, was there . . . is there some thing
 Beneath its dome your heart desires? Ah, speak!
 It cannot be too late: this thing you seek! . . .
 Come back!—It shall be yours despite the King!
 Without you near I am no longer "I."

IV

I am not "I" without you. Only let
 Me share your journey. Think, Love, of when first
 We fled before the Flaming Sword—accursed!
 Remember it was you who dulled regret,
 Your love which comforted.—God! I forget!—
 'Twas you, your eyes, your cool sweet arms that nursed
 My flagging strength. Oh, Eve, my heart will burst!
 You seem like *you*! Say, "I but sleep." And yet . . . !

I am no longer he who in the moon
 Beheld God's pardon, while you held me fast;
 Not even he who weakly blamed you. Soon
 I shall be less than dust. This cannot last!
 What! was it I who thanked Thee, Lord, for love?
 Unseal her mouth, if Thou art God Above!

V

There is no God! Have I not called on Thee
 To waken *her* Thou gavest me as mate?
 Unseal her lips! Thou canst not? Thou, the Great!
 There is no God! For God is just, and she,—
 What evil did she to be torn from me?
 For God is good and would He twice create
 Such love and be so uncompassionate?
 God there is none! Dear Love, He cannot be!

My Fair One! Eve! To have it end like this!
 Pale lids, ah, will you always droop, so still?
 Mouth made for love, must I forego your kiss?
 Jehovah! Father! King! in Thee I will
 Believe. Bleak ages, patient, will I wait
 If we be not forever separate.

VI

I will believe, Jehovah, in Thy might;
 But let me know, I beg, a little *now*.
 'Tis not for this I plead, or gave my vow,
 Yet it would help me so! She feared the Night;
 Gold were her smiles to greet Thy golden light.
 Make of its beams a circlet for her brow!
 I ask so little—only this—and Thou,
 Thou with a nod canst put the stars to flight.
 I will believe. When we hid faint with guilt,
 Did not Thy pity stay the sacrifice?
 Destroy us Thou didst not nor did I lose,
 Who had her near, the whole of Paradise.
 How still she lies! Why didst Thou, Lord, so choose?
 God! I believe! Do with me as Thou wilt.

VII

God, I am Thine to serve Thee till the End.
 I mocked Thy goodness, took Thy name in vain,
 Yea, in my grief, my frenzy, I would fain
 Have dragged Thee from High Heav'n. And *Thou* didst lend
 Me comfort! Lord, one frown and Thou couldst send
 Destruction, death; and *Thou* didst soothe my pain!
 I fell too low to earn the curse of Cain;
 Yet *Thou* forgavest, Father, to befriend!
 She is not gone! With Thee, I feel her mine.
 Unseal her lips? Thou hast unsealed my eyes!
 Oh, boundless is that mercy which secures
 Such peace and balm as in this knowledge lies:
 Oh, Eve, my Eve, I am forever yours,
 Who am, Thou God of Love, now wholly Thine.

Richard Butler Glaenzer.

THE MAN MASTERFUL¹

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON

CAST

MRS. OLIVER WILLIAMS

EDITH SHERWOOD

SCENE: *A room in EDITH SHERWOOD'S flat. The entrance from the hallway is at the back in right; the varnished door holds a heavy chain which is fastened across at rise of curtain. Upon the back wall there are many small pictures and photographs; beneath them a long box-couch with a green covering. At the left, a double curtain drawn hides further rooms beyond. At the right, a bureau and some bookcases fill the space between the door and the window which opens out upon the fire-escape. There is a writing table in the centre with chairs about. The room suggests the abode of a woman supporting herself with its certain air of unspecified use coupled with touches purely feminine. There are some indications, however, that its owner is not without connections and sympathies more aristocratic than her present surroundings would imply.*

The stage is empty for a while, then a bell is heard off. The noise of some one behind the curtains is suggested evidently rising to open the downstairs front door. After a short delay a knock is heard upon the apartment door itself. EDITH SHERWOOD enters from the other room, and crosses, after portraying a sense of the importance of what is to happen. She is dressed in a neat, simple, closely fitting gingham gown which may have been made by herself. She is tall, well-lined, robust and vibrant. There is authority and self-reliance in her personality, and the beautiful Greek regularity of her face does not entirely conceal its warmth and health. At present, though, there are traces of long vigil and mental suffering. She removes the chain, opens the door to discover MRS. OLIVER WILLIAMS standing outside, her hands half folded before her as though having waited in patience. MRS. WILLIAMS is middle-aged, her hair turning gray, her face pinched and bloodless. There is little indication of any vitality save in her restless eyes: her manner is calm though not without conveying some

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studied intention throughout. She uses few gestures and speaks almost without emotion in an even monotone, yet, with a subtle strength in spite of her obvious physical weakness. She is very carelessly gowned in a dull gown and her appearance at first will be always inconspicuous. She holds a letter in her hand to which she refers and then replaces in her handbag. MISS SHERWOOD is slightly embarrassed.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Is this Miss Sherwood? Edith Sherwood?

MISS SHERWOOD

Yes.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I am Oliver Williams' wife.

MISS SHERWOOD

Oh, to be sure. I—I didn't mean you should take all this trouble, Mrs. Williams.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I thought we might talk better. My husband might have come in at home. You were not expecting him here, though, were you?

MISS SHERWOOD

No, not now.

MRS. WILLIAMS

That would have been a pity, wouldn't it?

MISS SHERWOOD

Do come in.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Thanks.

(MRS. WILLIAMS comes in almost diffidently as MISS SHERWOOD, deeply moved and trying to gather herself together, slowly closes the door and mechanically fastens the chain across)

MISS SHERWOOD

Won't you sit down?

MRS. WILLIAMS

Thanks. (She goes to a chair) You wrote you wanted to talk to me.

MISS SHERWOOD

Yes—yes—but——

MRS. WILLIAMS

I suppose it's about my husband.

MISS SHERWOOD

Yes, Mrs. Williams, it is—but——

MRS. WILLIAMS

Well?

MISS SHERWOOD

(*With a little nervous laugh*) I knew exactly what I expected to say—but—but you're not like I thought.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Then you've never seen me with him? (MISS SHERWOOD *shakes her head slowly.*) We go out very little together: he has other places where he——

MISS SHERWOOD

(*Interrupting*) Yes; that's what I want to talk of, Mrs. Williams—about myself and him.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I thought so; it was kind of you to write—first.

MISS SHERWOOD

(*Temporizing*) Perhaps there was a little curiosity, too.

MRS. WILLIAMS

To see what Oliver Williams' wife was like? Well, it did surprise you, didn't it? And please you, too! (MISS SHERWOOD *conventionally protests.*) Oh, people never look at me when I pass. I know. But I wasn't always parched and sapless: once I was like you—and not so many years ago—like you, red and strong—but never so handsome—no; yet inside I was alive and beautiful. That's just as good, isn't it?

MISS SHERWOOD

To be sure—to be sure.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(*Eyeing her*) Well, now that you see I'm not much of a rival (MISS SHERWOOD *turns abruptly toward her: they face each other*)—suppose you tell me what you were going to.

MISS SHERWOOD

It's harder than I thought. But I felt I simply had to do it. He's not aware I wrote you, is he?

MRS. WILLIAMS

I tell him nothing.

MISS SHERWOOD

I'm glad, though it seems somehow disloyal to him. (*Impulsively*) He told me you didn't love him. (MRS. WILLIAMS *starts slightly.*) Oh, you don't, do you? Oh, give me the truth and I'll explain.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(*After a moment's deliberation as though calmly trying to measure the other woman*) Why should that concern you and him?

MISS SHERWOOD

Oh, it does, it does. I must know that before I speak further. I must. I must. Do you love him?

MRS. WILLIAMS

No. (MISS SHERWOOD *breathes easier, though the other scrutinizes her closely.*) But I watch him all the time in silence. I wonder if he feels my eyes on him. That's how I knew there was somebody else, knew it was *you*.

MISS SHERWOOD

(*Slightly surprised*) He has spoken of me?

MRS. WILLIAMS

Once or twice, before he realized you were going to mean something to him. He's been silent lately. People are so careless while they are still unconscious and—and innocent.

MISS SHERWOOD

(*Indignant*) Mrs. Williams, I'm a good woman. I'm straight.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(*As though satisfied*) Yes, I believe you. I wanted to be sure. Now there can be truth between us.

MISS SHERWOOD

I intend to keep everything honest—honest or nothing.

MRS. WILLIAMS

How can I help you? I'm only his wife—Oliver Williams' wife. (*Faintly smiling*) I wonder if you know what that means?

MISS SHERWOOD

I had my idea of what she would—should be like, but I can't make you out; you're different.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I'm not the woman he married: I'm made over. He has changed, too, in fifteen years. Things are different in the spring. You feel you're more his sort, eh?

MISS SHERWOOD

He thinks so.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Do you?

MISS SHERWOOD

He loves me.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(*Half to herself*) So! it has come to him again! (*After a pause*) Well, now that I've seen you, there's nothing surprising about that. And you?

MISS SHERWOOD

I care, too. I don't bow my head when I say it. I love him.

MRS. WILLIAMS

It's in your eyes.

MISS SHERWOOD

But I made up my mind he shouldn't look deep into them and see for himself till I was first sure you didn't love him.

MRS. WILLIAMS

And now that you are sure?

MISS SHERWOOD

I can ask you, as I intended, without compunction, let us have our happiness.

MRS. WILLIAMS

To marry you?

MISS SHERWOOD

Yes, of course that.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Give him up? *Entirely?*

MISS SHERWOOD

Yes.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(*As though recalling*) How strange!

MISS SHERWOOD

—in my seeking you, his wife, in this unusual, open way?

MRS. WILLIAMS

No; I was thinking of something else.

MISS SHERWOOD

I see no fault in loving, understand me: so I give no excuse, but I must make an explanation. I sat here many nights puzzling over what was best, for I knew by doing the bravest thing I could keep my love most clean. When I first met him I didn't know he was married: no one of his many friends ever spoke of you. Oh, I didn't mean— Forgive me. (MRS. WILLIAMS *motions her to continue.*) But I wasn't on my guard, and then, as you said, it was all so unconscious and beautiful. Yet I soon sensed his interest: we women are never surprised when men love us, are we? We sort of take it for granted. (*Enthusiastically*) But *he* was so unusual—such a wonderful, masterful man!

MRS. WILLIAMS

Yes; masterful.

MISS SHERWOOD

And I was flattered. I confess it; why shouldn't I be—to have Oliver Williams pause and look! Then one evening he told me about you. It must have been because he knew I was straight, and his feeling was the right kind. He saw it pained me, shocked me. From that moment I was a divided self. I'm anxious you should see how everything was. I tried to draw away gradually, but that only led him on. Then, when I was about to go for good, to give up my little work here—for I felt I couldn't escape him when he talked (MRS. WILLIAMS *smiles knowingly*)—he told me you didn't love him. Then, Mrs. Williams, I stayed deliberately, because I owed something to the thing I knew by now I felt. I wanted to share in his mastery, his career—before all. So I saw there could be no compromise in secrecy. (*She is silent a few moments.*)

MRS. WILLIAMS

Love dies of its own breath with the windows closed.

MISS SHERWOOD

That's why I struggled to find what was right; but love was no longer a heart-crying emotion; it was a problem writhing in my brain as well—and that isn't good for love. I couldn't have stood my burning mind much more, if he hadn't finally said that—that, with you, there was another, too.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(*Visibly moved for the first time*) Was?

MISS SHERWOOD

And had been.

MRS. WILLIAMS

He told you that?

MISS SHERWOOD

Yes.

MRS. WILLIAMS

To bribe you he told you that!! Oh! (*She bows her head in a long silence.*)

MISS SHERWOOD

(*Somewhat at a loss*) I didn't mean to walk in on anything sacred or intimate. It's yours and only mine so far as it might help us to some solution. But we must be naked, Mrs. Williams, in moments like these. Perhaps he thought it would be so much easier for us all if I knew. It did seem so to me—if only you and I quite understood things right—once and for all.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(*Slowly*) It does seem simple-like on the surface, doesn't it? (*She lifts her head.*) But you can't have him, do you hear me? You can't have him!

MISS SHERWOOD

(*Impetuously*) What's to prevent him if I say——

MRS. WILLIAMS

Not these frail arms of mine. No. They couldn't keep Oliver Williams from having his own way. He'd brush them aside and crush them like those who oppose him out in the world. But *you* alone can stop him—and you will.

MISS SHERWOOD

Step in the way of my own happiness?

MRS. WILLIAMS

Are you so sure it would be happiness?

MISS SHERWOOD

Yes; it's everything. I can't do without him; I've tried to think of it: it's terrible. I know now why one commits crimes. I feel sometimes as though I could—oh no, no. I love him. (*Bitterly*) If you don't love each other, why shouldn't he be mine? Did I come and steal him? Wasn't love dead between you before I came? Why shouldn't I have him? Is marriage for you a knot tied in Heaven to whip and bruise those others who come within its swing? Why should those dry ideals of wifehood stand in the way of throbbing lives? Mine and perhaps the man you love. Why?

MRS. WILLIAMS

(*Calmly*) Do you believe it's that which stands in your way? Listen: if you and he had gone away together I think I would respect you almost as much as I do your coming to me now. You should have done what I hadn't the strength to do and I would have understood. But you didn't; so I treat you differently. Don't think it's my pride, my duty, or my religion that will keep me firm against you. No. No. I wish I had those excuses.

MISS SHERWOOD

Then it's small-soulness.

MRS. WILLIAMS

No, it's my absolute helplessness now. You can't have him, because I need him.

MISS SHERWOOD

I need him, too. He needs me.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Oliver Williams needs you!

MISS SHERWOOD

Yes, I can help him to achieve.

MRS. WILLIAMS

You! (*She smiles; then shakes her head.*) You can't have him. He's my habit of life; I'm too settled to change.

MISS SHERWOOD

(*Leaning closer to her*) Even to go to the other one?

MRS. WILLIAMS

(*With a touch of indignation*) After a dozen years, go to *him*? What! Take to him, because of an opportunity, this sapless body! Give this that belongs to the husband, to the man who loved me when I was like you! No! No! The memory of the thing he loved is better for him to keep now; that still warms the coldness. This I am to-day would freeze and starve.

MISS SHERWOOD

(*Desperately*) Yet you have starved him all these years.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(*Quickly*) Not by taking from him something he had.

MISS SHERWOOD

Yet perhaps he still hungers.

MRS. WILLIAMS

You can't tempt me with that. The taste would destroy the need; now, for him it's an inspiration, a dream unpossessed. He is becoming something and I know it's through me. (*Recalling*) He never married. He sends me presents, without a word, on the anniversaries—as if I needed reminders. But he gets no answer, expects nothing, for he never thought I cared.

MISS SHERWOOD

Never?

MRS. WILLIAMS

If he had once seen my love I should have gone to him then. I wouldn't have let him suffer the *other* way—or I would have—(*she recoils slightly*)—I nearly did it as it was! Instead, instead I told my husband first as you have told me first, opened my poor heart to him in trust. That's really why you can't have my husband, for he didn't let me go: he kept me—kept me.

MISS SHERWOOD

He loved you at the time.

MRS. WILLIAMS

He wouldn't let another have the thing he owned! He called it love, but words are only masks and we all use many words. Yet stunned, bewildered, perhaps flattered, too, that I should be *worth* fighting to keep, I weakly submitted to his first wishes.

MISS SHERWOOD

(*Struggling against the irony she begins to see*) It's small, petty revenge you're taking; you're making him and me pay for your own weakness.

MRS. WILLIAMS

No; life's simply paying you both back for the weakness he made! It was strength that made me go to him first—strength. I've never known it since. There was something being born at that moment, a soul, a character, and he smothered it. It wanted to live. But it was such a little thing it couldn't fight very much, it hadn't learned how. It died easily; he closed the windows about it.

MISS SHERWOOD

(*Impressed in spite of herself by the other's manner, she shudders and is silent for a while.*) Mrs. Williams, you are speaking of the man I love. You are saying dreadful words. To plant in me doubts alone would be cruel. Don't you realize, I'm trying to be a decent woman, fair to you? But you must be fair to me: he is mine, remember, while I care—mine *here* in me. You must let me understand what you mean.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Yes. We must be naked, you said: it chills, but I think you're worth telling it to; for it will save you from him.

MISS SHERWOOD

(*Loyally*) You can't strip him. He's too wonderful to me. You mustn't try.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Too bad he should lose a love like yours.

MISS SHERWOOD

(*Firmly*) I am waiting to be made sure that he must.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(*Her voice gradually warms in color as she speaks*) Then look at me when I have finished telling you. Blame me, if you will; I do myself, though it doesn't seem to alter consequences. But remember, it was that he *could* do it, that he *could* rip me from the roots, take me away to isolation; a lonely island in the Lakes where things were barren and the sands dry and parching and I had only him before me day and night.

Then to strip me of all the garments I had worn, to put on the harness of daily service to his man's needs, to do things I never had done before, to fetch and carry at his will. And you ask, why, why did I? Because he talked to me the way you know he has; he made me believe he was doing it for my good. And I kept on because I felt then I had offended him somehow—him who couldn't keep my love—and that he might also see I was wiping out the fault. But he had other reasons than to clear myself in his sight, he was doing something else deliberately all the time, methodically, carefully, studiously. But I didn't see it at first—pain dulled me too much to look outside. I only knew in the loneliness the days were growing longer after a while, and when I faltered, he came to me kindly and helped me with his own hands to fetch and carry. And all the days grew longer and he helped me more and more. And then I began to ask his help and he smiled. I knew why later. He gave it gladly. And then one day I was ill and *I let him wait on me without the asking*. From that moment I was lost—lost. Oh, I see every step of it now. If only the hand of him I loved could have touched me just once; but I was too far away to feel it and I was too numb and I was living in a fog. Then things lifted slowly as fogs do, and I saw what my husband was accomplishing. I began to watch to be sure I was right. That's where I began to watch. I was right. I saw through his heart. I put tests: he always met them, did as I expected. It fascinated me to watch, as though I saw the gallows being built—interested me, eased the pain somehow, too. He was devoting himself to accomplish one end—with all his absorbing power, one end: to make himself *necessary* to me; to make me see I was his dependent thing.

MISS SHERWOOD

(*Enthusiastically*) That was strength! Wonderful strength! If he had done that to me I should have loved him for it!

MRS. WILLIAMS

It wouldn't have hurt you; you're that sort of woman, made to live with steel. That's maybe why he loves you. He feels that perhaps. You would have been his slave!

MISS SHERWOOD

Yes, to my glory!

MRS. WILLIAMS

And you couldn't have left him?

MISS SHERWOOD

No!

MRS. WILLIAMS

Neither *could* I—neither *can* I; but for a different reason. Do you think him so heartless to have kept it always like that? Oh, no; he knew his methods well. He came to me one day and told me I could go if I desired—leave him. He wanted me to credit his generosity, to bind me closer, to make me believe I was staying of my own free will—that strongest bond of all. He didn't know I saw through him and that I didn't dare wound his pride further by showing him. But each time I tried to break I felt bound more and more by the sense of my own helplessness, my own limitations which he had planned to make me realize. Before, sheer love without thought and self doubt could have swept me on safely through anything: but now—now I doubted myself. And in that doubt I found my own unworthiness. I couldn't take *that* to the other. I couldn't, but my husband did not know I couldn't. That's why I stayed. That's why I saw only too willingly the many obstacles for leaving him he used to throw in my way—finding eager excuses within myself for the crime against my love—; that's why more and more I slipped back, back upon that helplessness which at least obtained service from him. And as I took it more and more greedily, with the years I lost more and more the red blood of life, and, for sheer self-protection, I began, in turn, to bind him to me more and more by that helplessness until there was nothing of my own strength left—only the rut habit dragged me through, the rut I have never been able to escape from all these years. And that's why you can't have him. Look at me! Look what I am! I've no strength to be alone. He's my habit of life. I'd be lost without him. I can't do things by myself. I'm helpless—dependent. I'm his. He tied me to him, bound me: I'm round his neck: he must drag me on. You can't, with your love, untie that knot; I can't. He tied it. He has got to keep the thing he made. I'm his. He's mine—mine—to the end!

(There is a long pause. MISS SHERWOOD has bowed her head, completely overcome. MRS. WILLIAMS, however, soon gains control of herself, covertly looks toward the other and waits. They resume very quietly)

MISS SHERWOOD

If it only had been love I could forgive him.

MRS. WILLIAMS

So could I—a little—but not myself.

MISS SHERWOOD

It wasn't honest of him to tell me of the other one, after that.

MRS. WILLIAMS

He drove the other deeper into my life. I did not know he realized it. That's something to have learned.

MISS SHERWOOD

(*Bitterly*) To bribe me! It wasn't honest!

MRS. WILLIAMS

(*Following up her advantage.*) He's not honest, I tell you. He has a way of stalking up and down making you believe him in spite of yourself because his pride is in it. It's his power. I gave him that power.

MISS SHERWOOD

You!

MRS. WILLIAMS

Yes. I watched it come into birth there on the lonely island. Don't you see his own strength was on trial? He couldn't afford to fail. So, through conquering me, a frail woman, he found the way out there to conquer in the world.

MISS SHERWOOD

I wonder if he knows that?

MRS. WILLIAMS

(*Shaking her head and smiling faintly*) That's my secret and why I sometimes smile. So you can teach him nothing.

MISS SHERWOOD

And I thought I could give him something greater than you!

MRS. WILLIAMS

You'd be like the *others*. (MISS SHERWOOD *looks up slowly.*) I can tell you. There have been others. He will remember you, for he forgets when once he has.

MISS SHERWOOD

That strips everything.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(*Calmly*) I must fight for what is mine. I watch him: I always know when they come. I take them away from him one by one: there's a way. You are better than the others: I've given you the truth. (*There is silence, then she rises*) And if he should come here—and talk?

MISS SHERWOOD

(*Looking up*) I'd see you clinging to his arm.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(*Relieved*) Then go away. Don't wait or hope for me. Dead trees stand long. What good you've brought each other through the feeling will remain. (*Smiling*) I don't mind that since I have him.

MISS SHERWOOD

Yes, I'll go. Everything is over.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Good-by.

MISS SHERWOOD

If only he valued you.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(*Smiling enigmatically*) I don't want him to: that would make it harder for me and him.

MISS SHERWOOD

I see. (*She buries her head in her arms.*)

MRS. WILLIAMS

(*After some hesitation*) I feel for you with what there is left in me. Memory just now made me live and suffer for a moment. It will be with you, too, a long while. Then some morning you will awake without his name on your lips; that will cut deepest when you think of it, for it seems disloyal to forget. But that also will pass and you'll find new reasons besides the ones I've shown for doing what you must do. I know: we all fool ourselves so to make things easier. Good-by.

MISS SHERWOOD

Good-by.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(*At the door*) If he had only let me go—*made* me go!

MISS SHERWOOD

He would have been free and I might have——

MRS. WILLIAMS

Strange how life works out.

MISS SHERWOOD

(*Yearning*) I might have——

MRS. WILLIAMS

Who knows? He might have been different if he hadn't conquered me.

MISS SHERWOOD

I must suffer for it.

MRS. WILLIAMS

The best thing he has loved, too. Strange!

(*Mrs. Williams goes out, softly closing the door. There is a moment's pause, then a sudden idea strikes Miss Sherwood. She rises and goes quickly as though to open door.*)

MISS SHERWOOD

Mrs. Williams, did you tell the truth? Did you tell *everything*? (*She halts helplessly, stands a moment and then mechanically fastens the chain across the door again.*) What difference would it make, anyway? It's over. Oh! ! — (*She comes slowly down and sits upon the chair again, her hands clasped before her.*) Yet it was masterful! ! (*She seems to glow at the thought.*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS SLOWLY.

George Middleton.

WHEN MY LIFE SLIPS TETHER

BY LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

SOMETHING kindled when first I knew you,
 Something older than all my years.
 Some strange part of myself breathed through you,
 Came from your eyes and from mine went to you,
 Lived in the breath that the south wind blew you,
 Sang in your voice for my trembling ears.
 You were mine in a past Elysian;
 I was yours where we once ranged free.
 Here we had met by our fate's decision,
 To speak in passing—like ships at sea.

Outward and outward to cloud-capped islands,
 Lifted fair from the tumbling waves,
 Fresh green valleys and purple highlands,
 Almost touching the mist-wreathed sky-lands,
 Outward to lands the south sea laves,
 I was swept in the joy of being,
 Living and doing; but dimly seeing
 How much I was leaving in leaving you.
 Life led onward, blind fate decreeing;
 Heaven and the sea were fair and blue.

Never a word that your lips had spoken,
 Never a song that your voice had sung,
 Came as a kindred cry or token
 Out of a silence else unbroken,

Never a sigh your heart had wrung.
Over the earth men's thoughts were learning
To fly in whispers. Some message burning
With word of an empire's overturning
 Sped on the wires over sea and land;
But never a lisp of your spirit's yearning
 Made me believe and understand.

Never a glimpse of your brow's fair whiteness
 Under the massed hair floating free,
Came with the morning's vestal brightness,
Shone through the noonday's hovering lightness,
 Trembled over the twilight sea.
Men were looking with eyes of wonder
Through stones that earth's secrets burrow under,
Learning the real for the past's poor blunder,
 Making the false thing clear and true.
Never the miles that have held asunder
 You and me has a ray pierced through.

Something kindled when first I knew you,
 Something that came before time and death.
Now is the hour when my lips would woo you,
Now is the time when my need calls to you,
Feeling the bonds of the soul that drew you
 Once to my soul as its life and breath.
Somewhere again when my life slips tether,
Glad of the sun in the autumn weather,
 Wandering free in the leafy ways,
Somewhere again we shall come together
 After the long and loveless days.

Never the stranger to stranger meeting
 Flashes a comradeship like this.
Somewhere before these hearts were beating,
Mortal as idle moments fleeting,
 We must have clung and given the kiss.
Somewhere again, with their earth-beat ended,
 Heart of my heart, from that old embrace,
You shall receive me, the once befriended,
 There as we tremble face to face.

Lewis Worthington Smith.

BOOK REVIEWS

A PORTRAIT—AND A SURPRISE¹

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

ALL who enjoy the intimacy of revelation which is the charm of personal letters will welcome the attractive volume containing the correspondence between Johannes Brahms and his warm friends and faithful admirers, Heinrich and Elisabet von Herzogenberg. All the more perhaps because the book brings a delightful surprise. It reminds one of those old-time puzzle-pictures, which portrayed ostensibly a landscape with trees and brook, or say, a man reading in a garden, or something equally familiar and commonplace. Then, when one held it at a certain angle, the lines began to change, the familiar objects took on a different aspect, and all at once the form of a lovely maiden or a nymph or gauze-robed fairy sprang out at us from the frame, obliterating all we had seen before. This is exactly what happens for the reader of this book of Brahms' letters. We take it up with the dominant impressive figure of the gifted German composer full in view, the striking portrait accompanying the volume aiding in the effect. We are so ready to give him our full and undivided attention, that we are keenly aware of his robust aggressive personality, impatient, self-centred as genius must be, magnetic, awakening adoration in the friends whom he allowed really to know him. This impression follows us a little way through the book, and we read in the preface some personal account of the friends responsible for these letters simply that, in knowing them, we may know Brahms the better.

Suddenly we realize that it is not Brahms at all who comes to meet us from these pages. The outlines of dominant masculinity that first filled the eye have grown dim. The picture is changing, and all at once we see that it is the portrait of a woman we are looking at, a woman of such subtle charm, such sweet nobility of character, such delicate feminine grace combined with unusual mentality and artistic gifts of a high order, that we read on fascinated, wanting only to see more of her, to know her better. This then is the great merit of this volume. It has taught us little of Brahms that was not already known from the excellent biographies by Kalbeck and others: it has thrown no new light on the more intimate side of his character. For the Brahms that we see here,

¹*Johannes Brahms. The Herzogenberg Correspondence. Edited by Max Kalbeck, translated by Hannah Bryant. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.*

in his own letters, is not altogether an agreeable personality. But it has done something very much worth while in making us acquainted with Elisabeth von Herzogenberg in a way that only these intimate exquisite letters could have done.

It is an interesting and novel situation, this outpouring of the intimate beauty of a woman's soul, an outpouring which yet has nothing of sex in it. Her letters are written to a man who has won her entire admiration, but they are written by a woman who is the loving, devoted wife of another man, and one feels instinctively that these letters are written to keep alive the freshness of a friendship which meant everything to the writer's adored husband. In all these charmingly witty or tenderly considerate epistles, in all this glowing enthusiasm and this fearless sincerity of criticism, illumined by an exquisite womanly charm, we feel that Elisabeth von Herzogenberg was fighting her husband's battles. She was exerting herself to hold for him, whose modest, reserved nature left him helpless, the friendship of the impatient and self-centred genius, whose work was Heinrich von Herzogenberg's artistic gospel. And she succeeded. She won and held for herself and her husband—in spite of separations and the ever-widening circle of activities that came to Brahms with growing fame—a lasting place in his affections. They became a necessity to him spiritually and mentally, for their direct giving, in adoration, in enthusiasm, in helpful criticism, was far more than his. But they averred themselves overpaid by their joy in his work, many specimens of which were sent to them before any one else had seen them, sent often in an incomplete state for criticism.

Heinrich, Baron von Herzogenberg, descendant of a French noble family which had settled in Austria, and become affiliated with the court there, was a musician of remarkable knowledge and considerable ability. His acquaintance with Brahms, dating from 1864, had a strong influence on the trend of his talent. He became a fervent disciple of the North-German composer, and forsook the gods he had hitherto worshipped. He became an authority on Bach, and lived for many years in Leipzig as President of the Bach Society there, which he had been instrumental in founding. His wife was Elisabeth von Stockhausen, scion of a family as old as his own. Besides beauty, wit, and unusual charm, Elisabeth von Stockhausen possessed musical gifts of a high order. These included not merely the ability to perform, but a musical intelligence and comprehension beyond the average. The married life of this couple was an unusually complete and perfect one. Their absolute congeniality of tastes and their temperamental differences, based, however, on an equal refinement of nature, made an ideal combination. Over all the letters in

this book—by far the greater number are written by Frau von Herzogenberg—the calm and perfect happiness of her marriage lies like a golden sunshine. It was marred by one lack only, by her childlessness, a disappointment which caused a deep and lasting grief. Husband and wife worked shoulder to shoulder in creating a centre for the highest musical taste in Leipzig. Together they fought the first battles for their adored Brahms, and taught their adopted city his worth. Together they endured ill-health and disappointment—coming sometimes even from their idol; and in the few short letters preserved of the desultory correspondence between Brahms and Herzogenberg after Elisabet's death, we feel the utter blackness of desolation her loss must have meant to the bereaved husband. Brahms' death, five years after Elisabet had gone, left Herzogenberg quite alone, for despite many acquaintances this shy, reserved man had few real friends. Three years later he himself died, leaving a number of cantatas and oratorios which attest his industry, his scholarliness and his true musicianly temperament. The letters in this book date over a period of twenty years, years of growing fame and success for Brahms, years of sincere work and fine development of character for his two devoted friends. Brahms writes sometimes to Herzogenberg, more often to Elisabet. Herzogenberg writes to Brahms, but usually it is Elisabet who writes; writes in her own charmingly personal and intimate way, mingling frank disapproval with swelling enthusiasm; important professional information with family gossip, and letting us all, quite unconsciously apparently, discover what a delightful person she is. She was more, much more than that. She was a woman with a soul so beautiful that it overshadowed even her physical beauty for those privileged to know her. And no biographer could have painted this soul for us as she herself has done in these involuntary self-revealings. No matter whether we agree with her opinions or not, we are taken captive by her gracious charm. Even the most convinced Wagnerian can overlook her attitude toward his idol for the delight he takes in so many other things she says.

How fearless, in all its womanly modesty, is the letter in which she reproaches Brahms for a slight put upon her husband, who was too reserved and shy to resent it himself. "Don't you see," she writes, "it is a different matter when the person you misjudge and wound is just the one who would lay down his life for you, who loves you as a poodle or a child loves, even though he may not have the gift of showing it. I assure you he knows nothing of this audacious lecture, but has gone to sleep with a good conscience. His wife is a bit of a firebrand, however, and cannot resist flaring up in your face. You deserve it, too." Then

she is so sweet and charming that we feel Brahms could not misunderstand the loving spirit that prompted the rebuke.

How witty she can be at other times:

"Soloists are always a trouble. They are so imbued with their soloism that they can't be quiet and impersonal."

"He—is as prolific as a rabbit and really produces nothing but these tricky little wrigglers."

(This apropos of some new duets.)

"I once had a terrible aunt, who, as she came out of a splendid picture-gallery, explained with feeling: 'All very fine and nice; but it is of far greater importance that we should love our Saviour!'

"It is hard to say which is worse: the decent dulness of a Hiller, or the indecent dulness of a Liszt."

"I overheard a girl say, 'You really enjoy music twice as much *décolletée*.'"

"Fanatics invariably practise on us poor women, who are supposed to be incapable of resistance."

The temptation lies near to quote many of the more serious sayings of this charming woman, who had a knack of coining the flashlight phrase. She can tell you so much about others—and about herself—in a single sentence.

But space limits and a word of praise is still due to Max Kalbeck, editor of the Letters, and to Hannah Bryant, translator, for the excellent work they have done. All concerned have indeed acquired merit in making us acquainted with so exquisite a personality as is Elisabet von Herzogenberg.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

MEREDITH IN BROKEN DOSES¹

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

THE souvenir volume of the eightieth birthday of George Meredith, though in preparation for some five years, did not see the light until after Meredith's death—actually necessitating the alteration of every present to past tense. This book is most timely in its present appearance not only but also in view of the fact that Meredith's intimate friend, Mr. Edward Clodd, is said to have abandoned his earlier inten-

¹*George Meredith. In Anecdote and Criticism.* By J. A. Hammerton. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

tion of writing Meredith's biography—a project actually prohibited by Meredith himself during his lifetime. Particularly important on this account are the details of Meredith's life laboriously gathered and judiciously recorded in the first three chapters of the present work. In no case, however, has Mr. Hammerton availed himself of other than published data; for, though much unpublished material—aneecdotal, reminiscential—was at his disposal, he rigorously avoided encroachment on the field of the biographer—if biographer there be.

As an "apology" for the present volume, Mr. Hammerton cites the following paragraph from an old review:

As each great writer moves to fame, his way is marked and its stages heralded by a succession of critical utterances. These become, as it were, rallying points and battle-cries of his partisans; discussion crystallizes round them; they strike the keynotes for interpreters. Hence the importance, for the biographer and literary student, of histories of critical opinion.

It must be obvious, then, that Mr. Hammerton's book is a sort of *Literary Guide to Meredith*—the "filler" for a good Meredith smoke. Fortunately it does not needlessly cover merely the ground already swept by Miss Hannah Lynch, Mr. Richard H. P. Curle, and Mr. Richard Le-Gallienne—all concerned primarily with "aspects" of Meredith; by Mrs. M. Sturge Henderson, dealing with Meredith as reformer; by Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, in his *The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith*; or by Professor Elmer J. Bailey, in his excellent but somewhat artificially designed "study," *The Novels of George Meredith*. To those who—*via* the programmes of "literary" clubs!—wish their Meredith in predigested and preread form, Mr. Hammerton's book is incomparable—a "Sure Cure for Ignorance" on the subject of Meredith. But I should be manifestly unfair if I did not point out that it gives an admirable critical skeleton of George Meredith's literary life—a skeleton in some sense clothed with the synthetic commentary of the dispassionate compiler. There is I do not know what of the factitious and mechanical in a criticism that is little better than commentary—a commentary on commentary, one had almost said—which seems to spring not direct from the brain of the author, but to arise from the striking of a sort of "happy average" of everything the best critics of Meredith have happened to say. One obvious use of such a critical commentary is to apply to the bouyant, loosely considered enthusiasm of the "true blue Meredith person," such as was Robert Louis Stevenson, the sane corrective of critical balance; and to temper the strictures of the constitutionally debarred, such as was William Watson, with the calmness of self-

detachment. In a book where extremes meet on almost every page, the balancing process is mediately useful and informing, though such appraisal be not criticism in the highest, or even in the technical, sense. Yet the necessity for this sort of integrative appraisal is peculiarly obvious in a book of this sort about Meredith, easily the most praised, mispraised and dispraised novelist of our generation. In the case of Meredith, just now beginning to achieve a tithe of his deserts as a popularly read author, it is interesting to be made to realize that recognition by the greatest minds of his age and his art has been perfectly unquestioned and perfectly continuous for more than half a century.

In Mr. Hammerton's opinion, Meredith possessed two fundamental disqualifications for popularity as a novelist—disqualifications which will, in the future, doubtless lose something of their force in the present and growing education of the public in preference for character analysis over mere story-telling. In speaking of the art of "telling a plain story," Mr. Hamerton says:

What Meredith knew was that he couldn't do it. In one of Edmund Kean's great scenes, when he was acting with his son Charles, and had the whole theatre breathless with excitement, he whispered, "We're doing the trick, Charlie!" Meredith had never been able to "do the trick," and perhaps his good sense is seen in the fact that he never attempted it. He once said "capacity for thinking should precede the art of writing. It should. I do not say it does. Capacity for assimilating the public taste and reproducing it is the commonest." But he himself lacked this common capacity: Shakespeare had it, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot had it. Hence the universality of their appeal. . . .

While character is the concern of Meredith, it is not character for its own sake, but in the bulk, as interpretive of life. And here we touch another of the reasons for failure with the public. The "infant" does not care a straw for character in the abstract; it asks for persons "quaint and curious," good or bad, but interesting as persons. The writer of comedy troops out his symbols of Egoism, of Youthful Conceit, of Social Ambition, of Intellectual Wit, of Parental Unwisdom, and "the infant," though these all bear names far more alluring than Christian, Faithful, Giant Despair, or Mr. Worldly Wiseman, finds Bunyan's actual characters, though labelled with the names of abstractions, more fascinating than Meredith's abstractions labelled with the names of persons.

. . . It is no injustice to say that he (Meredith) is, broadly speaking, aloof from his own personages, and this is fatal to all illusion, which is surely of the essence of great fiction.

A book of three hundred and eighty-two pages, lavishly illustrated and flooded from cover to cover with the cream skimmed from the voluminous criticism of some six decades, by reason of its very nature possesses the quality of a signal tribute to Meredith. Its positive defect is the author's failure to append an ordered bibliography, particularly in

view of the bibliographical character of the book. Aside from this deficiency, the book possesses noteworthy features in the chapters entitled "Friendships and Home Life," "Personal Characteristics," and "The Continental View of Meredith." It is worth while being compelled to identify the man with his work, to know him as a literary recluse, with a keen insight into and large vision of, the great world, and to realize that he was one of the greatest talkers of the age—which goes far to explain his "wind-in-the-orchard style." And there is something of revelation in the discovery that Meredith has been known in France since 1867; and that the most elaborate critical study of *The Egoist* is the work of a Frenchman, M. Ernest Légouis, in the *Revue Germanique* of July-August, 1905. And I am free to confess that, to me, the two most subtle and penetrative essays ever written about Meredith are the work of, respectively, that Gallicized American, Mr. W. C. Brownell (*Victorian Prose Masters*), and of M. Firmin Roz (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, February, 1908).

The words of Mr. Hammerton in regard to Meredith's final place in literature sound vacuous and hollow when spoken of one who was essentially, if brilliantly, of his own age—sharing, apparently, only one large idea with the forward movement of to-day, the emancipation of woman's spirit. Strange words these:

While Meredith does not typify an epoch, his name will at least remain for all time a landmark of English letters, but it will not mark the era in which his life was chiefly lived and all his work achieved, so much as that succeeding it. In brief, this "last of the Victorians" is more likely to be regarded in time to come as first of the prophets of "Modernism."

Archibald Henderson.

The Forum

NOVEMBER, 1909

SHALL THE CONSTITUTION BE AMENDED?

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

THE announcement in the opening article in THE FORUM for October, to the effect that the legislatures of thirty States have signified to Congress their desire for the assembling of a convention to amend the Constitution, attracted national attention, especially as further investigation developed the fact that on the thirteenth of last August the legislature of Alabama had taken similar action. The question of a constitutional convention is thus brought to an acute stage. The subject has been most thoroughly discussed in the editorial columns of the leading papers of the country and innumerable interviews secured with constitutional lawyers and prominent members of both Houses of Congress regarding the problems which are involved in the situation. Not only are these problems still unsolved, but there are other considerations worthy of thoughtful attention.

**The Action
of the
States**

Briefly stated, there are three questions which are paramount. The first is whether there is any limitation of time which renders nugatory the action taken by legislatures during a series of years; the second is whether it is obligatory upon Congress to respond to the application of the legislatures; and the third is whether a constitutional convention, if called, can be restricted in its discussions to the one subject which was responsible for its creation. According to the consensus of expert opinion, the first question must be answered in the negative. It is held, for instance, that inasmuch as no limit of time is prescribed in the article of the Constitution under which the States have acted, Congress cannot regulate either the time or the manner in which the States shall comply with the constitutional requirement. A novel view is advanced by Mr. Hannis Taylor, formerly United States Minister to Spain, and a constitutional lawyer of recognized eminence, who asserts that Congress is not

required to take notice officially of the resolutions which have been passed by the several legislatures, but that the States must, by concerted action, make the necessary application. With this view, however, many will differ. The Constitution is silent on the question of "concerted action" and simply says that on the application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, Congress "shall call a convention for proposing amendments." This difference of view, however, is characteristic of the whole situation. There has never been but one constitutional convention in this country and that was the historic gathering which framed the immortal document. There are absolutely no precedents to guide our statesmen in dealing with the questions now presented.

It would seem, unless one is inclined to raise technical objections, that the constitutional requirement has been fully met when the legislatures of two-thirds of the States have made application for a constitutional convention. An examination of the records of Congress shows that in every case, except one, the action of the legislature was formal and complete, the words "apply" or "application" being deliberately employed so as to leave no doubt as to the intent and significance of the action. The one exception is in the case of Wyoming, the legislature of which State transmitted to Congress its simple declaration of sympathy with the proposition to elect United States Senators by direct vote of the people. The opponents of the convention idea will, of course, decline to accept this resolution as a formal application to Congress and thus they may be able to postpone consideration of the proposed call for a convention until Wyoming, which practically elects Senators by popular vote, shall rectify its defect or some other legislature be found to take its place. If, for the sake of argument, we shall consider that the deficiency has been, or in the near future will be, supplied, and that the legislatures of two-thirds of the several States have acted or will act, there seems to be no doubt of the position which Congress must assume. "If two-thirds of the States," said Mr. Wade Ellis, formerly attorney-general of Ohio and now assistant to the attorney-general of the United States, "have applied to Congress to call a constitutional convention for the purpose of considering an amendment, or amendments, to the Constitution, then Congress is not only morally, but legally, compelled to obey the demand." This view is important, because it has been generally stated in the newspapers that the opponents of the convention idea, and especially of the proposition which is the basis of the agitation, will, through dilatory tactics, attempt to prevent action in Congress.

The third question, all authorities agree, must be answered in the negative. Even though the principal reform under consideration be

the election of United States Senators by popular vote, there can be no limitation placed upon other subjects. In other words, the whole field of constitutional amendment will be opened. It is this fact which gives timely interest to a brief presentation of the efforts made in the past to amend the Constitution and to a consideration of the question whether the Constitution ought to be changed in any degree.

A diligent examination of the Congressional proceedings shows that while innumerable amendments to the Constitution have been proposed,

**An Appeal
for a Con-
vention**

only one speech has ever been made in favor of a constitutional convention. This was delivered in the House of Representatives some three or four years ago by Mr. DeArmond, of Missouri, who discussed the subject at some length. He asserted his belief that a constitution made more than a hundred years ago, when conditions were vastly different, when corporations were in their infancy, when population was sparse, when wealth was not concentrated, and when great agencies of the government were not employed as at present, might lack many provisions to meet modern problems. "I believe," he said, "that the makers did not embody in that instrument of matchless worth, our Constitution, all that might be or is now sufficient or desirable for present needs, or to equip the people to meet the rapidly growing needs of the future of a great country. I believe a convention of American citizens, assembled for the purpose of considering various propositions to amend the Constitution, would be likely to submit some wholesome and timely amendments, perhaps a good many, but some, at least, which would meet the approval of the American people, and, by their sovereign will, be made a part of the Constitution." "I believe," he added, "there is enough of wisdom and patriotism and justice in the American people, enough pride in their past, interest in the present, and hope of the future, to protect us against any possible danger that the Constitution might be impaired by the adoption of an unwise amendment."

It is not necessary to present here the changes in the details of government which Judge DeArmond suggested as desirable amendments. These will be considered elsewhere in this article. The point which merits immediate attention is his optimism concerning the outcome of the constitutional convention. Fortunately or unfortunately, there is not a very general acceptance of his belief that tinkering with our national charter would not result in harm. There is, of course, no doubt of the ultimate conservatism of the American people. The fact that the Constitution, excluding the first twelve amendments, which were practically

a part of the original document, or were adopted in the early stages of our national history, has never been amended except under the stress of civil war, demonstrates an unwillingness on the part of the people to add to or take from the Magna Charta on which our national existence is founded. The decadence of populism and of the theories which wrecked the Democratic party in 1896 are modern examples of the stability of popular judgment. At the same time, no one could prophesy exactly what a constitutional convention would propose; and even though its suggested amendments could not be made effective until they had been ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States, the country might easily be subjected during the interim to a period of uncertainty and anxiety. There is no provision, either, for the personnel of the convention. It would remain to be determined whether the legislatures should elect or the governors appoint the delegates to the convention and whether the States should be equally represented or on the basis of population. These are some of the considerations which will inspire opposition to the convention idea. There will be a feeling that it were better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of. It will be argued, too, that the Constitution is elastic enough to meet all the requirements of our modern and complex civilization, and that where it fails, some way will be found to circumvent its literal text. Indeed, should the question of a convention be pressed before Congress during the approaching session, as now seems likely, we may expect a debate of more importance than any which has engaged its attention since the Civil War. There is much to be said on both sides; and the opponents and advocates of the convention proposition will be able, thoughtful and earnest men, who will realize the magnitude of the question presented to them for consideration.

No one familiar with the debates which preceded the adoption of the Constitution can fail to appreciate the fact that the men who framed the document did not expect its texts to remain unchanged. They devoted much time to the methods by which it could be amended and there is no doubt that if they could to-day revisit the nation which they helped to establish they would be surprised to find the Constitution so little altered. They were wise almost to a miraculous degree and they builded better than they knew; and their very wisdom taught them that they could not expect to attain perfection in a human document. The article providing for amendments was adopted after long deliberation and was a compromise effected largely through the efforts of Mr. Madi-

**Proposed
Amendments
in the Past**

son. It is a remarkable fact that one of the methods of amendment has never been invoked by the American people as a nation, although as citizens of States they have with great frequency authorized conventions to amend State constitutions. The latter documents have been subjected to so many changes that very few, if any, of the States are now operating under their original charters. The Federal Constitution, on the other hand, has been accepted with almost reverential spirit. It has never been revised, even though its deficiencies are realized and the necessity for its improvement in some respects is almost universally admitted.

When it is stated that from the First Congress to the present time more than 2,000 amendments to the Constitution, embracing some 1,500 subjects, have been submitted, some idea can be gained of the task which would confront a constitutional convention, should one ever be called. A chronological record of these proposed amendments affords a panoramic view of the crises through which this country has passed. Chief Justice Marshall's decisions led to many efforts on the part of the States more definitely to determine their rights; the veto of an internal improvement bill by President Madison elicited a flood of amendments to enlarge the power of Congress in dealing with these matters; President Jackson's numerous vetoes called forth propositions to limit the exercise of this executive function; President Tyler's erratic course stimulated the one-term idea; the question of slavery and secession was sought to be settled by constitutional amendment; on the crest of the woman suffrage and prohibition movements came amendments to regulate the liquor traffic and to guarantee the right of the ballot without regard to sex; while, in these latter days, when there is a decided federalistic sentiment among the people, the demand for provisions which shall result in nationalizing legislation now within the jurisdiction of the States, is most insistent. If the proposed amendments to the Constitution should be plotted upon a chart, the result would be a series of remarkable curves; and the apex in each instance would be found coincident with a period when some great question was agitating the public mind.

While, with two exceptions, no amendment has ever been adopted, save those which pertained to the Bill of Rights and the reconstruction period, it is an interesting fact that one proposed addition failed of ratification by the vote of only one State.

Some
Beneficial
Changes

This was a provision that any person who accepted a foreign decoration thereby divorced himself from American citizenship. We have grown more cosmopolitan in these modern days and a similar suggestion at the present time would

not receive perfunctory attention, much less escape adoption by such a narrow margin. There are some provisions, however, which would undoubtedly be incorporated. The electoral college as it now exists would unquestionably be abolished. The plan of the framers of the Constitution has, in fact, been absolutely perverted, and the people have adopted what Mr. Woodrow Wilson aptly denominates "a serviceable framework of fiction" in order to exercise their proper function in the election of the President and Vice-President. It is possible, too, that there would be a change in the time of the meeting of Congress. Under the present system, a Representative chosen in November may not be called upon to take his seat in Congress until more than a year after his election. There is a very general opinion that this hiatus should be removed for reasons which are obvious. Another popular change would be the lengthening of the Presidential term to six years, with ineligibility for re-election. Still another reform which has been the text of many proposed amendments, and which would find general favor, is the suggestion that power should be given the President to veto any particular item in an appropriation bill without his being compelled to give executive approval to this one item with the alternative of rejecting the entire budget. There is also a widespread opinion in Congress that only a majority and not a two-thirds vote should be necessary to enact into law a measure which has not received Presidential sanction. An amendment changing the date of the inauguration of a President to a more seasonable period than the fourth of March might also be expected to gain universal support; while the proposition to elect United States Senators by the direct vote of the people would, if the expression of State legislatures accurately reflects public opinion, be unquestionably adopted.

These are only a few of the many subjects that would come before a constitutional convention, and the fact that they would be affirmatively treated is sufficient indication that the Constitution in its present shape is by no means a perfect document. These conceded improvements, however, would not stand alone. The advisability of woman suffrage would be argued by the delegates from those States where women are now allowed to vote, while the pressure for an amendment authorizing federal regulation of the liquor traffic would not only be earnestly advocated but, in view of the attitude of a large number of States on the prohibition question, would receive considerable support. An effort would also certainly be made to remove the present lack of constitutionality for a federal marriage and divorce law, while the powers now enjoyed by the judiciary might also be made a matter of earnest argument. Last, but not least,

would be the question of regulating monopolistic corporations, beside which all other topics would fade into insignificance.

There is no development of our civilization which has imposed so much labor upon the legislators or presented so many difficult problems to the judiciary as the combinations of capital commonly known as trusts. This phase of our national existence will eventually result in some amendment to the Constitution.

Private and Corporate Rights

The seriousness of the situation which now confronts the American people was shown with great force and lucidity by President Hadley, in an article written by him more than a year ago. Dr. Hadley then showed that the rights of private property were most vigorously upheld by the Constitution, it being provided that there should be no taking of private property without due process of law, and that no State should pass a law impairing the obligation of contracts. Property in the hands of corporations is even more favorably situated, a fact due to the celebrated decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Dartmouth College case and to the enactment of the Fourteenth Amendment. "Neither the judges who decided the Dartmouth College case nor the legislators who passed the Fourteenth Amendment," says Dr. Hadley, "had any idea how these things would affect the modern industrial situation. The Dartmouth College case dealt with an educational institution, not with an industrial enterprise. The Fourteenth Amendment was framed to protect the negroes from oppression by the whites, not to protect corporations from oppression by the legislature. It is doubtful whether a single one of the members of Congress who voted for it had any idea that it would touch the question of corporate regulation at all. Yet the two together," Dr. Hadley asserts, "have had the effect of placing the modern industrial corporation in an almost impregnable constitutional position."

In the Dartmouth College case, the court decided that a charter was a contract and that a State having induced people to invest money by certain privileges and immunities, could not at will modify those privileges and immunities thus granted. The industrial corporations have applied this decision to themselves and the privilege of incorporation has thus been abused. The application of the Fourteenth Amendment to a corporation was made when the federal courts upheld the decision of the California tribunals in the Southern Pacific Railroad case, to the effect that a corporation was a person and that it came under the provision that no State "shall deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal

protection of its laws." A corporation, therefore, under the laws of the United States, is entitled to the same immunities as any other person; and since the charter creating it is a contract, whose obligation cannot be impaired by the one-sided act of a legislature, its constitutional position, as Dr. Hadley says, is well-nigh impregnable. It is no wonder, under these circumstances, that governmental control of monopolistic corporations is so difficult of accomplishment; and while no well-meaning citizen desires to see injustice done, the necessity of reasonable and equitable control is every day becoming more apparent. Consequently, when the Constitution is amended, the most serious consideration must perforce be given to the consideration whether corporations are artificial personages or whether they stand in a class by themselves, to be dealt with along lines which were not within the foresight of the framers of the Constitution because the conditions which now exist were not at that time conceivable in the mind of man.

In addition to all this, there is evident necessity for amendment even in matters affecting the Constitution itself. It has already been shown that although Congress shall call a constitutional convention upon the application of the legislatures of the several States, no provision is made for the composition of that convention. There is an equal lack of definiteness as to when or how the application shall be made. Very much is left indeterminate, also, in the detail of ratification of proposed amendments. Congress has recently submitted to the States the text of an income tax amendment. There is no provision, however, as to the time within which any legislature may act and it is equally uncertain whether one legislature can undo the action of a previous body. New Jersey, for instance, first rejected the Thirteenth Amendment, but a subsequent legislature took an affirmative position and this was accepted by Congress. On the other hand, when the Fourteenth Amendment was under consideration, New Jersey, Ohio and Oregon gave their consent but, at a later period, declared through their legislatures that they were opposed to ratification. In these cases it was held that consent once given could not be withdrawn. While this precedent would probably be followed should a like situation arise during the effort to ratify the income tax amendment, it would still be within the power of Congress to settle the question by a vote and the decision might easily be affected by partisan or personal considerations, just as it was in reconstruction times. When the Constitution is amended, if it is ever to be changed, some provision should be made to remove this evident defect in one of

**Important
Details
Lacking**

its details. The question whether the action of a State should be considered affirmatively or negatively ought to be determined by express constitutional provision and, above all, it should be removed from the domain of partisanship.

The conclusion is thus forced upon every thinking mind that the Constitution could be beneficially amended. Whether it is wise to attempt its amendment is another matter entirely. It certainly cannot be amended without precipitating a period of national concern. At the same time, it is a vital question whether or not this anxiety would be more apparent than real. There is no doubt that the Constitution fails to respond in large degree to modern conditions. It lacks the elasticity and fluency of the unwritten Constitution of Great Britain, for instance, and as the years pass its deficiencies will become cumulative and there will be a demand for revision which cannot be gainsaid. There is a probability that this time is nearer at hand than the conservative minds of the nation are willing to concede.

Henry Litchfield West.

THE LAST FRONTIER

BY ROSE HENDERSON

MORE fitting, you say, when the pallor of age marks the face,
When the quick ear is dulled and the palsied step fails in the race,
When over the valley the hill-shadows slumber afar,
And the glow of the west dims the glow of the pale evening star,
Then to leave, in a spirit of peace, this dull world and its care,
And to slip from the haunts of your kind, undisturbed, half aware.

Ah, I covet instead, the fierce pain, the quick stroke, the wild strife;
I would mate with the fury of death the stern vigor of life.
As against the rough whirlwind my spirit has toiled, not dismayed,
Let thy dark pinions cover a brow bravely clear, unafraid;
As over the mountains my feet have exultantly pressed,
Let me cross the dark flood with the kiss of the wind on my crest.

Delay not, O death, till I shrink from the wings of the storm,
Till the rapture is gone and the gladness dies out of my form,
But come when my heart beats with joy in its birth-given might,
As I face the proud stars in the infinite glory of night,
And my soul fills with fire that the breath and the bloom of earth give.
Let me meet thee and greet thee, O death, while I live, while I live.

Rose Henderson.

THE POPULAR ELEMENT IN LITERATURE

BY BRIAN HOOKER

THERE is no immediate prospect of an end to the making of many books. It would be in many ways a comfortable thing to have all production stop now and forever; or at least to call a halt while the groping public and the gasping critics recovered their bearings. We should have the complete Body of English Letters neatly sorted and arranged, like the Greek and Latin: masterpieces on the top shelf, classics in an unalterable row, minor poets all in order, and the fragmentary and ephemeral stowed safely in the cupboard. Yet even so we should not find peace. We still have controversies over Homer; the only good literature is a dead literature; and when all is done, the unrestful spirit of personal taste will not down. You shall not by any human power make me enjoy *The Vicar of Wakefield*; but if you do not like *Pickwick*, have at you for an infidel! I will demonstrate that you lack, not critical sense alone, but ordinary humanity. And after we have finished with each other, and the smoke has cleared away, we shall dimly become aware of what our patient womenfolk knew from the beginning of the battle, that nothing particular has happened. Meanwhile, the flood of new production pours on increasingly. Most of it is probably bad; but the moment you attempt arranging the agglomerated heap for praise or blame, all sorts and conditions of readers demand a hearing, if not for their judgments, at least for their preferences. We are really in need of something like a critical consensus, lest we relapse into a chaos of individual whims. This, as Matthew Arnold pointed out, is no unimportant matter. We read more and more, and we hardly realize how deeply our daily lives are colored by those reflections of life which we find in books. We cannot, and should not, agree upon what we shall seek in our reading; but for the sake of literature and our own human selves, we should improve our appreciation of one another's point of view, our understanding of one another's standards.

Broadly speaking, there are two general attitudes toward literature, or for that matter, toward any art. The first is the attitude of those who measure the merit of a work by certain critical canons which they understand. These canons they either formulate for themselves or accept upon authority; and for them, as a book fulfils or violates its proper code of commandments, so it is good or bad. The essence of Drama is a struggle of human wills; a Short Story produces a single narrative effect with the utmost economy of means consistent with emphasis; a Lyric ex-

presses a single subjective emotion; Style is the connotative use of language; the most emphatic positions are immediately before and after a pause: and so on. These people first classify the new work; then judge it by the ideal of its class; and according to this judgment they maintain that every one ought to enjoy or despise it. They themselves naturally do so; both because the canons are sound and searching, and because they have trained their appreciation to wait upon their intelligence. And just as naturally, they are intolerant of any appeal to personal taste. "Whose personal taste?" they ask. "Has he any right to pronounce? Does he know anything about literature?" You may dispute their sentence, but you may not question their law. That you, or a million of you are bored by Milton or thrilled by McCutcheon merely proves your ignorance. Indeed, they feel an antipathy to the public feeling, stronger than they would attempt logically to justify: *popular* is to them almost a term of reproach; and they are disposed to favor what is caviare to the general. "Give us what is artistic," they say, "and never mind popularity." This we may call the academic attitude. The popular attitude is simpler, more personal, and equally dogmatic. The people make upon the artist only one demand: a thrill. Emotional excitement is their whole desire, and they do not care a straw how it is produced. Laughter, tears, and suspense are their favorites; but any emotion will do, so that it be primitive and independent of mental effort. They are unwilling to buy passion at the price of thought, so that a shock to their conventional morals discomforts them. But within broad limits, whatsoever excites them that they will approve doggedly, in the teeth of all the schools, and no questions asked. They have some vague respect for artistic traditions, none whatever for artistic canons; they resent criticism, which continually attacks their pleasure with arguments troublesome to understand; and they suspect Art of being another name for their chief abomination, Boredom. "We don't care about art," they cry, "Give us what we like!"

Obviously, both these attitudes in the extreme, or even in their logical completeness, are absurdly self-contradictory. For critical canons are induced from the practice of those artists who by pleasing many for many years have become classical. The academician says: "Give us what is artistic, and never mind popularity." That is to say: "Give us what intrinsically pleases people, regardless of what pleases people." The popularist retorts: "We don't care about art; give us what we like." That amounts to saying: "We want something good, whether it is good or bad." The critics perceive the popular fallacy without perceiving that the people are too many to be wholly wrong: and the people feel the

critical arrogance with no sense that the critics are too wise to be emptily theoretic. It may further a mutual understanding, therefore, to examine into the underlying strength of these two illogical positions. Both have in them much that is reasonable and, what is more important, much that is right.

The virtue of academic criticism is its conservative strength. Not arbitrarily does the critic pronounce (for example), that the Short Story shall produce a single effect with economy of means. He is no autocrat, arrogating power to his own unauthorized will; he is a judge, master of the court in being the servant of the law; and this law is the Common Law, which is only crystallized custom. For thousands of years, people have been telling brief tales as well as long ones. At first, they told them generally in the same way, with a chain of incidents, a group of characters, a free shifting of mood and scene: the short story was only a long story told in fewer words. But gradually they observed that this was to shorten the tale by cutting the flesh off its bones. The plot was barely more than a synopsis, the many characters were individually abstract, the descriptive and emotional color was simply crowded out. There was so much material that none of it could be developed vividly: the miniature was a full-length painting three inches high. So the stories of Boccaccio are literally Little Novels—so little that you must make a lens of your imagination to see the life in them. For the imaginatively indolent public this was too much trouble; so that short tales never became popular. But now and then some happily inspired story would cover a smaller field on a larger scale, and be rewarded by fame. Gradually the number of such works increased; and gradually, through centuries of experiment artists and critics comprehended the principle, until a genius who combined both faculties grasped and formulated it. The public acclaimed his practice while the critics disseminated his theory; and the modern Short Story, descendant of a long line of occasional successes, came into its inheritance. The miniature had become a study of a single face. Now, the history of this one critical canon is the history of all. They are the crystallized heritage of art, immensely valuable to the artist as directions to his genius, and through him to the people. He is less and less driven to grope for means of expression or to delve after the unsmelted secrets of his predecessors. It is the right of genius to blossom upon the topmost branch; and he is unfortunate who must unfold his beauty at the foot, to be shaded from the sunny air and trampled carelessly into the mould.

Crystallized art; but by no means perfectly cut and polished gems. We have not one critical principle to which the experience of the future

may not add new facets; and most of them are still rough stones murky from the mine. We think we understand the Short Story, and doubtless we do understand the spirit of the form; but to-morrow may improve our understanding. There are still plenty of tales perfect by our rule yet vitally dry and uninteresting; there have always been individual specimens which despite irregularities of form are vigorously alive. And any day some genius may cast a seeing eye over these eccentricities and improve our present ideal. Only of one thing we may be tolerably sure, that he will not revolutionize it; for a revolution is merely a swing of the pendulum, whose least motion is nearest the centre. It is equally an error that exceptions prove or disprove the rule. They test and amend the rule, indicating the nature of its incompleteness. A perfect rule has no exceptions; but all our rules are imperfect in proportion to their importance. This is where the popularist makes a luminous idiot of himself. What is the use of rules? Are not *A Christmas Carol* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* great stories forsooth, and irregular? Very well: it is also true that many cripples are exceptionally strong in the arms; nevertheless, instead of cutting off our legs we shall use dumbbells. Academic criticism does well in combatting this fallacy. It has the armor of the impersonal and the sword of intelligence. It preserves the pure tradition amid the babel of momentary fashions, and defends it from the onslaught of those eccentric giants who succeed by methods unfit for any but themselves. It furnishes a point of departure even to those who escape from it: you can steer South-East-by-East only because the needle points North. Tradition has never crippled a man strong enough to transcend it; but it saves the weakling many a fall. Since the gods could not stay Prometheus from stealing their fire, humanity should be grateful to them for overthrowing the Titans.

But it will not do to regard any literary ideal as fixed and final. It is Common Law, constantly in the making, not the law of the Medes and Persians. And the Academician has a vicious tendency so to regard it, as in itself authoritative instead of as the authority of the people codified for momentary convenience. He learns his principles from text-books or from the analysis of acknowledged masterpieces; and he forgets through whose acknowledgment the masterpieces were recognized. What makes a book a classic, or an author famous? Simply the accretion through many years of a popularity beyond all comparison with the petty popularities of the day which alone he calls by that name. A rough test which we lazily apply to new books is the number of copies sold. What would become of our best sellers if measured by even this test against the classics? Not only those now considered popular, but those which the con-

noisseurs are fond of pointing out as above the herd, appreciable from the first only by the elect few? We cannot perhaps estimate how many copies of the *Iliad* have been sold even since the discovery of printing and among people foreign to its language; but they would somewhat exceed the sales of *David Harum* or *The Fighting Chance*. *Paradise Lost* has probably at no time been appreciated by very many. But the few who have enjoyed it have become a huge and increasing multitude. Moreover, they have always been influential, so that the poem is admired and in some sort known by thousands who have never read it: unrecognized fragments of it are woven into our cultivated speech; and its spirit has colored the theology of Christendom. It is popular therefore in a truer sense than any ephemeral furor; and its artistic laws are founded absolutely though indirectly upon the favor of the many. Of course, it is not great because people like it: they like it because it is great. Approval will no more increase the merit of a work of art than the expansion of mercury will heat a room. The *Æneid* would have been just as admirable if Vergil had had his will and destroyed it unread; only, it would have been less admired, being unknown. But since the purpose of any art is to communicate the artist's vision to others, our ultimate measure of his success must be their reception of his message; and the same applies to the materials and methods of artistic communication. This the critical are constantly prone to forget. They see with contempt the splash of momentary praise over what they know is bad; they cannot share widely enough their pleasure in what is enduringly good; and so they deny the very foundations of their own knowledge. Academic criticism is continually leaping out of its element into the arid air of abstraction. It is continually gulping pure theory; and the moment it dries, it dies.

In its correction of this fault lies the strength of the popular attitude. It is a return to the fountain head of critical authority, the natural liking of mankind; and after a long course of distilled water, it is good to drink of the spring as it bubbles from the ground. Many a masterpiece have the people thus passed into place over the critical veto: many a time, as in the stormy beginnings of the Romantic Movement, have they caught up a needed reaction and sent a new departure thundering down the stream; being free to acclaim new beauty where the critics were bound and blindfolded by old rules. Many a morbid fantasy of decadence, many a lascivious orchid of hothouse civilization, have they withered with indifference, while the æsthetes raged impotently and the dilettanti imagined a vain thing. For all their mercurial faddishness, they hold a more deeply precious conservatism than the conservatism of the critics; for the critics preserve the law and the people preserve the source

of the law, the spirit which makes the law alive. But the matter is not so simple as this, or we should have a millennium of popular culture and no need of critics. In government also the people are the source of authority; but we cannot therefore find a political panacea in the Referendum. The spring is affected by the fluctuations of the weather, by the change of seasons; and it is easily contaminated or turned aside. That voice of the people which is the voice of God is best heard from those multitudes which grow slowly through many years. It is characteristic of its divinity that you cannot press it for an immediate answer; you must wait, often until the pertinence of the question has passed. The opinion of the day is oftenest not the voice of the people but only of those who for the moment have the loudest lungs. Appeal to the people and you get either ambiguous oracles or the howl of the nearest mob; but, as Mr. Chesterton points out, the public is not merely the mob: the public includes everybody, even the critics. And the conscious appeal to posterity is even more futile, being simply a gratuitous prophecy that posterity will agree with you. It is damnation to write with an eye to the critics or to the booksellers instead of trying to do your own best. But to cock a conceited ear toward the cackle of the unborn about the grave is, in literature or ethics, worse than damnation: it is lunacy.

The whole trouble is that it is exceedingly difficult at any time to get at the real opinion of the people. Our system of government is an attempt to do so: and we who live under the best (up to now) of all possible governments do not need to be told how badly it works. Mob howls unto mob and convention brays rejoinder to convention; representatives do everything but represent; committees mutter in their sleep; here a purple reformer thrusts up gesticulating arms, his words drowned in the clamor of cheers awakened by a brass band playing *The Star-Spangled Banner*; yonder a corporation purveys narcotic platitudes; and under all runs the steady whisper of the demagogues, keeping touch and time, rearing their perilous card-palaces in the stillness at the centre of the storm. The people alone are silent, indolent of words, hiding and holding their faith. The one thing that saves us, the one reason why the whole state does not crash into confusion of tongues, is the ballot. For the ballot appeals for will, not words; not for reasons but for impulses. The people cannot discuss and will not explain, but they do vote; and in general, despite all the chaos of argument, they vote rightly. Likewise the people cannot criticise, but they do read. They cannot prove the merits of a book, nor expound their feeling about it; but they do decide upon it wisely, if one could only tabulate their decision. They lack precisely

that detachment and intellectuality which are the power of the critic. The ordinary person is inarticulate: he has the greatest trouble in conveying any idea through his small and slangy vocabulary; the book is "great" or "rotten," and he cannot tell you why. And if he tries to do so, the chances are that he talks a farrago of illogical nonsense. Only through time does the real opinion of him and his fellows clearly appear. We have no suffrage in literature; the publishers are stuffing all the ballot-boxes with advertisements.

And the difficulty of getting a truly popular verdict upon literary work was never greater than now, for the public of the hour was never so large nor so confused. For the first time in history almost everybody reads and talks about what is read. If *Paradise Lost* had in its own time few readers, readers were then comparatively few, and the individual reader therefore comparatively representative; and since reading matter was scarcer beyond all comparison, the epic did not compete for contemporary attention with a huge mass of stuff professedly ephemeral and skilfully titillating the sensations of the day. Popular journalism is a great foe to popular literature; not because it is popular or bad artistically (it comprises some of the best writing we have), but because it is journalistic. It comes fresh and fresh every day, furnishing the thrill which the public rightfully desire; but furnishing a new thrill daily and bidding them forget the thrill of yesterday, until the cloyed palate, failing to distinguish flavors, retains only a neurotic hunger for novelty. How often have you offered somebody a book to be met with: "Oh, but I've read that!" as if no book should ever be read but once. Appreciation does not thrive in so feverish an atmosphere. And a still greater enemy to normal culture is our system of education. The purpose of education is, roughly, to sharpen the intellect upon useful facts. But we grind half the blade away without bringing it to an edge: we first disregard its natural temper, and then regard nothing else. We treat all classes of minds too much alike, and allow individual minds too early a freedom: we give essentially the same training to Mæcenas and the Moujik until far beyond the point at which their hereditary needs diverge; then we invite each, long before he knows his own individual needs, to choose what flourish his nature will out of all the learning of the ages. And sometimes we make a spoon, and frequently we spoil a horn. So that instead of scholarly gentlemen and respectable artisans we have child-suicides and illiterate specialists. We have thus produced an enormous reading public dangerously armed with a little knowledge; not educated enough to reason well (that takes generations), but educated enough to worship every shadow of reason and to despise its own wiser intuitions; full of the colt-

ish assertion of mental adolescence. And we have given this public a more instant control over our literary output than any public has held since the Age of Pericles. We dutifully believe that we are on the way to a higher and more general culture than the world has ever seen; and it may be so: but our present culture is irregular and abnormal. Popular judgment is wisest as it murmurs through time; we make it immediately clamorous. Popular taste is soundest as it is intuitive; we make it hastily intellectual. I am not saying that we should not teach all the people reason; but the first step thereto should not be the clouding of their natural instincts. We are becoming a nation of inadequate critics: in which the true critics cannot gain a hearing, and the true note of popularity is blurred into a snarl by its own multiplied overtones. It is as if the whole of Russia were suddenly convoked in one deliberative assembly. You could not get a vote, because everybody would be talking at once, demanding interminable free speech, and changing his mind while he talked. Underlying all this babel, the true literary feeling of the whole people indestructibly persists. But we cannot feel its pulse through the swaddlings. We think the works of Mr. Thomas Hardy popular.

Yet notwithstanding all this, the public is still our soundest judge of literary values. We were never in more need of a truly free and trenchant academic criticism, such as England had in the days of Christopher North; but if all the critics were suddenly smitten dumb, the artists and the people could still guide each other as of old. It is true that the ordinary man cannot think or talk accurately: endeavoring to expound or to defend his opinions, he soon exceeds his depth and flounders among indefinite terms, clutching at any catchword that may be suggested to him. He calls the work "realistic," "immoral," "powerful," "clever," or the like, until the words lose any critical meaning. And when you grasp his meaning, it is usually jejune. But do not be too ready to exult in your own intellectual superiority. The feeling which he explains so vaguely and supports with such unreason is overwhelmingly likely to be just and right. As the old violin-makers felt the right curve and thickness of a part by an intuition beyond our mathematics, so he judges intuitively the vital values of a book with an instinct that puts our criticism to scorn. This will sound absurd to those who are so soaked in scientific thought as to confuse clarity of perception with the power of defining in words. Many of us are so contemptuous of intuitions as not to recognize our own: yet most of what we know (as distinguished from what we only believe) comes to us perceptively; and the most usual office of our intelligence is merely to say amen to revelation. You

cannot define or distinguish verbally the odors of heliotrope and honeysuckle: your attempt would be a series of question-begging comparisons; yet you perceive their distinct characters perfectly. Have you any doubt of your own existence? But much philosophical energy has been wasted in attempting to demonstrate it. The purely intellectual faculty is perhaps the least important power of the human mind, as it is certainly the most mechanical. And the proof of this is that its full exercise has been restricted to the few, while the more essential gifts of instinct and emotion are and needs must be granted to all. They are more necessary to humanity, both as means of knowledge and as motives to action. The ordinary man, then (and still more the ordinary woman) feels wisely and thinks foolishly. His choice is right, though he may give wrong reasons for it. For he did not arrive at it by any such clumsy process as reason: nor, it is probable—if you will honestly examine yourself—did you; only you are so accustomed to testing your ideas intellectually that you confuse the problem with the proof. And this disparity of judgment and expression increases enormously with numbers. The arguments of a multitude are usually common twaddle: its decisions are generally common sense. It is almost impossible to have too deep a contempt for popular intelligence, or too high a respect for popular opinion.

Consider for a little some of the more obvious public preferences in literature. I have already noticed that the people insist upon being made to feel, and are reluctantly made to think; and I have just suggested why of the two emotion is the more important. If everybody in the world thought perfectly, we should have Utopia; but if everybody felt perfectly, we should have Heaven. Moreover, to feel is to act, and to think is only to conclude. The whole matter is wisely and truly presented in the Funeral Scene of *Julius Cæsar*. Of course the reason alleged for this preference is usually unreasonable: as that excitement relieves the monotony of life, or that the tired business man needs recreation. Again, though the people by no means despise Realism, they seem on the whole to prefer Romance. They misuse the terms insanely, calling by the name of Realism every truthful reflection of familiar fact, and making Romance a mere nebulous allusion to something commonly romantic, such as love or adventure or the East Indies. But their real choice is for authority as against induction: they would rather have the artist declare his idea through symbols like a prophet than demonstrate it from data like a professor. The old man's delight in recognition is not so strong to them as the child's delight in wonders. The artist has something to say to them: they wish him to say it vividly, and they do not care to be shown how he came by it. In a word, they would have the artist use the methods

of art rather than the methods of science. Again, in the narrative forms (which are their favorites) they demand the rush of action, the hush of suspense, the clash of melodramatic climaxes; and they dislike much analysis. That is, they like a story to be a Story, not an essay. The Essay they value in proportion as it is personal: deaf to Marcus Aurelius, they listen to Mr. Dooley. And we have Christ and Socrates to prove that the personality of the teacher is the most important part of his teaching. With poetry they will have nothing to do unless it be obvious in thought and poignant in sentiment; and they are almost too easily taken with swing of rhythms or sonority of style: agreeing here with Milton (who, being human, preached above his practice), that poetry should be simple, sensuous, and passionate. But the best illustration of the illogical soundness of popular criticism is the popular artistic morality. The public seem to regard morality as a part of speech: they condemn a work as immoral for such improprieties of plain speaking as, at worst, offend only the modern conventions of taste. They deny to a book or a play expressions which they hear composedly in church or even admit to their own familiar speech. It is pathetically ironical that the democracy whom Whitman loved will never be persuaded of his true wholesomeness and holiness, merely because he is indecent verbally. And the democracy is right. Decency is indeed not virtue: it is the proper dress of virtue, and as such to be most insisted upon in public. You would permit no man, in society, to hold to your wife such freedom of speech as in the familiarity of home she herself might use without offence. Morality is not a matter of words; but words are a matter of morality. It is also illogical that the people tolerate, or even timidly enjoy, the provocative merri-ments of musical comedy, and are horrified by a serious study of license like *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. And it is also right. There is no great harm in naughtiness, because naughtiness is trivial, a careless momentary stimulant like whiskey or tobacco. These things are evil only when taken seriously. But *Mrs. Warren's Profession* is meant to be taken seriously: unless you soak your heart in it, you have missed the point. And here the popular instinct penetrates in a flash through all the cant about "facing actual conditions" and "deterrent moral lessons," straight to the root of the matter. The people are equally sound in loving pathos and hating pessimism; for it is healthier to cry than to curse. They know that, for all its portentous front, literature is only play; and they will not play at bitterness. Moreover, even though it be in truth a misfortune to be born, they owe no man thanks for telling them so. And down goes Ibsen, lamented by all such as care deeper for literature than for living. Finally, the people are not to be hoodwinked by the pretext

of un-morality, of art for art's sake. A work of art either makes an emotional impression or it does not: if it does not, it is weak art; if it does, that emotion is an influence. The democracy consults nobody's intelligence before rejecting whatever insults its own soul.

And here, at the very heart of its wisdom, lies the germ of innumerable vanities. Popular intuition is not merely untrammelled by intelligence; it is unguided by intelligence; and though the worship of reason be a vice, certainly unreason is no virtue. The people do well to keep their literary sense from speculative confusion; that they cannot translate it into criticism is nothing worse than a difficulty: it is still sensible. But for lack of a steady hand upon the rein, their judgment, infallible in the long run, is continually in error. They are wanting in that power of analysis, that faculty of considering separately the elements of a book and weighing the merits against the failures, which is the soul of criticism. You and I can read *Dolores* with delight in its music and in its imagery, though its theme be an immoral falsehood. We can discover the beauty of Maeterlinck and Browning through its veil of silliness or cacophony. We can wade through dreary wastes of realism for the sake of a masterly characterization, and smile over the improbability of a romance amid the very thrill of an artful coincidence. But the people will do none of this. They judge altogether and immediately, whether of books or of men: if a criminal is a man who commits crime, then a man who commits a crime is a criminal; if Cæsar was a philanthropist, why he could never become a tyrant. So by the first quality which comes home to their sensibility the whole work is at once acclaimed or condemned. They are therefore no less likely to be correct in fact than to be mistaken in proportion; and it may take years of iterated impressions to set them right. This is partly the result of unintelligence, partly of mere mental laziness, and partly of restricted reading and feeling. The people have the most important nerves, but they have comparatively few; and having no wide and well-remembered body of comparison, they look upon each new work wildly, almost as if it were the first. The engine is so simple that it has no flywheel. And these unbalanced and exaggerated judgments drive the academician distracted. He tolerates the aversions of the public, which offer him the gratification of the Pharisee: if they cannot appreciate Whitman, he can. But their preferences he cannot endure. They like Sunday Supplements. And putting two and two somewhat hastily together, he concludes that they like what is bad. Here he makes his capital error, the error that robs him of half his usefulness. Because they enjoy much bad work it does not follow that they enjoy the badness of it. No human being ever enjoyed anything evil except for some

minor good in it more present to his attention than the larger wrong. The boy eats green apples because (for the moment), he realizes more sharply that they are apples than that they are green. Eve ate the forbidden fruit under the impulse of that highly modern virtue, the hunger for knowledge. The Thirty Pieces of Silver were in themselves rightly desirable; only they were the price of a disproportionate sin. This human truth underlies that inhuman saying of Socrates, that mankind would be virtuous if it were wise enough. In ethics this saying is fallacious, as assuming that man acts upon reason; but it has a perfectly sound application to art; for man does appreciate upon reason where a reason can be discerned. And the people enjoy some bad art for the sake of precisely those fundamental merits which the critics are prone to forget or familiarly to despise. They prefer Boileau's female heads to Whistler's etchings; they do not see that they are out of drawing, but they do see that they are prettier. And much modern Art could afford more prettiness. They prefer *Lorna Doone* to *Anna Karenina*; and though it is inferior fiction, it is much better romance. The reader has by now anticipated my next point, that to the bulk of the people these greater creations are either unknown or incomprehensible. They perceive and appreciate eagerly certain fundamental merits in art, certain radical faults; but they are oblivious of many others; and they cannot make comparisons beyond their ken.

This disability applies least of all to literature. For nowadays practically every book is within the reach of everybody; so that the myopic popular tendency to judge upon insufficient understanding is a fault as well as a misfortune. But the academician commits the same fault in waving away popularity. When he contemptuously condemns a book for falling short of his familiar standards, not staying to measure it by ulterior merits, he is guilty of precisely the popular error. When he hastily belauds some perfect example of form although it is barren of those potencies which make for popular approval, he violates his own peculiar critical virtues of detachment and analysis. And thus he proves that the critic is one of the people, after all. He is fond of patronizing the people; but in the commonwealth of time, they shall be his patrons. He is fond of pretending that unpopular preciousities are "over their heads." But you cannot go over the heads of the people: Shakespeare was not too high for them, nor Walter Scott, nor Dickens, nor Victor Hugo. Of course, the modern academician wisely smiles at Scott, and is superior to Dickens: he dislikes Victor Hugo's romanticism, and his interest in Shakespeare is as much concerned with cryptograms as with characters; but they may possibly survive this. It is only too easy, how-

ever, to pass by the public on its blind side: and for the critic of whom the same may be said there is no excuse. He has taken all literature to be his province: it is his business to be familiar with all kinds and classes of books, that he may judge each one according to its kind; it is his business to keep himself delicately alive to all possible beauties and defects. Though he suffer in the process, he should keep abreast of the best sellers, even those which sell for nickel or copper, that he may comprehend contemporary influences. If he is educated out of his natural taste for those simplicities which please the people, he must recover them, at least intellectually. For he can direct popular taste only by himself possessing it as the foundation of his own; and that culture is spurious and without foundation which thrusts the ladder from beneath it as it ascends.

Of course, we have now many who combine a truly catholic taste with a truly critical intelligence; yet even these are likely to judge an individual case from one standpoint or the other, adopting for the occasion either the popular attitude or the academic. We have a few who have gained culture with no loss of natural intuition, in whom the two work as one. And we need very many more. For the sake of literature and our human selves, we need such a critical consensus as can only come through teaching the critics feeling and the people intelligence. Popular appreciation will never be improved by calling the people names for despising what they cannot understand. And the only way to widen their understanding is by calling their attention to better work of the same kind which they already enjoy. They will discard the worse as fast as they see the better; for they take the best within reach so eagerly that good art with the elements of popularity becomes hackneyed to the point of offence. *Träumerei* and *Trovatore* are made a weariness to the flesh; the Venus of Melos is multiplied like a microbe; and Poe's *Raven* will nevermore take his everlasting beak from out our hearts. Critical appreciation likewise will never be improved by sneering at Art or by pretending that great artists wrought in ignorance of their own tools. No condemnation is too bitter for those artists who cynically pander to popular fallacy and those critics who join in the hue and cry against critical laws. For treason is not catholicity, nor is it conciliatory to be venal. We do not want the arts uplifted or popularized. We want a criticism which can be human without losing its head, a public who can be intelligent without losing their hearts. The people must see the sense of criticism and the academicians must hear the divinity in the popular voice, if we are to make reason and the will of God prevail.

Brian Hooker.

A FRENCH DEFENCE OF VIOLENCE

BY ERNEST DIMNET

FEW names have been repeated so often, during the postal strike in Paris, as that of M. Georges Sorel. It was not unknown altogether; you heard it occasionally in social discussions, and it was always mentioned respectfully—but there was something mysterious in it. The man was supposed to be a Socialist of quite an exceptional description, and when the lay reader is told of a learned original sociologist, he immediately thinks of Marx and meditates a prompt departure. So it was that M. Sorel remained for years little more than a name. But the postal strike made a great many things clear to the least attentive, and the theorist of Syndicalism came out of the fog with the rest. His doctrine appeared lucid to a degree, and his personality soon became familiar to every man interested in the social progress of France.

M. Sorel, only a few years ago, was a civil engineer. He left the École Polytechnique, like so many others, with a heavy provision of mathematical lore, which he supplemented, as he went on, with observation and experience. He believes in engineers more than in professors and in mechanics more than in either. He naturally was an interested observer of economic conditions, and took to Marx rather than to the Communists, because Marx assumed all the facts in his daily experience. He also read history; curiously enough, the history of Greece and of the origins of Christianity occupied him more than any other, and his first books were a study of Socratics and a long and thorough examination of the historical system of Renan. When he retired, about 1902—he took a small house in a suburb and read more than ever, “cleansing,” as he puts it, his mind of numberless false ideas deposited in it by education and current prejudice. His books are the plain summary of his meditations. He writes a great deal and on a great variety of subjects, but with uniform sobriety and directness, as if he really wrote for himself.

This style is delightfully refreshing, and the powerful thinker appears constantly in striking illustrations from history or life, but the partly self-taught writer is unfortunately discernible too. M. Sorel is so accustomed to think that he goes on thinking even when he writes, and the result is defective composition. He frequently gives his books or his chapters titles only vaguely corresponding to their contents; he thinks nothing of transitions and will occasionally fall into loose writing just because the paragraph he is at work upon is less interesting to him than that which is coming next. He could not be vulgar, if he tried, but there

is in him, as in every combative writer, a certain roughness which his disdain of conventionalities only makes the more visible. He never prefixes a name with the polite "Mr." When the individual he mentions is neither great enough nor despicable enough to appear in this naked condition he just remembers his first name and says Alfred Fouillée or Melchior de Vogue. He seldom refrains from alluding to the clergy in the popular phrase *les curés*. He will not look bookish and he hates whatever bears the least resemblance to affectation. I am not quite sure that he is entirely devoid of the solitary's peculiar form of conceit: certainly he might leave a few things unsaid about himself which he tells with evident complacency.

However, in spite of these little faults, and no matter what judgment one passes on his theories, he appears as a good man and a strong, lucid intellect. His way of always approaching men by their moral aspect and of fearlessly attacking the most famous philosophies is admirable in these days of snobbish admission of the established and fashionable. While most of our contemporaries are elegant and passionless, he can be best described by his loves and hatreds. Let me add that in spite of this realism—which is sure to please the Anglo-Saxon sense of the concrete—his wonderful faith in ideas stamps him with the most distinct French characteristic.

M. Sorel's intellectual antipathies are as strong as his moral dislikes and contribute not a little to give him a disdainful, supercilious manner. He hates pretenders and parrots and would-be philosophers of every kind; he hates prejudice and narrowness and stupidity. Two-thirds of his volumes are scornful denunciations of intellectual attitudes based on insufficiently tested philosophies. As an engineer, a historian, and a Marxist, he has developed a native inclination toward the matter of fact, the palpable and verifiable, while shallow assumptions provoke him exceedingly. He has written a whole volume, *Les Illusions du Progrès*, against the empty doctrines which, one after the other, have filtered down from the philosopher to the politician and gradually to the man in the street who is their last and most unfortunate victim. He thinks, like Brunetière, that the influence of the *salons* has been fatal to the development of French literature and ultimately of the French mind. Lucidity for mere lucidity's sake seems to him a craving not of the thinker but of the talker, the professional conversationalist who has been the ideal of French culture for eight or ten generations. He puts down to that need the thin subjectivism of Descartes and of the theorists of *clear ideas*; the beautifully rational air-castles of the Encyclopædists with their belief in inevitable mechanically obtained progress; the Revo-

lutionary rush of 1789 and 1793 after impossible rights founded on an absurd conviction of the fundamental goodness of man; the utopias of the Communists, and lastly, the self-satisfied, ignorant materialism which has provided the Third Republic with all its academic principles, until it found its shocking crystallization under the Combes government.

M. Sorel holds these poor philosophies responsible for the rather stupid confidence of the eighteenth century and the no less stupid and bewildered disappointment of the end of the nineteenth. He bears a special grudge against the mole-eyed theorists who mistake evolution for progress and have accustomed French politicians as well as the French electorate to trust to the morrow for redeeming the promises of to-day. Modern enervation seems to him the immediate offspring of the supremacy of the intellect over the will in the Cartesian and the Materialist view of the universe, and he is never tired of pointing out the relationship between them.

I cannot remember that he ever praises or admires anybody, but a few men escape his censure, and the reason of this comparative sympathy appears clearly enough when one has mastered his ruling principles. He has undoubtedly been deeply influenced by M. Bergson's philosophy inasmuch as it is a continual snub to intellectual arrogance and a warning against the confusion of evolution with progress. He keenly enjoys Renan's intelligence and his submission to the realities of history; the sense of mystery so habitual to Pascal, and his fearless critical attitude, endear the *Pensées* to him, and the Catholicism permeating the book seems to give him no offence. He has little esteem for the *curés*, their press, their politics, and what he calls their low doctrine of probability, but the vitality of Christianity and the very existence of the Church appear to him as colossal facts beside which the critics look like gnawing mice. Clearly the Christian solution, rightly propounded, would appeal to him much more than intellectual subtleties. But it should be worded in the language of Newman—whom he seems to have read pretty extensively—and not in that of the clerical newspapers.

It is hardly necessary to add that M. Sorel's industrial experience and his Marxist tendencies in political economy have gone far to confirm him in his mistrust of theories and his respect for facts and realities. So much for his intellectual equipment and standpoint. Disdain of the philistine belief in the power of science to explain and lead a universe of facts characterizes it, and the man is pre-eminently a critic. Disdain is also the keynote of his moral appreciation of our contemporaries. He thinks them as cowardly, selfish and time-serving as they are short-sighted. The quiet little *rentier* has evidently been highly inter-

ested by the political dramas of the last thirty years, and he must have been often behind the scenes and nearer the actors than one might suppose. He speaks in the tone of one who has long been accustomed to judge acts from the point of view of intentions, and the cleverest posing does not deceive him. His books are full of pregnant epithets serenely appended to the most famous if not the most respected names. I will not attempt to make a list.

All his scorn for the hopelessly low moral standard of modern civilization is embodied in one ever recurring word which he writes on every page. *Bourgeois, bourgeoisie, bourgeoisisme*: he repeats the disdainful syllables with all the combined contempt of the aristocrat and the working man. The middle class was useful as long as it was active, that is to say, until the French Revolution: the *bourgeois* of those days was pretty well exemplified in Boileau, a pattern of intellectual honesty and of all the virtues of his class. After the Revolution, they became rich and all-powerful, and they gradually lost their primitive energy. Industrialism called out some of their old qualities, but the sons of captains of industry have mostly sunk into mere capitalists, and they are now regular drones in the hive, living in continual longing for pleasure and incessant terror of being dispossessed. They avoid thinking of the growing consciousness and rising force of the proletariat, and when they do think of it, it is not to repress it—they have lost the necessary stamina—it is only to look to the State and to cry for measures which they themselves would never dare to take. So, all the working energies of France have little by little been absorbed by the State, and every responsibility lies with that anonymous tyrant. This is what is called parliamentarism or democracy.

The latter word has completely lost its original meaning. The fallacy that political parties represent the country has developed into the worse fallacy that the Chamber represents the political parties, and the result is an absolute disproportion and estrangement between the country and its Parliament which is at the same time its Government. There is nothing in common, neither interests nor aspirations, between the *prolétaires* who compose nine-tenths of the electorate, and the lawyers, doctors and suchlike *bourgeois* who are supposed to represent them. The wonder would be that such a state of things did not produce the corruption of which we have had so many examples during the last twenty years. Politicians are in clover while their constituents starve.

All this is practically admitted by everybody, including the French Parliament itself. But the reader who has not learned to distinguish between the words Socialism and Syndicalism is rather startled to find that

among politicians M. Sorel selects the Socialists as the object of his bitterest sarcasm, and that among the Socialists, M. Jaurès is his constant butt. The French Socialists are nearly all of them *bourgeois*—sometimes uncommonly wealthy—who, for purposes of their own, deceive and befool both the *prolétaires* and the richer classes. They tell the workmen that, if they will be quiet, a system of graduated reforms shall lift them out of their present condition, and they promise the cowards in the Chamber that, if they agree to make a few financial sacrifices, nobody will harm them. Whichever side they turn, they declare themselves essentially opposed to violence and preach nothing but order and discipline. None of them plays that part better than Jaurès, and none is in consequence more objectionable to M. Sorel. Nobody can deny the famous leader an exceptional share of versatile intelligence and a sense of political contingencies which make him an unrivalled tactician, but M. Sorel is not the man to forgive a cheat because of his intelligence, and his admiration of Jaurès's wonderful parts is limited to the statement that no one has had, in the same degree, the intuition of *bourgeois* cowardice. Indeed he looks upon him as the quintessence of *bourgeoisisme*. A man who suddenly passed over from conservatism to Socialism, who professes to be the mouthpiece of the working classes while living in affluence, who deceives the proletariat by advocating reforms which are ultimately paid for by the common consumer, that is to say, the *prolétaire* himself, is, in his opinion, only the cleverest of *bourgeois*, the consummate financier who manages to make money while all the others lose, the artful dodger who turns to advantage the very fact that a situation is critical. He compares him to Parnell frightening everybody with a scarecrow, but Jaurès thinks of himself all the time, whereas Parnell was a true patriot. He cannot find sufficient expressions of contempt for the "belly philosophy" underlying his fine, florid speeches; and the clear-sightedness which eventually turned the working men against his dupery fills him with joy. Needless to say that he treats minor personages like Briand, Viviani, Millerand, etc. worse than slightly. They are all hypocrites who thrive by standing between the poor and their real interests.

I am not putting M. Sorel's opinion more roughly than he does; that would be impossible; but I am obliged to foreshorten his point of view, and this must inevitably show his books in a false perspective. In reality there is plenty of scorn in him for those whom he would call rascals of all degree, but no hatred. He is certainly above that feeling. He only hates ideas, doctrines, temperaments, and moral distortions, false notions and false attitudes, shallow philosophies, that is to say, stupidity, and oblique ways of living, that is to say, hypocrisy and cowardice.

All I have said so far must show M. Sorel in the light of a formidable critic, but it is not very difficult to extract from his books, besides this critical analysis, the positive philosophy that will, at least partly, supplement it and complete the author's portrait. There are enough plain definite statements in the *Réflexions sur la Violence*, to enable us to connect them into a coherent system. It is a stern, austere doctrine, the very reverse of the oily materialism of the Socialists. In the same way that M. Sorel admits the impotency of science and the necessity of allowing mysteries, he admits the impossibility of removing suffering and preaches a stoical pessimism. The dream of earthly bliss appears to him low and demoralizing as well as deceptive. No amount of financial reforms, of levelling transformations, and of shortened hours of work will ever banish sorrow, anxiety and injustice from the world. Its immediate effect will be rather to change the popular energy and endurance into the *bourgeois* terror of pain and tendency to coddle. All the effort of the so-called well-off is not to avoid pain, which they know is impossible, but to diminish the consciousness of pain. This is degrading and unmanly, and history proves that there exists no more efficient agent of the decay of civilization.

Besides this peculiar form of pessimism he holds a moral doctrine nearly akin to Jansenism. He reproves the doctrine of probability and dislikes the Jesuits. He accuses them of having introduced under that name a distinctly *bourgeois* way of approaching or rather of evading duty. He stands for an aspiration toward the higher, the sublime, as he often says. He speaks of the Saints with more intelligent devotion than many men who call themselves good Catholics. They are, in his opinion, the heroes through whom human nature has been raised the highest, and the sages whom modern cant calls secular saints, only move his laughter.

In fact it is surprising that with such a view and such ethics he should be content with a speculative appreciation of Christianity. No other influence can produce the moral results which he thinks paramount. Probably he is deterred from coming to that conclusion by critical considerations more weighty in his own judgment than he is himself aware, or else the stagnation visible in Catholic nations disgusts him. At all events he admires Christianity in history and in a few individuals, but looks about in other quarters for an element likely to infuse fresh energy into our drooping civilizations. If he had been a soldier instead of being an engineer he would probably pray for some gigantic war terrible enough to sweep off the stage the puppets which crowd it and leave only real men at work in the world. He has none of the antimilitarism habitual to Syndicalists, and the comparison of the formidable

soldiers of 1796 with the effete aristocracy of 1780 and the dastardly assassins of 1793 is one in which he takes endless pleasure.

But the mercantile wars of to-day cannot stir his enthusiasm, and his Marxist positivism inclines him to seek actual rather than possible forces. Where, then, should he look, except in the direction of the rising army of *prolétaires* whom he has seen gradually waking to a sense of their strength and bravely embracing the duties which class feeling daily reveals to them? No metaphysics here, no ideology, no theory of progress, no economic quibbles. There is no question of the relative value of labor and merchandise in the Syndicalist's simple brains. He divides the world into classes, as formerly it used to be divided into nations and countries, and sees that his duty is to fight for his brethren, the employed, against their common oppressors, the employers; he is the true warrior with all the warlike virtues: self-sacrificing spirit, uncalculating bravery and intelligent obedience, which have been eliminated from modern armies. All this is not mere rhetoric and talk: there are daily strikes in which the workman shows what he is worth and prepares for the final war, the General Strike. The Syndicalist movement reveals the one great force and the sole source of heroism that has appeared for a hundred years.

Do not forget that M. Sorel writes closely reasoned, thoughtful books, not a syllable of which is intelligible to the common workman, that he is a poor speaker who never dreamt of addressing a meeting. He is a philosopher, a destructive one if you like, but by no means a demagogue, and we should approach him, first of all, as a student. He evidently knows economic conditions and their relationship to the Syndicalist development exceptionally well. He sees clearly that the mechanical improvements, the inventions of all sorts against which the workmen have always grumbled were in reality the initial cause of their organization. In fact the more considerable the machinery, the larger the body of workers, and consequently the easier their grouping, the easier also—he is not afraid of telling us—the appropriation and management of the machinery by the workers of to-morrow, for mechanical improvement tends to simplification. He makes no mystery of the divisions existing between the Syndicalist leaders. He knows that English trade-unionism is an influence for peace and not for war, and that unfortunately it has partisans in the Parisian Confederacy of Labor. He deplores the tendency they evince to organize the Syndicates so as to make them ultimately proprietors. He has evidently the same aversion for the timidity of the German Socialists as Griffuelhes, the famous sadler turned leader of the Confederacy. His hope lies altogether in the anarchist element, in the opposition to, or at least mistrust of, Parliamen-

tary reforms, and, to sum up everything in a word which he is never tired of repeating, in violence. Violence alone, violence of feeling as preparatory to violence of execution, can bring about the great deed without the thought of which all the rest would be vain, viz., the General Strike, that is to say, the sudden capture by the working men of all industrial property.

This final crisis being the centre of his social doctrine, we ought not to be surprised to hear that he constantly reverts to it. But here a surprise awaits the reader. If you ask the author of *La Violence* how the General Strike will take place, in what circumstances, and with what results, he will give you two different answers. If you are a capitalist, he will just tell you that he is fighting you and not being cross-examined by you. If you are a philosopher like himself, he will make you an unexpected confession. Not only is it impossible to foresee when, through what ultimate cause, and under what conditions the General Strike will take place, but it is even doubtful that it will ever take place at all. We cannot imagine the passage from the present to the future economic state without it, but our descendants may very well regard this conception as we now regard superseded physical hypotheses. The General Strike is only a myth. But a myth is, in its very definition, something incredibly more active and efficient than most realities, and M. Sorel shows at length that all that is necessary for a powerful myth is only a form likely to strike the imagination as well as move the will, and the General Strike possesses it in an eminent degree. He does not know of any that was endowed with the same energy since the forgotten days of the Millenarians, and that seems the only reason why he should select it preferably to any other. A Royalist restoration is a hundred times more likely, yet M. Sorel does not even consider it, simply because, as a myth, it seems to move appetites rather than real energies.

We now begin to see clearly what sort of a Socialist Georges Sorel is. He is first and foremost not an ideologist, but an idealist in the most Platonic sense of the word, a man who believes in the superiority of ideas, and although he lives on friendly terms with the militants in the Labor Confederacy and does not make a secret of his intimacy with the very genius of anarchy, the late Fernand Pelloutier, his influence, should he have any, is only parallel to theirs. His sole subject is the working world, but he addresses only the thinking world. His apology for violence may be vaguely heard of by the violent, but its object is not to keep up their destructive spirits. In one little line of his *Réflexions*, he tells us that the contagiousness of proletarian energy is alone capable of galvanizing the upper classes and enabling them to show fight. All he

wishes for is a revival of manliness in the world, an era of courage and chivalry, of contempt for pain and death, of indifference to the petty comforts absurdly called civilization. This is not the dream of a demagogue, it is that of a moralist, and the more one reads M. Sorel, the more clearly one sees that ethical motives are at the basis of all his judgments and theories.

But a question arises. Supposing these theories to be perfectly consistent, can we have the certainty that the fact on which he bases them has been rightly interpreted? There is no doubt that the old alliance between the Socialist *bourgeois*—of M. Jaurès's type—and the workmen appears, at present, only as a good snare for gulls of all sorts, and that the workmen so long deceived will not easily forgive the fraud; the class war is undoubtedly a fact, and the rapid organization of the *prolétaires* as professional strikers under the Labor Confederacy is another fact. But is it true, first that the belief in the ultimate crisis termed the General Strike is as universal as M. Sorel thinks? And is it true, in the next place, that the proletariat is carried away in that direction by a class feeling productive of as many virtues as the revolutionary spirit of the armies of 1796? All our judgment of M. Sorel's theory hangs upon the answer to these questions. Well, I am afraid that M. Sorel's wish is father to a great many of his thoughts. In point of fact, the workmen hear a great deal about the General Strike, but they believe infinitely less than M. Sorel imagines. The collectivist idea is intimately connected, at least for the present, with that of a General Strike, and collectivism means a form of State, that is to say, of tyranny, and the tendency, now prevalent in the French labor world, is just the other way, viz., intensely individualistic. Strikes are certainly the constant topic of the workmen's conversation and the object of their grouping, but the *prolétaires* are more practical than M. Sorel thinks them, and they prefer a strike with a morrow, i.e., lighter work and shorter hours, than one with dangerously uncertain consequences. Indeed, the General Strike is little more than the burden of a popular song.

This answer to the first question answers the second as well. I am far from denying the superiority of the virtues of the workers. They have patience, bravery, and a comparatively unselfish class spirit which the upper classes have long allowed to be dissolved in the craving after immediate pleasure, but their elementary philosophy is not sublime. It is only the poor little utilitarianism which English literature has worked, for nearly two centuries, to tinge with morality; nothing more. The moral problem is the same in every class and in every country, at least of Europe and America; it is the problem of sacrifice *versus* selfishness,

of a belief in an invisible aspect of the universe *versus* materialism. The workman of to-day is the aspirant *bourgeois* of to-morrow, and it is not enough to remove from him the lowering influence of Jaurès: he ought to be kept from the demoralizing spectacle of the world as well, and this cannot be.

Shall we then conclude that M. Sorel has succeeded only in placing us on the social ground before the old difficulty of finding a basis for morals? Yes, if we think that the apparent subject of his books is the really important part of them. No, if we view them as literature, understood in the highest sense of the word, and discern their persuasive quality. It is impossible to speak honestly about what is right and noble without being convincing. A man of M. Sorel's intellectual power, who manages in these prosaic days to use constantly the word sublime without the least risk of ridicule, cannot write to no purpose. His success with the leisured readers shows that they are regaining seriousness, and his intimacy with the leaders of the Labor Confederacy shows that they have outgrown their former crudities. The reintroduction of morals into the metaphysics of labor is a wonderful change for the better.

Ernest Dimnet.

PAMPARIGOUSTO

BY LEE WILSON DODD

I

SOMEWHERE among the pale Provençal hills
 An indistinguishable path departs
 Toward a far city whose more glamorous marts
 Offer no various merchandise of ills.
 Naught is for sale there, yet the hungry fills
 His skin with fattest capon and golden wine
 Which some thrice-honeyed vineyard there distils;
 And they with frosty hearts
 Find love to warm them—earthly or divine;
 And they who serve the arts
 Find there more poignant chords, a purer line,
 Palettes with colors mixed of fire and dew;
 And there the old renew
 Youth, but without youth's restlessness, and the young
 Gain calm there; the blind—eyes; the dumb—a tongue.

II

Now would to God this path to men were known!
 Known to sad men perplexed by life's lost joys;
 Known to sad women stunned by perplexing cares;
 Known to unflowering girls, to stunted boys;

Would God this path were theirs
 To follow, follow away beyond the Rhone,
 Yea, far beyond Tarascon and Beaucaire's
 Antique but all unsatisfying fairs

(Where naught's for sale

Can such as these avail!),
 Beyond Avignon's desolated throne,
 Far on, far on, whither it winds alone
 (Unmarked, save by some more fantastic branch
 Of knotted olive, or some white casual stone)—
 Far on, far on, whither this blind path leads,

Deft, wary, sinuous, shy,
 Beyond Les Baux where the worn Alpilles blanch
 Under their silvery sky;
 Thence on, far off beyond all crafts and creeds,
 Beyond death's latest cry,
 Unto that City where none need ever die,
 Nor lack the thing he needs.

III

Vain is my heart-felt wish; vain were the quest
 After this enigmatic trail to bliss!
 Yet surely somewhere near St. Rémy is
 The starting foot-way toward this fairest, best,
 Most admirable City, famed and sung
 By sun-burnt poets in their sun-warmed tongue;
 Nor dare I hope to praise with equal zest
Pamparigousto—high fantastical,
 Where naught is stale, nor any sweets can pall—
 (Pray heaven some day we find it after all!)
Pamparigousto—City of the Blest.

Lee Wilson Dodd.

THE ISOLATION OF GERMANY

BY EDWIN MAXEY

FROM the standpoint of diplomacy, the history of modern Europe begins with the Treaty of Westphalia. This marks the end of the dominance of the old one-power idea and the establishment of the principle that the international law of Europe rests upon the foundation of a number of equal independent states. Not that the old idea was entirely dead, for it was not. We find it echoed in some of the acts of Louis XIV., it was the animating principle of Napoleon's career, was not absent from the dreams of his nephew, and we find suggestions of its survival in the conduct and utterances of Kaiser Wilhelm II. But it has at no time within the past three centuries gained such a firm hold upon the mind of the majority as to enable its possessor to translate his dreams into reality. So far as can be seen, that delicate mechanism which we call the balance of power in Europe has gained rather than lost strength with each attempt to destroy it. This was the rock against which Napoleon steered his ship of state and was wrecked.

In view of past events and present conditions, it is not a valueless expenditure of time for us to make a somewhat careful study of the situation which exists in Europe to-day for the purpose of ascertaining the relative strength of the forces which tend toward the re-establishment of the one-power regime and those which rest upon the growth of a strong national sentiment and the existence of several states, none of which will be powerful enough to endanger the safety of the others. These latter forces tend to maintain what is known as the balance of power.

For about a quarter of a century the balance of power in Europe has been maintained by means of the Dual Alliance and the Dreibund. It may be doubted whether or not those were necessary for the purpose, but at any rate, such was the alleged purpose of their existence. The latter was formed by Bismarck in 1883, nominally for the purpose of protecting Austria against Russia and Italy against France, but really for the purpose of increasing Germany's influence in European politics. The Dual Alliance was formed soon after for the purpose of counter-acting the effect of the Dreibund and improving Russia's finances. In this way an equilibrium was established between the great powers of Continental Europe. For a time the exigencies of the political situation held these alliances together, and they have not yet entirely fallen to pieces. But even from the start, the union was in both cases forced and

unnatural. There was not a sufficient basis of common interests, traditions and national characteristics upon which to rest a permanent union. In both cases, the joint capital for the partnership consisted of forced contributions and the profits and the glory were well-nigh monopolized by the senior partner.

These elements of weakness from within were accentuated by events which took place outside of Europe. These events we will notice in their barest outlines. For some years France had been busy building an empire in northern Africa. Whether the final steps were seen from the start, or each step suggested another, matters not. During the earlier stages, her action seems to have been prompted almost entirely by a desire to antagonize England. But after the Fashoda incident, there came about a gradual change in her attitude, so that by 1904 the antagonism of centuries had given place to an *entente cordiale*. As the basis for a complete understanding, France conceded to England a free hand in Egypt, and England acknowledged that her interests in Morocco were commercial, not political, and that, provided she did not interfere with these commercial interests, France would be accorded a free hand in Morocco.

This agreement marks an epoch in European diplomacy. In many respects it is the greatest triumph of English or French diplomacy since the Congress of Vienna. It constitutes a clear recognition of the fact that interests must ultimately triumph over traditions,—that however slow the process, prejudices must eventually yield to the irresistible logic of facts. Put in the language of physics, the centripetal force of a community of interests is greater than the centrifugal force of traditional antagonism. Whatever may have been true of the past, the interests of France and England at present dictate a friendly understanding between those two powers.

There is little doubt that Germany might have tested the strength of the Anglo-French *entente* at its inception, had it not been for the existence of the Dual Alliance. Not caring to drive France and Russia closer together and incur the enmity of her supposedly powerful Eastern neighbor, she made no attempt to force the issue at the time the agreement became known to her. She did not even protest, but tacitly accepted the settlement of the Moroccan question by England, France, and Spain as a *fait accompli*.

But events in a very different part of the globe caused a sudden revolution in the estimate of the relative strength of a European and an Asiatic power. It did more. It caused an equally substantial revision in the estimate of the relative strength of European powers. The

Russian *débacle* in the Far East made that power for the time a negligible factor in European politics. As Russian influence in European politics rested not upon moral but upon supposed physical force, the disillusionment as to the latter was the signal for what in the language of the stock market would be called a slump in the former. As might be expected, the reaction from the exaggerated notion of Russian power caused a swinging of the pendulum to the other extreme, and, now that her prestige was gone, she was adjudged less of a factor in the European situation than she really was.

This revision of the political arithmetic of Europe presented to Germany what she conceived to be her opportunity for testing the strength of the Anglo-French *entente*. Accordingly the Kaiser paid an official visit to the Sultan of Morocco for the purpose of assuring him of the high estimation in which he was held by the German Emperor and reminding him in the most cordial manner of the firm friendship that should ever exist between the two peoples, because of their common ideals and interests. Morocco was assured that she could count upon German support, and notice was served upon all whom it might concern that no European question could be settled without first consulting Germany.

Of course, this characteristically dramatic intrusion of the Kaiser into Moroccan affairs may have had no connection with the collapse of Russia, and hence it may be unsafe to argue *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, but there is certainly a most striking coincidence between the two occurrences. To the lay mind it seems strange that the "consciousness of kind" so prominent in 1905 could not have asserted itself a year or more earlier. But whatever we may think of the diplomatic ethics of the move, the fact is that France was given her choice between war and an international conference for the purpose of reopening the Moroccan question and arriving at a settlement which would square with Germany's ideas of political justice. Between these two alternatives, France chose the conference. In making this choice, her conduct was far more commendable than the recklessness with which the offer was made.

Though the choice made by France may have been a surprise to Germany, it is doubtful if it could have been any more of a surprise than the line-up of the forces at the conference. Instead of having sufficient backing to force a ratification of her plans as to Morocco, Germany found herself almost alone upon the vital points considered by the conference. She did not even have the backing of the other two members of the Triple Alliance. On the main issues, she was deserted entirely

by Italy and received but half-hearted support from Austria. Her only ardent supporters at the conference were the Moroccan delegates.

There is little doubt that Germany had counted upon a certain degree of support from Russia in return for German friendliness to Russia during the war, as mirrored in the telegram from the "Admiral of the Atlantic to the Admiral of the Pacific." Yet, whether because of a sense of honor due to her alliance with France, or because of a need of French loans, or because of resentment due to the intimation of Russian impotence contained in Germany's forcing the conference at that particular time—whatever be the explanation of it, Russia was unwilling to desert her old for a new ally. Instead of tending to split the Dual Alliance, the effect of the conference was to drive France and Russia closer together. The proposition to entrust the policing of Morocco to France and Spain, rather than to a large number of powers, as insisted upon by Germany, came from Russia. Few who have studied diplomacy or international politics at all will hesitate long in reaching the conclusion that joint control by France and Spain is practically equivalent to control by France.

As a device for arresting the growth of friendship between England and France, the conference was even more disappointing in its results. Far from driving those two powers apart, it drove them considerably closer together. Not only is this true as regards the two governments, but it is even more true as regards the two peoples. It tended to convince the common people of England that German dominancy is dangerous to the peace of Europe, and that if France were once crushed, a war between England and Germany would be inevitable. Neither is there much room for doubt as to the correctness of this conclusion. It also brought clearly before the minds of Frenchmen the value of English friendship, because it was the one thing which enabled them to retain peace with honor, and the great majority of the French nation does not want war. This conclusion is amply justified by her policy in recent years. England, being pre-eminently a commercial nation, is also desirous of avoiding war, if peace can be retained without a sacrifice of honor or vital interests.

The Bismarckian policy of maintaining German leadership by playing the other nations of Europe off against each other worked very well in the hands of its author, who was a past master in playing the rôle of "honest broker," but in less skilful hands it has broken down completely. Bismarck seemed to have no difficulty in getting France interested in colonial expansion in Africa, where she would almost certainly come into collision with England, and no greater difficulty in stimulating

Russia's desire for Asiatic expansion where she would be reasonably sure to throw herself athwart the path of British advance.

But all this is now changed. Germany's ambition to control the course of European affairs by dictation rather than by suggestion has driven France and England into each other's arms. The policy of close friendship with France is now as much a tenet of the Liberal party as it ever was of the Conservative party under whose leadership the understanding was reached in 1904. And in France no political party would think of suggesting any other policy than one in accord with the spirit of that agreement. While this is not due entirely to the part played by Germany in Moroccan affairs, it cannot be doubted that the colossal diplomatic blunder committed by the Wilhelmstrasse in handling the question contributed very materially toward cementing the Anglo-French Alliance.

It is also largely responsible for the formation of the Triple Entente between England, France and Russia, the strength of which, though vastly greater for defensive than offensive purposes, is by no means pleasing to German diplomats and is admittedly a factor in the isolation of Germany. The recent attempt of the Wilhelmstrasse to "reverse Reval" by encouraging Russia to act in Persia without consulting England has failed completely. The Russian statesmen were far too wily to be caught by such a bait. If Germany devises a plan which will be successful in straining relations between England and Russia, it will be necessary for her to devise a more subtle one than that resulting from her recent "opening of the wire to St. Petersburg." Such work might well be considered crude even for an amateur.

The recent Turkish revolution has served further to increase the isolation of Germany. The policy of close friendship with Abdul Hamid had for years been assiduously adhered to by the Kaiser, and had resulted in the dominancy of German influence with the Porte. Some of the fruits of this friendship took the form of railway concessions, commercial privileges, etc. It also had the effect of making Abdul Hamid feel free to disregard all advice as to real internal reforms and made him somewhat careless as to what happened in Macedonia and Armenia. The backing of Germany was a sufficient guarantee of immunity, so that mere pious criticism did not disturb Abdul Hamid in the least. But the revolution brought about a decided change as regards German influence in Turkish affairs. The deposition of Abdul Hamid and the ascendancy of the Young Turks marks the end of German dominancy at Constantinople. Germany is associated in the minds of the Young Turks with reaction and the old régime; hence her influence is now by

no means as great as is that of England or France, which are associated in the Turkish mind with constitutionalism. Nor is the loss of Turkish friendship a matter of small moment to Germany. German influence at the Porte was not merely helpful in securing for Germany an opportunity for commercial expansion, but it was rapidly reaching the point where the Turkish army would have been an asset of great value to the Kaiser. The sentimental objection to making an ally of the "unspeakable Turk" did not weigh heavily at the Wilhelmstrasse so long as it gave promise of being a substantial advantage to Germany to have such a bed-fellow. For Germany, more than any other great state of to-day, is a worshipper of power, and to Germany power means physical force.

The only direction in which Germany has increased her hold, which she still retains, on any outside state, is her neighbor to the south—Austria. By backing Austria in her annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in direct violation of the terms of the Treaty of Berlin, which had never been abrogated by consent of the signatories thereto, Germany has put Austria under obligations to her. What recompense has been provided for in return for this service has not as yet been made known, but that some *quid pro quo* was stipulated for we may be reasonably sure, for Germany is not in the habit of performing such services entirely as a labor of love. Strengthening an already powerful neighbor without a pretty definite guarantee of some service in return is a rather unusual proceeding even with the most altruistic states, and Germany has never aspired to the leadership of this class. It is not at all outside the realm of possibilities that there is a rather definite connection between the service rendered Austria by Germany and the fact that Austria is building Dreadnoughts. The value of Austria as an ally of Germany has hitherto been considerably reduced by reason of Austria's lack of naval strength. Until now, Germany's advice to her to remedy this defect has not borne fruit. It may be that Austria's sudden activity in navy building did not receive its impetus from Berlin, but is due entirely to the somewhat general epidemic for ironclads in preference to freighters. Yet it is more probable that both causes have combined to produce the effect. Be that as it may, the alliance between Germany and Austria has been materially strengthened as a result of the Balkan crisis.

When, however, we consider the German alliance with Italy, we find that instead of being strengthened it has been weakened as a result of the assistance rendered by Germany to Austria in doing violence to the Treaty of Berlin. Neither is this at all surprising when we recall that Italy has gained nothing, nor is she likely to gain anything by the Austrian annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in defiance of the terms

of that treaty. While I am not prepared to say that Italy might have taken a different view of the proceeding had she been given territory on the western shore of the Adriatic equal in value to that acquired by Austria, I have no hesitancy in saying that Italy has an ingrained aversion to the breaking of treaties, or the forming of coalitions for that purpose, unless it brings some substantial benefit to Italy, and there is no such benefit discernible in this case.

If we look outside of Europe for evidence that Germany has strengthened the bond between herself and other nations, we find none. On the other hand, we find ample evidence that her diplomatic policy has resulted in a distrust of her upon the part of the most powerful states. Her policy toward Japan in the years immediately succeeding the Chino-Japanese War and during the Russo-Japanese War has very naturally resulted in a suspicious and semi-hostile feeling upon the part of Japan which it will take years to remove. It is certainly not in that direction that we need look for anything that would prevent the complete isolation of Germany. The conviction in the Japanese mind that Germany at one time helped rob them of some land is an abiding conviction, nor is the offence one that is easily forgiven. Indeed, there are few, if any, offences that are harder to forgive or forget than that of having been robbed of a "certain piece or parcel of land."

Throughout South America the prevailing feeling toward Germany is one of mingled fear and hatred. It is shared by the strong as well as the weak states, and rests upon the fundamental basis of a desire for self-preservation. However much they may admire German industrial and commercial progress, they cannot help viewing with alarm the Kaiser's ambitions for colonial expansion. The rapid increase in the strength of the German navy is no more innocent or reassuring to the minds of South Americans than it is in the minds of Englishmen. It would be hard to find a proposition upon which the minds of South Americans are more nearly a unit than upon that of a general distrust of German aggrandizement.

While the official relations between the United States and Germany are friendly, there appears to be no sufficient reason for concluding that the attitude of Germany during or since the Spanish-American War has tended to bring either the governments or the two peoples closer together. So long as the United States adheres to the national policy which we call the Monroe Doctrine, and there is no question of international politics upon which the American people are more nearly a unit than in their determination to adhere to that policy, the resentment of Germany at what she conceives to be an interference with her legitimate

rights of expansion and the distrust of Germany prevalent in official and unofficial circles in this country serve to prevent the development of cordial relations and to align the United States with those powers opposed to Germany.

Upon the whole there has been, partly as a result of successful English diplomacy and partly as a result of Germany's own acts, decided progress in the movement toward isolating her. The features of German policy which have done most toward bringing about her isolation are: her insistence upon being considered the arbiter of Europe; her attempt to force France into war over the Moroccan question; the undiplomatic speeches and telegrams of her Kaiser; her manifest leanings toward absolutism and emphasis of the importance of physical force; her ambitious naval policy, which can in no wise be considered necessary for her defence and which has necessitated the expenditure of hundreds of millions and the withdrawal of thousands of men from productive enterprises merely to provide a reasonable guarantee against German aggressions. No matter how strong may be our faith in the efficacy and virtue of arbitration, we must recognize the fact that just so long as there is one nation willing to insist upon fighting, force must be met by force and the instincts of self-defence dictate the necessity of making preparation for such a contingency. The responsibility for the financial and moral burden of the over-armament of the present and immediate future must rest upon those who have necessitated it, not upon those who have merely conformed to the necessity. Hence, Germany more than any other nation is responsible for the burden which has resulted and will result from the diverting of human energies from the beneficent course along which nature intended they should move. To the friends of peaceful development and progress the most encouraging factor in the situation is the fact that the policy which has made Germany the greatest menace to the peace of the world has so far discredited her that she is the most completely isolated of any of the great powers.

Edwin Maxey.

IMITATION AND SUGGESTION IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE is an old saying that it takes two to make a bargain or a quarrel; and, similarly, it takes two groups of people to make a play—those whose minds are active behind the footlights, and those whose minds are active in the auditorium. We go to the theatre to enjoy ourselves, rather than to enjoy the actors or the author; and though we may be deluded into thinking that we are interested mainly by the ideas of the dramatist or the imagined emotions of the people on the stage, we really derive our chief enjoyment from such ideas and emotions of our own as are called into being by the observance of the mimic strife behind the footlights. The only thing in life that is really enjoyable is what takes place within ourselves; it is our own experience, of thought or of emotion, that constitutes for us the only fixed and memorable reality amid the shifting shadows of the years; and the experience of anybody else, either actual or imaginary, touches us as true and permanent only when it calls forth an answering imagination of our own. Each of us, in going to the theatre, carries with him, in his own mind, the real stage on which the two hours traffic is to be enacted; and what passes behind the footlights is efficient only in so far as it calls into activity that immanent potential clash of feelings and ideas within our brain. It is the proof of a bad play that it permits us to regard it with no awakening of mind; we sit and stare over the footlights with a brain that remains blank and unpopulated; we do not create within our souls that real play for which the actual is only the occasion; and since we remain empty of imagination, we find it impossible to enjoy *ourselves*. Our feeling in regard to a bad play might be phrased in the familiar sentence—"This is all very well; but what is it *to me*?" The piece leaves us unresponsive and aloof; we miss that answering and *tallying* of mind—to use Whitman's word—which is the soul of all experience of worthy art. But a good play helps us to enjoy ourselves by making us aware of ourselves; it forces us to think and feel. We may think differently from the dramatist, or feel emotions quite dissimilar from those of the imagined people of the story; but, at any rate, our minds are consciously aroused, and the period of our attendance at the play becomes for us a period of real experience. The only thing, then, that counts in theatre-going is not what the play can give us, but what we can give the play. The enjoyment of the drama is subjective, and the province of the dra-

The Two Sources of Appeal

matist is merely to appeal to the subtle sense of life that is latent in ourselves.

There are, in the main, two ways in which this appeal may be made effectively. The first is by imitation of what we have already seen around us; and the second is by suggestion of what we have already experienced within us. We have seen people who were like Hedda Gabler; we have been people who were like Hamlet. The drama of facts stimulates us like our daily intercourse with the environing world; the drama of ideas stimulates us like our mystic midnight hours of solitary musing. Of the drama of imitation we demand that it shall remain appreciably within the limits of our own actual observation; it must deal with our own country and our own time, and must remind us of our daily inference from the affairs we see busy all about us. The drama of facts cannot be transplanted; it cannot be made in France or Germany and remade in America; it is localized in place and time, and has no potency beyond the bounds of its locality. But the drama of suggestion is unlimited in its possibilities of appeal; ideas are without date, and burst the bonds of locality and language. Americans may see the ancient Greek drama of *Ædipus King* played in modern French by Mounet-Sully, and may experience thereby that inner overwhelming sense of the sublime which is more real than the recognition of any simulated actuality.

The distinction between the two sources of appeal in drama may be made a little more clear by an illustration from the analogous art of literature. When Whitman, in his poem on *Crossing Brooklyn Ferry*, writes, "Crowds of men and women attired in the usual costumes!" he reminds us of the environment of our daily existence, and may or may not call forth within us some recollection of experience. In the latter event, his utterance is a failure; in the former, he has succeeded in stimulating activity of mind by the process of setting before us a reminiscence of the actual. But when, in the *Song of Myself*, he writes, "We found our own, O my Soul, in the calm and cool of the daybreak," he sets before us no imitation of habituated externality, but in a flash reminds us by suggestion of so much, that to recount the full experience thereof would necessitate a volume. That second sentence may well keep us busy for an evening, alive in recollection of uncounted hours of calm wherein the soul has ascended to recognition of its universe; the first sentence we may dismiss at once, because it does not make anything important happen in our consciousness.

It must be confessed that the majority of the plays now shown in our theatres do not stimulate us to any responsive activity of mind, and

therefore do not permit us, in any real sense, to enjoy ourselves. But those that, in a measure, do succeed in this prime endeavor of dramatic art may readily be grouped into two classes, according as their basis of appeal is imitation or suggestion. In the present article we shall review first certain recent plays that deal directly with the life about us in America, and afterward certain plays that are set in other lands and rely for their appeal on the general suggestiveness of the ideas inherent in them.

The Melting-Pot,¹ by Mr. Israel Zangwill, is designed to illustrate a certain visionary idea of the future of America. In the first act this idea is given explicit expression in the following lines:

"The Melting-Pot" America is God's Crucible, the great Melting-Pot where all the races of Europe are melting and re-forming! Here you stand, good folk, think I, when I see them at Ellis Island, here you stand in your fifty groups, with your fifty languages and histories, and your fifty blood hatreds and rivalries. But you won't be long like that, brothers, for these are the fires of God you've come to—these are the fires of God. A fig for your feuds and vendettas! Germans and Frenchmen, Irishmen and Englishmen, Jews and Russians—into the Crucible with you all! God is making the American. . . . The real American has not yet arrived. He is only in the Crucible, I tell you—he will be the fusion of all races, the coming superman.

This extraordinary idea of the function of America emanates, of course, from an author who is himself foreign in nationality and alien in race; it is the view of an outsider looking at us from afar. If this be a sound statement of how God is at present making the American, then God must have altered His plan of operation within very recent years. It might be instructive to Mr. Zangwill to look up the ancestry of certain representative Americans of the past—for example, Lincoln, Whitman, Washington, Emerson, Franklin, Hawthorne. His retort would be, doubtless, that "the real American has not yet arrived"; but it is not easy, with a flourish of fervid rhetoric, to blot the name of Lincoln from the page of history. Whatever the open arms of Ellis Island may mean to the scum and dregs of Europe, whatever of hope they may hold out to the down-trodden and despised, the wide, unguarded, ample reach of them cannot be viewed with untroubled equanimity by those traditional Americans to whom Mr. Zangwill would deny the national name. We have much to gain and much to hope from immigration; but we feel none the less that the present pouring in of alien millions is fraught with

¹*The Melting-Pot*. Drama in Four Acts. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

menace to our future. In view of our problem with the negro and our peril with the Japanese, it is difficult for us to take a rosy view of the indiscriminate commingling of alien races on our soil. It is not through Ellis Island that we have found salvation in the past in our hours of danger and distress; and Mr. Zangwill's view that our future progress will proceed from Ellis Island would, if we could bring ourselves to accept it, appear to us less optimistic than it seems to him. It is, however, a sentimental view, without serious foundation in the facts of history.

In the piece which Mr. Zangwill has written to expound his vision of America, all the characters save one are foreigners; and the single exception is negligible, because he is merely a caricatured type of the pleasure-seeking idle rich. The other characters have come here because of what America can give them, and not because of what they can give America. They speak in heterogeneous dialects, Yiddish, Irish, German, French, and Russian; and the auditor is left to infer that the future language of America must still be stewing in the Melting-Pot and will ultimately steam forth anything but English. The hero is a Russian Jew, the heroine a Russian Christian. The first time that they are left alone together they drift into each other's arms and become conscious of a desire to get married. In accordance with Mr. Zangwill's theory of the benefits to be derived from a commingling of the races, the hero forsakes his Jewish family for his Christian fiancée; but when he discovers that it was her father who superintended the massacre at Kishineff, where his own family was slaughtered, he forgets all about Mr. Zangwill's theory, and discards his fiancée with the remark that there is a river of blood between them. In the last act the theory reasserts itself—or can it be that the young people really love each other?—and God's fires roaring round the Crucible lick up the river of shed blood.

This sentimental story is loosely constructed, and is set forth not in action but in talk. There is no dramatic incident, but an endless deal of hollow declamation. Even the author seems to have felt the need of some relief from the windy suspiration of forced breath; and he has therefore sprinkled the dialogue with puns which can be characterized by no other adjective than Zangwillainous. But the lack of humor that pervades the effort as a whole finds supreme expression at a moment when the Irish servant-girl crawls under a table in search of a false nose that she has dropped, and a facetious looker-on remarks, "Well, follow your nose—and you'll find it. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

When a play that satisfies the canons of dramatic criticism fails utterly to interest the public, the reason may usually be looked for in a basic

lack of sympathy between the attitudes taken toward its subject-matter by the author and the audience. *An American Widow*, by Mr. Kellet

"An American Widow"

Chambers, must easily have satisfied the critically minded. It was a dainty and brilliant work of art, neat in construction, clever in characterization, and witty in dialogue; but it failed to please the many, because it toyed mirthfully with matters which, in their own lives, they had been accustomed to consider seriously. The theme was the same as that of *La Paserelle* and many another successful Parisian comedy. A young American woman, who has been left a rich widow by the death of an elderly husband, desires to marry an English lord, but discovers that, by a clause in her late husband's will, she will be deprived of her fortune if her second husband should be a foreigner. Therefore she contracts a second marriage with an American she does not know, with the agreement that he shall leave her at the church-door and let her get a divorce on the ground of desertion, so that, without sacrificing her fortune, she may subsequently marry her English lord. Of course she ultimately falls in love with the party to the mock-marriage, and, throwing over her foreign lover, becomes in reality the wife of the man that she has married. In handling this theme, the author dallied daintily with insincerities, and developed a comedy which, to the detached mind, was a delightful bit of make-believe. But the ordinary American audience found itself unable to take interest in the doings of a heroine who made a joke of marriage. If the action had been set in France and the characters had been Parisians, the audience might have been equal to the effort of imagination necessary to the enjoyment of the story as a bit of merriment. But the American setting must have made it seem unreal to a public habituated, in its daily living, to a different mood. The ordinary audience rejected it as a drama of imitation, and therefore could not enjoy it as a drama of suggestion.

This same principle probably accounts likewise for the failure of *The Intruder*, by Mr. Thompson Buchanan, which also was a good play from the standpoint of critical detachment. The theme

"The Intruder"

of the piece was that the divorces of the fathers are visited upon the children. The author imagined an intricate entanglement of relation between the children and step-children of two parents who, having been divorced, had each married a second time; and treated the complication as a target for satirical attack. The plot was worked out humorously, with many human touches here and there; the characters—especially the

women—were very truly drawn; and the dialogue was brightly written. Considered merely as a work of art, *The Intruder* showed a very decided advance over the same author's former comedy, *A Woman's Way*, which has run successfully for nearly a year. But the present piece failed, because the audience apparently expected the action to take a pathetic, or at least a serious, turn. Divorce is a joke to the general public only when it occurs in what is called "high life" and is laughed about in the evening papers. When it occurs among our friends, we take it seriously; and the public, that likes to make friends with the characters behind the footlights, was alienated by the sharpness of Mr. Buchanan's clever satire.

From the standpoint of the average American audience, *The Fortune Hunter*, by Mr. Winchell Smith, is a much more satisfying entertainment than either of the foregoing. It is rich in the appeal of sympathy; and, both by imitation of familiar facts and by suggestion of amiable motives, it stimulates the mind of the spectator to pleasurable self-enjoyment. The hero is a likable young man who is always down in his luck and is never able to earn his living. A chum of his, who is energetic, practical, and successful in business, concocts a scheme by which, lending the hero the necessary money, he arranges for him to settle down in a small country town with the deliberate purpose of making an impression on the natives and ultimately marrying the richest heiress of the neighborhood. Arrived in the country town, the hero meets a lovable old druggist who has let his business crumble to pieces because he has been preoccupied with planning many unremunerative scientific inventions. The hero works for nothing in his drug-store, and becomes so interested in the work that he soon builds up a flourishing trade. The richest heiress of the neighborhood casts herself into his arms; but he renounces the victory he has won, because he has learned to love the simple daughter of the druggist, and has also learned to love the work which, though at first only a means, has become for him an end.

This agreeable story is simply and easily narrated; the characters are humorous and human; and the dialogue is brightly and naturally written. But the remarkable merit of the work lies rather in its wholesomeness of tone. Everything that happens to the hero happens also in the minds of the auditors. They feel as he feels, and follow his fortunes as if they were their own. And it is no mean achievement for an author thus to make the audience a party to his play. It is the secret of charm.

The Fourth Estate, by Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson and Miss Harriet Ford, is one of the most interesting plays that have been disclosed thus far this season. Wheeler Brand is a young newspaper man who believes unflinchingly that the press should tell the truth to the public. Because of a story in which he has exposed certain corrupt practices of Judge Bartelmy, a public man who has always been held in good repute, he is discharged by the managing editor; but the new owner of the paper likes his spirit, reinstates him on the staff, removes the managing editor, and appoints Brand in his place. This new owner, Michael Nolan, is a rough diamond who has come out of the West, with plenty of money and a natural sincere desire to be honest. With him as a backer, Brand continues his fight against corruption. In spite of the fact that he is in love with the daughter of Judge Bartelmy, Brand lures the judge into a trap, by pretending to accept from him a bribe of ten thousand dollars, tendered in the office of the newspaper, while reporters take down the conversation over a telephone arranged to catch it, and an artfully contrived camera photographs the judge in the act of paying over the money. The judge's daughter pleads in vain with Brand to suppress the resultant story; he forsakes his love for the good of the common cause. But Nolan's family have been infected with the temptation to climb in metropolitan society, and have been assisted in this endeavor by the judge; and now at the crucial moment Nolan turns against the hero and orders him to remove the incriminating story from the forms. Brand has already lost his love and his faith in pursuance of the cause of truth, and he refuses to sacrifice his self-respect. He inserts in the paper a short notice of his own suicide, locks up the forms with the forbidden story of the judge's crime, sends the paper to press, and, retiring to his private office, blows out his brains.

This powerful story is in the main powerfully told. Except for some unfortunate passages of attempted comic relief, the plot proceeds swiftly and straightforwardly. The hero is perhaps too uncompromising in his attitude; and if he were more strongly tempted here and there to waver from his predetermined course, the piece would gain in suspense and in the element of struggle. The heroine is somewhat unreal; but the newspaper characters are all truthfully drawn, and the dialogue is a very interesting compound of the slang of the press-room. The piece engages the sympathy of the audience by its evident sincerity, and deserves the success that it has earned.

An excellent farcical idea is developed in *Inconstant George*, a piece which has been adapted by Miss Gladys Unger from the French of MM.

**"Inconstant
George"**

R. De Flers and A. De Caillavet. This idea is suggested in the title of the original—*L' Ane de Buridan*. Buridan's ass, when placed between a bale of hay and a bucket of water, was unable to make up his mind as to whether he was more hungry than thirsty or more thirsty than hungry, and therefore stood immovable between them till he died. George Bullin, in the present farce, suffers likewise from anæmia of the will. He falls in love with nearly every woman at first sight, and can never confine his attentions to any one, because he is always unable to arrive at a decision as to which of the surrounding charmers he prefers. This failing entangles him in numerous amusing complications, from which he is extricated at last by a young and unsophisticated girl, who insists so firmly on owning him exclusively that he succumbs finally to her and her alone. The piece is machine-made; but the machine is a good one and revolves with no unnecessary creakings. There are several good sketches of character, many pleasant devices of stage-craft, and a good deal of witty dialogue in the general composition. It is a well-made, merry play.

In *The Noble Spaniard*, that facile writer, Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, once more evinces his talent for vivacious entertainment. The

**"The Noble
Spaniard"**

scene is set in Boulogne half a century ago. An impetuous young Spanish duke falls violently in love with a young English widow, and walks uninvited into her house to introduce himself to her. Deeming it proper to shield herself from his advances, she speaks of her husband as if he were alive; and immediately the duke decides to kill the husband in a duel. Thereafter he successively challenges every man about the place, under the impression that each in turn is the husband marked for slaughter. But of course there is no bloodshed; and in the end the Spaniard's ardor is rewarded by his lady's love.

Mr. Maugham's entertainment is conceived in a spirit of pleasant playfulness; and the mid-Victorian costumes of the characters give the piece the needed aloofness from actuality. It is skilfully planned and cleverly written, and deserves to be remembered as a deft and dashing trifle.

There is a curious fitness in the fact that most of the European plays that set forth the theme of revolution look very much as if a bomb

had been hurled at them. *On the Eve*, a drama of the incipient revolution in Russia, adapted from the German of Dr. Leopold Kampf by Miss Martha Morton, is a scattered mass of fragments.

"On the Eve" The authors have attempted to include too many phases of the political situation; there is no selection of material, and as a consequence there is no coherent plot.

The piece is a chaotic jumble of episodes which exhibits no orderly progression. Many of the moments are effective and intense, and the final situation gives the pleasing thrill of melodrama; but the fabric as a whole is no more like a play than the scattered fragments of the Parthenon are like a Doric temple.

The Passing of the Third Floor Back, by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, is not, in any technical sense, a play; but it is a parable that is sweetly intentioned and sincerely written; and as presented by the finest of living English actors and a very capable supporting company, it awakens in the mind of the spectator an experience which is beautiful and salutary.

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back" It is planned in a prologue, an intermediary act of drama, and an epilogue—all three of which are set in a single sitting-room of a boarding-house in Bloomsbury. The prologue discloses eleven people who are making themselves and each other unhappy by allowing free rein to their meanest and most despicable traits. A Passer-by of very gentle nature comes to live in the boarding-house. He is the Spirit of Love incarnate; and, in the middle act, he woos each of the boarders in turn to realize his better self. As a result, the original eleven are shown in the epilogue to be living pleasantly together in an atmosphere of amity and mutual helpfulness; and the Stranger, who has shed sweetness and light among them, passes away as quietly as he appeared. The piece is a series of dialogues processionally arranged; and it is not, in the structural sense, a play, because the author makes no effort to weave the different dialogues into a pattern. The Passer-by talks at length to one of the boarders, who then leaves the room and gives place to another. The second boarder is in turn engaged in conversation, and is subsequently supplanted by a third; and so on, throughout the parable. The spiritual regeneration of each character is merely summarized; and the audience is asked to accept it by convention. But the different characters are very clearly sketched; and the spectator is made to feel that the moral change in any one of them might have been made the material for a full-length drama, if the author had chosen to work it out in the usual detail. There is, to be sure, a certain monotony in the procession of

summarized experiences that Mr. Jerome has chosen to set forth. In actual life, a moral regeneration may be motivated in any of a multitude of ways; but of these the author uses only one. The Passer-by pursues the same method with all his interlocutors—the method, namely, of seeking out their submerged good qualities, holding these clearly up before them, and thereby shaming them into living up to the best that is in them. In character the mysterious Stranger is himself a little monotonous: he is always sweet and gentle, and never becomes (as might be expected) either indignant or stern. The dialogue is simply and naturally written, and is made impressively real at many moments by a humanizing glow of humor. The work as a whole stands outside of the usual canons of dramatic criticism; it must be judged, therefore, merely by its effect; and there can be no question that it suggests many beautiful ideas and emotions to the mind of the spectator, and thereby stimulates him to a self-enjoyment that is salutary.

Students of the difficult art of stage-direction will be interested by a device that is employed in the presentation of this piece. It is necessary, for reasons of reality, that in each of the dialogues the Passer-by and his interlocutor should be seated at their ease. It is also necessary, for reasons of effectiveness in presentation, that the faces of both parties to the conversation should be kept clearly visible to the audience. In actual life the two people would most naturally sit before a fire; but if a fireplace should be set in either the right or the left wall of the stage and two actors should be seated in front of it, the face of one of them would be obscured from the audience. The producer therefore adopted the expedient of imagining a fire-place in the fourth wall of the room—the wall that is supposed to stretch across the stage at the line of the footlights. A red-glow from the central lamps of the string of footlights was cast up over a brass railing such as usually bounds a hearth; and behind this, far forward in the direct centre of the stage, two chairs were drawn up for the use of the actors. The right wall showed a window opening on the street, the rear wall a door opening on an entrance hall, and the left wall a door opening on a room adjacent; and in none of these could the fireplace have been logically set. The unusual device of stage-direction, therefore, contributed to the verisimilitude of the set as well as to the convenience of the action. The experiment was successful for the purposes of the present piece; it did not seem to disrupt the attention of the audience; and the question, therefore, is suggested whether it might not, in many other plays, be advantageous to make imaginary use of the invisible fourth wall.

Clayton Hamilton.

LA POUPÉE

Souvenirs in Pastel

BY F. P. DELGADO

LA POUPÉE is not her real name, else she were only a Dresden china doll or one of those mechanical creations of wax and lace moving her head and arms with automatic precision from the stage of some *théâtre de marionettes* in the Luxembourg Gardens or elsewhere. La Poupée needs no wire strings to move her arms, no ventriloquist to give her speech.

That I discovered her in Paris, in the heart of the Latin Quarter and in a certain *pension de famille* was only an accident. I might have found her anywhere, for some women's hearts are made of sawdust in every land, and dolls are ever wont to bear a woman's graces. I often like to think of her as fashioned in some Eastern toyshop and then coming West, to Paris, where dolls are fair and women fairer.

Her real name lies hidden in the old official register in the *pension* where she lives, where I live, where Balzac once lived—so they say. Take it down from behind the old French clock on the mantel of the *salon*. Many names are scrawled upon its well-turned pages. Hers is written in a fine and nervous hand, so characteristic of her. The entry is short and reads as follows: Darinka Beogradatz, student in medicine, age nineteen, Belgrade, Servia. The details are only for the benefit of the police, the result of a system of *espionnage*. The real meaning of it is known alone to her and me. And its significance is of no great portent, of no great weight. Like a doll, she loves play more than work. Although she bravely pretends to like her future profession, it is only a half-hearted bit of bravura, because she shudders at the sight of suffering and at the thought of pain. Somewhere, in Servia, her father is barely making a living as a professor. A faint haze dims her eyes when she speaks of him and the little motherless sisters whom she must help to support some day. That is the cause of her domicile in Paris, the reason of her future vocation. Yet with a heart brave in anticipation of the future, she attends her lectures and demonstrations at the *École de Médecine*—not diligently, it is true, because she loves play more than study. She would like life to be one long holiday, one of her own smiles transformed into a deathless summer's day. Such a smile and such a day!

Tall and blonde, she is of the German type rather than the Slav. Her hair is simply knotted together without any pretext of adornment. Her

eyes are violet and are full of fire. But the saving grace about her is her mouth and chin. And then her hands! They are small, exquisitely shaped and made to caress. I can feel them even now!

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After the manner of her unquiet sex, La Poupée has told me her secret. She is in love or thinks she is, with the little Servian of the closely cropped hair who comes to the *pension* occasionally to visit the Servian colony there. In the Latin Quarter, the line that divides real love from that uncertain condition of heart and mind that is not sure, is extremely variable. The object of this unsettled affection plays divinely. When he is at the piano, we in the room forget for the moment that there is such a place as Paris, France, the world—even that an erstwhile Eastern doll is sitting breathless, watching him with eyes that glisten, with hands that tremble, as the piano responds to the music in his soul. When he is not playing some wild Hungarian rhapsody or some dreamy Italian fugue, he is less interesting. One should see him at the piano, always. And La Poupée loves him! Or is it only his music?

Notwithstanding a situation that would seem quite obvious to a casual spectator, I have made love to La Poupée since my arrival in the *pension*. It has been carried on largely upon little slips of paper, backs of envelopes and margins of theatre programmes. It has been conducted further, half in French, half in English, partly in jest, partly in earnest. It is the *plaisir d'amour* without its chagrins and without its pain—here a flower, there a pressure of the hand, a smile, a tone of the voice, a glance of the eye and a quiver of the lip. It is the business of love in idleness to be constrained.

Yet the old piano in the *salon*, quite lost in the silence of a wistful dream, seems ever to exhale the echoes of some haunting air. And La Poupée, at dusk, will sit and listen, and I wonder if it is in memory of the player or the appeal of the song unsung that lurks imprisoned in the ivory keys. If I ask her, she will say that it is only waiting for the one who will give it speech. Thus I learn the truth. But the shadows deepen and La Poupée, who despite the song is still a doll at heart, whispers:

“Yes, I love him, but perhaps I shall love you more in time. You must love me, none but me, and then—some day—perhaps——”

What a comedy!

But the piano serves a careless master, for this Servian with his weak and watery eyes, his hair *en brosse*, disregards her, is quite unmindful of her worship. He sometimes enters the room when she is

present and ignores her. And still she loves him! Or is it only his music? Occasionally, however, she rebels. Even dolls have feelings! When she hears in advance that he is coming to spend an evening at the *pension*, she demands that I take her out, anywhere in order to be spared his conduct. Love cannot preclude pride.

So I take her to one of the open-air cafés, or sometimes we walk along the banks of the Seine, in the moonlight. She loves the waters, the reflection of the lights and that mystical symphony of sounds that ever arises from the streets of Paris. Strolling idly along the great stone quays, she tells me her secrets and her troubles. The latter are not very portentous, and I dispel them as easily as the dead leaves flee before the winds of the North. It is so easy to make her happy and to make her smile! When the moon slips behind a cloud, I take advantage of the darkness to whisper something in her ear.

"*Taisez-vous!*" she cries with a laugh, and her warm little hand stops my mouth. But if her lips say *taisez-vous*, her eyes whisper *encore*. And sometimes, too, she forgets that her hands lie close in mine.

La Poupée's life in the *pension* is not altogether happy. Her own compatriots seem to delight in amusing themselves at her expense, and in ignoring her simple requests. Is it because she is young and innocent, or is it because they love flowers of more exotic perfume than those that humbly blossom on their native soil? Their conduct frequently causes the tears to rise to her eyes, and she seeks forgetfulness in the solitude of her room. Often, however, her glance meets mine and through her tears she smiles. There is a rainbow in her eyes.

"If I weep," she once told me, "it is only because it is to-day. If I smile, it is in reason of to-morrow."

What toy-shop in the world ever made a doll capable of such a speech?

So I sometimes think that my love for La Poupée attains the flower of its life from sympathetic soil. And also, sometimes, I wonder why I, too, cannot sit there before the old piano in the *salon*, and let my fingers idly wander over the ivory keys—to thrill or sob with a melody she loves to hear.

* * * * *

It is very late at night and the flames leap merrily in my grate, for it is cold without. I have just come from the theatre. I slip unconsciously into my smoking-jacket, for my mind is still occupied with the play I have witnessed. I draw the easy chair up to the grate and lower the light in the room. I light a cigarette and take down a favorite book, but I do not read. It is pleasanter to muse upon the pictures in the fire, especially when the wind is blowing hard and the shutters are creaking on the

hinges. Suddenly I hear the fall of a light footstep outside my door and there is a little knock. I wonder who it can be at this hour.

"*Entrez!*" I exclaim, turning curiously in my chair.

The door opens softly, there is the faint rustle of a woman's gown, and La Poupée slips into the room and stands before me. She sees the look of astonishment on my face, and follows my glance as it rests upon the clock over the mantle.

"I could not sleep. It is the wind and I am frightened. I want to be amused!"

I cannot help smiling. It is always *amusez-moi*. That is the first and perhaps the last principle of her creed. She interprets the smile as an acquiescence to her desire, and promptly settles herself on the arm of my big chair.

"Your pictures!"

When La Poupée makes a request it is in the nature of a command that brooks of no refusal, so I hasten to comply. She has seen them many times before, but what of that! So I put away my book, get down the album, and together we travel once more the route of my grand tour—over the long white roads stretching from Pozzuoli in the south to the wind-swept coasts of Flanders in the north. She knows the photographs by this time quite as well as I do, and as each one catches her eye, she tries to forestall me in defining it.

"Ah, the sea!" she exclaims, regarding a marine view. "It is terrible! I shall never cross it."

Just then a fiercer blast strikes the shutters and she trembles.

"It is good to be on shore, to-night, here," she whispers.

There is a lull without and she breathes easier. Then we come to Italian scenes and to soft Italian skies, which I liken to her eyes. She glances instinctively at the mirror over the mantle, and her eyes sparkle. Within their depths lurk no storms. They remind me of the waters of the Lido. So I speak of Venice. I show her pictures of the Grand Canal and of gondolas. I tell her of the music and of the witchery of the moon-lit waters. Then Rome. She recognizes the Villa Borghese, and she clasps her hands and laughs when I tell her that I shall buy it for her some day.

"Is that really true?"

"True? Of course it is true! I shall give you everything!"

"And what shall I do with them all?"

"Keep them for me—always!"

There is a slight pause. The album half slips from her lap and she leans more heavily on my shoulder. She is sleepy and her head falls

wearily. Strands of her hair kiss my cheek and I look at the fire through a golden haze.

"Talk to me," she whispers. "Tell me stories."

Believing, incorrectly perhaps, that to a doll the world is never real, I tell her tales from toyland, weave her fancies of that mystic *pays de cocagne* where things are to be had simply for the asking and where one is asking always.

Then, after awhile, she suddenly stirs and rubs her eyes. She is silent for an instant, as if she fain would have it as it happened—in the wonder of that long ago. Then she arises, and I accompany her to the door. On the threshold she turns and hesitates, for the embers still are red.

"Fairy-tales, only fairy-tales! But this, this is real!" and she nods at me, at the fire, and her glance sweeps the room. There is almost a sob in her voice, and I step forward eagerly, but she quickly bids me good-by with her eyes and is gone. For a moment I stand there and listen. Then all is still. Even the winds without seem to have hushed their plaintive cries. Closing my door, I turn to the clock. It is three in the morning. She is divinely innocent—this Mademoiselle Poupée.

* * * * *

There are many people in the *pension*, and they come and go quietly without leaving any hint of their respective vocations. But there is an Englishman who claims to be versed in astrological lore, a man with a fine mind, yet one idles it away in dreams. One evening, at dinner, he was telling us how the night before he had entered the astral plane and, thus unseen by all, wandered about the *pension*. La Poupée is timid and affirms she will not pass his room at night to ascend to her own, which is on the floor above.

"I have great fear of him!" she declares.

So when it is time for her to retire, I escort her to the door of her room as a sort of bodyguard against the perils of the unseen. We go softly up the dark stairs together. Opposite the Astrologer's door, she trembles a little and her hand closes firmer on my arm. The danger past and the floor above attained, her courage rapidly returns and she stands a moment at her door. Like a child, she wishes me to admire her new gown. She gathers the long skirt in her hand and promenades up and down the long hall before me.

"Look!" she declares, letting the long train trail out behind her and glancing over her shoulder at it.

"It is the correct style, is it not?"

"Yes, it is the correct style, Mademoiselle."

"And it is becoming?"

"*Ça vous va joliment bien,*" I reply in French.

The color reddens in her cheeks and quite competes with the attractiveness of her gown. Then she unlocks the door of her room and holds out her hand prettily to say good-night. I take it and draw her close to me.

"No, not that," she declares, holding back. "See, you may kiss my hand, that is very *chic*."

Standing there in the doorway, with her head thrown back, one hand holding the folds of her skirt gracefully about her and the other outstretched, she is almost irresistible. At any other time I should not have hesitated. But to be commanded because it was very *chic*! I gracefully decline. Her eyes flash for a moment. No doubt her sense of comedy demanded that I should thus play polite homage to the situation which the graceful pose, the new gown, so consciously imposed.

Suddenly there is a noise from below.

"The Astrologer!" I exclaim.

La Poupée trembles, her haughtiness melts rapidly and I take her in my arms. Behold! I have kissed La Poupée! The *dénouement* of the comedy was other than she thought. With a little cry she escapes me, and the door closes behind her like the effect of a quick curtain. And in descending the stairs a moment later, I stumble over the house-cat, which unconsciously had played her rôle well. And in my dreams that night I listen to a door that creaks and opens, and all the length of the stairs seems to echo with the swish of a train that sweeps and rustles. When the *garçon* enters in the morning, I find a little note from La Poupée on my breakfast tray which reads as follows:

"Monsieur—What you have done this evening has caused me great distress. I am so sad and so unhappy that I cannot sleep. Midnight has already struck. I am afraid that you are only amusing yourself at my expense. Do not do that, I pray of you. Be good to me, be my friend, be my brother and—destroy this note."

Was it only a dream or did I really hear the *froufrou* of that train, up there in the room above?

* * * * *

It is All Souls' Day and the world of Paris, in sombre attire, is streaming and toiling up the hill that leads to the cemetery of Père Lachaise. There is only one way from the Place Voltaire and that is along the Rue de la Roquette. All along the route are flower shops. Violets seem to predominate and their perfume scents the air. Flower-sellers hold out great bunches of them and importune you to buy. But La

Poupée passes on and heeds them not. The purple violets lie close to the red of her little coat. I watch her as she picks her way deftly and daintily among the crowd. There is a dash of red in her cheeks, and the violet eyes match the color of their sisters, there, lower down against her breast. The soul of the world that lives is about to visit the soul of the world that sleeps. Will the latter hear and heed? Does it really sleep so sound?

"Hasten!" she often declares, looking back and smiling at me, for I let her lead the way. Besides, the narrow sidewalk is so crowded that it is difficult to walk abreast.

At the entrance to the cemetery, we take the path to the left, leading up to the chapel. We pass the grave of Alfred de Musset with its willow, and further on the carved angel crowning the bust of Paul Baudry attracts our attention by its beauty. Near it a solitary column, simple and majestic, rises in silent memory to the dead who sleep in lands other than the *patrie*.

La Poupée hesitates a moment. Then taking some violets from her bunch, she reverently places them at its base, among the other flowers. This act of homage done, we wander idly on and soon we are beyond the crowds, amidst shaded alleys. La Poupée smiles and shakes her head as I tell her things my heart compels me to utter. I speak to her of my own land.

"Ah, it is indeed far away, this country of yours across the seas! You will forget me there."

"Forget you, Mademoiselle! Friendship is not measured by distance and the flight of time."

"You say that to-day. But to-morrow and all the other to-morrows when you are there and I am here?"

"But I shall think of you just the same, perhaps some day return."

"Yes, but thoughts grow weary seeking to wing their way from shore to shore."

She looks at me and for the moment her face is very serious. Then slowly and in silence we continue on, past drooping willows and silent stones, until we reach the tomb of Balzac. The marble bust looking down from the column is sadly neglected. Is it possible that there remain no descendants of that *comédie humaine*?

Again La Poupée takes violets from her breast. They are enough. What need of other flowers now? Then in sight of that great student of the heart of man, she turns towards me, hesitates and smiles. Taking one great violet from the rest, she comes close and resting one hand on my shoulder, with the other she inserts the flower in the lapel of my

coat. She does not withdraw her hand. The violet eyes are still smiling, wondrously so, and close—very close to mine.

“Monsieur, what would you say *if* I were to tell you now, at this moment, that I love you?”

Hastily I look into her eyes and seek to find there the purport of this query. They are smiling—always smiling. From them my glance wanders and rests upon the great trees and then beyond them. Dusk has fallen, and in the distance, Paris is beginning to glow in a myriad of fairy lights. I try to collect my thoughts. If one were really in love, how easy that would be!

“What would you say, Monsieur?”

I glance at her again. Her eyes falter now. Behind the smile there seems to lurk a tear.

“Mademoiselle, you must *really* tell me first. Then I will give you my answer.”

La Poupée is very modest. She has a strict regard for *les convenances*. It would never do for her to have expressed such a condition without reserving a loophole through which she might escape did occasion demand. That is why she framed her query in the subjunctive mood. So she did not reply, and as it is somewhat late we hasten on our way. Thus what might have been a vital issue resolved itself into a question of mere grammar.

* * * * *

In the Rue Rollin, as in other places, the course of true love does not always run smoothly. Last night we quarrelled—La Poupée and I. It has grown out of a number of little misunderstandings. Perhaps it is temperamental. The West and the Orient do not always understand each other.

Yesterday, merely out of politeness, I took Mademoiselle V., one of La Poupée's compatriots, to visit the Arc de Triomphe. Climbing the dark, narrow stairs leading to the top, suddenly the panorama of Paris burst upon us. To the west, lay the quiet green of the Bois, while to the east, the Avenue des Champs Élysées stretched its way to the Place de la Concorde.

Mademoiselle V., quite unmindful of the danger, persisted in standing near the edge and looking down upon the little creeping figures which crawled through the radiating avenues below. So I put my arm around her to prevent her falling. Besides, she is quite attractive. What would you?

Of course she went home and told La Poupée that I had been making love to her, up there in the sky with only the birds to spy upon us. So,

last night, La Poupée spoke her mind. It was a very bad half an hour while it lasted. She cried, became angry and accused me of unfaithfulness. When I reproached her with her previous desire that I should only love her and that she should be free to bestow her affections when and where she wished, I only made matters worse.

"To a young girl, everything is permitted; but to a man, no!"

That is the burden of her philosophy.

"You are only a coquette, Mademoiselle," I calmly reply.

The violet eyes flash through their tears.

"I love after my own manner, but I love always!"

I am sorry for La Poupée. I kiss away the tears and she forgives. But in our hearts we know that it is the beginning of the end.

* * * * *

To-morrow morning, early, I am to leave Paris for Germany. It is late in the evening and I am alone in the *salle à manger*, studying time-tables and guides. Voices and laughter reach me faintly through the closed door which leads into the *salon*. I try to read, but the letters seem blurred, and my thoughts are wandering. It is very hard to say farewell to a place where you have lived many months. There is no spot however small and insignificant that does not become dear through association and contact. And this *pension de famille* is neither one nor the other.

I have said good-by to my friends—to all, except La Poupée. She has tried to avoid me. We have not been the same friends of late.

At last the voices cease in the *salon*. One by one they are leaving. Will La Poupée go also, without a word? Suddenly there is a slight movement at the door, and she stands there. I arise and look at her curiously. For a moment neither of us speaks.

"You are going to-morrow, Monsieur?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"I have never met a man like you before!" It is said reproachfully.

"No, Mademoiselle? Shall we not part friends?" I reply.

"Friends! After all you have done?"

There is a pause as though the enormity of my offences quite precluded me from any further participation in her thoughts, among her good graces. Then in a tone of condescension she adds:

"Yes, I forgive you—good-by!"

She does not offer her hand, and in a moment she is gone. I stand silent for a few minutes. There is a sound in the hall again. This time she is smiling.

"And you will write to me, Monsieur? *Cartes postales* for my collection? You wont forget?"

The *insouciance* of the situation, the imagined dropping of the mask, strikes me so forcibly that I say nothing and only nod my head. Then she hesitates, leans forward a little, speaks low.

"Will you tell me the truth, Monsieur? Is it true, really true that you loved me in those days when we were such good friends—you and I?"

She stands there with one hand holding the knob of the door. I have never seen her so attractive before.

"Mademoiselle, love's flowers sometimes blossom on barren and rocky soil, where one perhaps would least expect it. But there must be some help, some encouragement from without. Deny them the sun and they hang their heads and die."

The smile fades from her face, and the lips twitch a little as she whispers:

"Yes, I think I understand now. I didn't then.—*Bon soir*, Monsieur!"

She is gone and the room is very still. After all, she is not a real doll, this Mademoiselle Poupée!

* * * * *

Many months have gone their way since I said good-by to La Poupée, in the doorway of that *salle à manger* in the Rue Rollin. In that country across the Rhine where life was set in a less sustained key than that of Paris, she often came into my thoughts, and even now I sometimes love to recall her amid the fleeting fancies of those departed days. From Germany, I occasionally wrote her and sent her those post cards of which she is so fond, and which were her last request. She too wrote me once or twice, and then after a long interval, a card arrived written evidently in great haste which brought our correspondence to an end. I recall one paragraph.

"I wish to thank you for all your good thoughts, but I do not like it when I am written in the tone which you have employed in your letters. Moreover, I am leaving to-morrow for my home in Servia. Do not be sad and be of good courage!"

The tone of my letters! What have I said?

La Poupée! I sometimes wonder if in truth she is only a doll, or if she has a heart that only needs awakening by the touch of some magic wand. And she has told me not to be sad and to be of good courage. There are no great regrets. How could there be in an episode so unreal? She must realize that now. Perhaps with the singular pity, the cruelty of the transition, this stepping aside from a world of tinsel and fine feathers into the great realities, as she must have done by this time, there

has come to her the realization of her larger sphere, the responsibility that she owes herself. And if the East fashioned her in mystery and sent her forth clad in the clinging garments of an enigma, the West with its opportunism, its sense of finality, has I trust torn aside the veil and sent her back, a woman. Howsoever that may be, I still think of her, and from time to time, among my mail, I imagine that I see a blue envelope with its foreign postmark, and that handwriting, delicate and fine.

F. P. Delgado.

AFTER-SIGHT

BY WILLIAM R. BENÉT

THE room is vibrant with you—but they say
 That you have left our day,
 That even now your frail, thin hands can hold
 All Power, as in a bowl of heavenly gold,
 All Wisdom and all Beauty in the same,
 And quaff your fill in the eternal name
 Of Death. . . . Yet, have you left us? You are here
 In this small room, Most Dear!

I do not have to question book or chair,
 Table or picture! Here you are, and there—
 The undeniable presence! or 'twould seem
 I tread a chamber in the House of Dream.
 Where is your voice, your touch? And yet they are
 Both here—not far!

A city's day runs by us in the street
 Below—the half-barred shutters filter sweet
 And shaken sunlight on the flowers you love.

I may not move
 For pressure of great silence, though that bell,
 Clangor and traffic-roar their blatant babel swell.

Oh grace
 Unguessed! Oh now-unveiled and lovelier face!
 How flower-scent and room-quiet essence You!
 Though they may call you lost—though *She* has passed—
 At last—at last
 This is the Soul I loved—and never knew!

William R. Benét.

[GIVING AND GETTING

BY BOLTON HALL

THE Thanksgiving and Christmas seasons bring to those of us who are prosperous importunities to give to those less fortunate. These are the times when we remember the "poor," whom we have always with us, and feel that we shall be more comfortable if we give something out of our abundance to make their emptiness less apparent.

It is the time also for the charity contributor to ask himself why he gives and what is the result of his giving. It is true that with poverty, misery and sickness all about, we cannot let men suffer and die without doing something, but that is no reason for doing the wrong thing. If in all these years of giving to "improve the condition of the poor," we have not materially improved their condition nor lessened the demands in their behalf, should we not pause and consider whether we have been working toward a solution of the problem? If we have relieved the indigent by reducing the industrious to indigency; if we have fostered dependence and destroyed independence; if we have cured one form of misery by creating other forms; in what way have we improved conditions? What hope have we of improving them by persisting in that same course?

It is not possible or desirable that any one should close eyes and ears to the claims of the poor, but it is both necessary and desirable that we should recognize that charitable relief is at best a makeshift, temporary rather than permanent.

The indefinite multiplication of free eating-houses, or other supplies of food cannot better the condition of labor. They make living cheaper and enable the workman to offer his services for less and less return, affording him a more and more degraded "living."

According to Dr. Richard T. Ely, "Plague, pestilence and famine together could not work such irreparable harm as fifty free soup-houses. The danger in gifts and clothing is that people will cease to exert themselves and will become miserable dependents on the bounty of others, losing their self-respect and manhood."

And in providing such free aids we attract more people willing to work, to marry and raise children, because when work and wages fail, they have the soup-kitchens. Though there be but one more worker than can be employed he will lower all wages by bidding against the others, and the man who uses the soup-kitchens the most freely can exist upon the least pay and will get the job.

Workers understand this; hence their clamor when some one shows a cooking-stove or other device which lowers the cost of living for a family of eight persons to one dollar per day. They know that if it were proved that one dollar per day was sufficient, then that would be the standard of wages. Landlords would increase rents so as to absorb anything over that rate, for whatever else fails, rents go on increasing so long as there are more tenants than tenements.

While overcrowding in tenements and in the labor market continues, free meals, soup-kitchens, even Thanksgiving turkeys and charitable Christmas gifts will surely bring down the rate of wages. They make living cheaper and give added attractions to the city that draw more people there prepared to work for the lowest wages.

As long ago as 1802, the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor issued a circular "Concerning Unemployed Labor," in which it was said: "A large number of people without means of support or family ties constantly tend to the city and diminish by their competition the meagre earnings obtainable by a large class of resident work people.

"They do not know that by coming to the city they probably incur destitution, disease and suffering. Worse than these, a multitude of vagrants are allowed to come to the city and permitted to remain here, who by idleness, debauchery and disease add to the pressing demand upon charitable persons and associations. In addition to the destitution caused by these incompetent or worthless people from outside, the unskilled resident laborers of our city can earn sufficient for self-support only by continuous work and frugal habits. Their labor is precarious, being interrupted by loss of jobs and inclement weather; for the average time of their occupation as indicated by a report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor dealing with permanency of employment is about 266 days in a year. Illness or accident renders them temporarily unable to support their families."

Our charities are so generally regarded as a proof of a highly philanthropic civilization, that few recognize them as a symptom of a disease. They seem to be the result of the experience of 1,800 years, but they are really the result of our misunderstanding of the teachings of these 1,800 years.

To relieve present misery is the best that charity can do, and to talk of making men holier before securing them against want, is idle pretence. To teach contentment with present unjust conditions because there is hope of better in another world, is a mistake, just as it is a mistake to teach that we are better off than ever, that we are improving, or

else that it is the will of God that we should be in this condition. To create this attitude of mind helps to disguise the worst symptoms of injustice and misery, and also serves to uphold those who have forgotten God as a factor in their dealings.

No change for the better will ever result from this course. The love and sympathy that could redeem conditions are diverted from their office and set to dealing out soup-tickets in place of Justice.

The problem will not be solved by raising the standard of living. So long as the amount of work to be done or the amount to be paid for it, is limited, to increase desires and raise the standard of living is but to increase hardships and immorality. With this higher standard and no increase of pay, men will be unable to keep wives as they are used to being kept, so they will keep establishments without keeping wives.

Nor does the remedy lie in model tenements or suburban homes. If model tenements were increased in number, they would attract still greater crowds to the cities. They improve their neighborhoods and increase surrounding rents. As they take up more space than the rookeries which must be demolished to build them, they drive the occupants into other slums, crowding them still more and further raising rents, for those accustomed to slums are not the people who live in model tenements.

Overcrowding not only raises rents, it also lowers wages, by increasing competition for work. Where there is competition for laborers, wages rise to the full value of the thing produced, but where there is competition for an opportunity to labor, there wages tend to fall to the point of the accustomed living. All wages are based on what the poorest laborer earns, and the basis of that laborer's wages all over the world to-day is the minimum sum upon which he can sustain ordinary life and reproduce his kind.

Charity often deliberately reduces wages, partly because the managers do not see the far-reaching effect of their course. They recognize the need of present aid, but are blind to the causes of poverty; they see that alms degrade the recipient, so they teach that the small pittance they can offer must serve as wages for labor done. An Annual of the Dorchester (Mass.) Conference says: "We strive to make every applicant for aid feel that work of any kind is better than idleness, and that to accept the smallest compensation and to perform the least service well, not only helps to supply present needs, but is the surest way to something better."

Charity interferes with legitimate business. The London coffee stands, which are run for profit, give as cheap a meal as the St. An-

drew's Guild, and support those who manage them. These people are sure to beat the charitable establishments. It is their living, and all their time, strength and ingenuity are brought to bear in the competition. But because the loss in the charity business comes out of the pockets of its wealthy patrons, it competes unfairly with the man earning his living by catering and reduces his earnings.

Dispensaries where medicine is given free or sold at cost make living very hard for the small druggist and young doctor. All these devices are merely different ways of distributing burdens. They do not lessen the burdens either in weight or number.

Free hospitals, although held in high regard, foster improvidence, and, moreover, induce people who are able to pay to take advantage of free treatment, thus cultivating the spirit of pauperism. Under natural conditions people would be able to take care of their own sick; it is the custom of the poor to do so even now. District visitors know that ten times the present hospital beds would not accommodate all the sick in the tenements of New York.

Unselfish care of the dependent, whether made so by age or illness, is one of the ennobling influences in life; but free hospitals and homes for the aged and infirm work against such good influences. The selfishness of shipping an old, infirm mother to the routine of institutional life cannot fail to have a degrading effect upon the whole family. Her years of self-denial have been forgotten and her chance of happiness is gone. Besides there could not be enough of these homes to provide for all these infirm people.

Present laws and conditions lead to an enormous increase of idleness and crime. Accordingly certain philanthropists make a business of securing positions for discharged prisoners to give them "another chance." But they get this chance at the expense of an honest man, because to-day, for every man who gets a position another is crowded out. Indeed, while our apprentice system prevents an honest boy from learning a trade, it is unfair to teach a trade to convicts. Just so is it an injustice to carry prison reform to such an extreme that the class from which criminals are recruited get the impression that the easiest way to secure warmth and food is to join the ranks of petty criminals. Thousands do this every winter, under present conditions.

The same objections apply to the employment of women in men's positions at a lower wage. Frequently women can accept this lower pay simply because there is some man upon whom they can partly depend for support, but the effect upon the labor market is bad. When equal pay for equal work is the rule, things will be different, but at present,

charities which teach women free to do some work at less than market rate are doing gross injustice to those who have honestly paid for an education. Even to supply relief to women and children deserted by husbands and fathers has been found to encourage men, when the pinch begins to be felt, to desert their families. Sometimes this is done carelessly, and sometimes with the collusion of the wife, who knows she will be better cared for in his absence.

All gifts have similar results. In the *Gospel of Wealth*, Andrew Carnegie says: "There is something far more injurious to our race than poverty; it is misplaced charity. Of every thousand dollars spent upon so-called objects of charity, it is not an overestimate to say that nine hundred of it had better been thrown into the sea. It is so given as to encourage the growth of those evils from which spring most of the misery of human life.

"The relations of human society are so complex, so interwoven, that the creation of a new agency intended to benefit one class almost inevitably operates to the injury of another. The latter being the growth of natural causes is by far the most important to preserve."

Early in the nineteenth century pauperism and taxes had so increased in England that allowances were made from the parish treasury for insufficient wages and a standard fixed to which the income of paupers was raised. The act was justified on the ground that it was cheaper to support parish dependents partially rather than wholly. But the results were disastrous. There was a general reduction in wages that brought the most industrious to the brink of starvation and destroyed any motive for self-support.

Foundling asylums are being abandoned because they tended to increase the number of foundlings, and it is but a matter of a comparatively short time before charity will abandon nearly all its present works. Even now there is unrest and uncertainty. Men give in terror, lest, by giving outright, the recipient be degraded, and by granting loans or pensions he be taught dependence and his spirit of self-help be discouraged.

The hospitals, asylums, missions and free meals are free in name only; they are really paid for in heavy taxes. They better none and tend to impoverish all, by increasing the cost of living and decreasing labor's return. They foster dependence on the one hand and condescension on the other, thus emphasizing class-distinctions.

As the farmer raises vegetables, so communities raise paupers. The process is the same. The first step is to sow the seeds, and there is no doubt that the amount of pauperism depends, not so much upon the cir-

cumstances of the laborer, as upon the ease with which he can secure free aid.

It is almost impossible to believe that even the promoters of church fairs and charity balls, for instance, can be deceived about their real character. If a man gives to a charity because he believes it a worthy object likely to do some real good, he needs no opportunity to indulge in eating or dancing as a reward for his contribution. In the name of charity he pays a fictitious price for a useless article. It is but the reverse of paying labor less than it honestly earns, and just as objectionable. The promoters seem to have forgotten that He who gave "the earth to the children of men" says, "the silver and the gold are mine, and the cattle on a thousand hills." He needs not that money be contributed for His work after this fashion. It may be that the promoters realize that the conditions calling for relief are not of God's making and so the means of affording relief do not need His sanction.

Of all the 2,330 charitable agencies in Greater New York, nothing is so popular as the "fresh air" fund. It has been called "the most beautiful charity of modern times," and so far as there can be any beauty to charity, this merits the superlative degree. It is difficult to bring one's self to attack a charity that in the main adds to the happiness of so many children, and therefore, commends itself to all sympathetic persons, but it is not difficult to show its futility as an end in itself. It may well be regarded as one would regard giving a box of candy, a book or matinee tickets to the child of a friend. It affords a passing pleasure and may do some lasting good. Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the desirability of giving children all the pleasure possible, but the giving of it must not be considered as an equivalent for justice.

Although during the last decade hundreds of thousands of children have been taken into the country for two weeks, death in childhood has not become old-fashioned. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent by newspapers and subscribed funds, but the death-rate is still one in two among the children of the slums.

When there is mutiny in the Russian army the custom is to stand the soldiers up in line and kill every tenth man. But we do better than that. We place all the tenement-district babies under five years of age in line, and kill every second one!

NOTE.—The following statistics were compiled from the Health Department Reports for 1905-06. They tell their own story: "In the uptown "Little Italy" from 112th to 115th Streets, between First and Second Avenues, the average death-rate of children under five years of age was 84.21 per cent. of births.

"On the lower East Side, on Mott, Prince, Elizabeth and E. Houston Streets, a Jewish section, the death-rate was 92.2 per cent of the birth-rate, while for the entire tenement district the rate was 51.5 per cent."

And really when one comes to think of the conditions under which they live, death is not the worst thing that could happen to them. If they remain in the slums they cannot be said to grow up at all: they merely graduate into the hospitals, the prisons and the brothels. Our remedy for that is two weeks of fresh air!

And though all the children should be given this outing and win renewed health, not a tithe of their woes would be relieved, nor of their dirt-born diseases healed.

Besides, what is the effect of any fresh store of health given? It increases population and increases the price of land. For all improvements, whether in the people or their environment, go to the profit of the landlord. Professor Warner says that "In England it has been found that those who live in those particular parishes can obtain doles from the great endowments."

It is even a question whether it is the truest kindness to the children. It opens up to them a new life, and to the sensitive and imaginative ones at least, must make the slum life unendurable afterward. So that what was good and desirable in itself might easily lead to suffering, where there is no escape from a return to the slums. Our affection and sympathy for children will not avail if not directed in right channels.

We can never do all that there is to be done in this one little field of outings. Not the children only need to be taken into the country; but few societies can afford to take whole families even for a day. Though we raised money enough to take all the slum-dwellers to the country permanently, it would be of no lasting good, for whilst conditions are as they are, others would come to fill their places, the slums would not be empty long—and many of the old dwellers would drift back.

After all, the indictment against charity is that it darkens the understanding of the giver as well as the receiver, preventing him from seeing where the real trouble lies and what is the real remedy.

And that is not all. Were men free to use the opportunities so liberally provided by Nature, they could do all the things charities aim to do much better for themselves; and were they left the wealth they create and which is now taxed away from them, involuntary poverty would disappear and the condition of the poor be improved beyond recognition.

Nor is it necessary to support charities in order "to do something to

help." There are many movements that at least strive to cure causes instead of symptoms and that do not increase burdens, for instance, vacant lot cultivation, economic reforms and political education.

While men go on increasing charities they forget that almsgiving is in itself a proof of injustice somewhere in the social system. Instead of recognizing that at best it is only a hold-over measure while underlying causes are being investigated, they come to regard it as inseparable from civilization. This blunts their moral sense and lowers the whole tone of living. The search for causes is discontinued and the injustice becomes more strongly entrenched. While this is so, it is next to impossible for men generally to grasp the great underlying principles of a just and righteous social system.

As John Ruskin says: "Men will be unwisely fond, vainly faithful, unless primarily they are just; and the mistake of the best men through generation after generation has been that great one of thinking to help the poor by almsgiving, and by preaching of patience and hope, and by every other means, emollient or consolatory, except the one thing which God orders for them—Justice."

Bolton Hall.

THE OWL

BY ROBERT R. LOGAN

I COME from the darkened halls,
From the crypts and the vaults of night,
And wing my way at the close of day
By the moonbeams' feathery light.

I come when the tree-toad mourns
And the reeds sing soft and low
To the frogs' deep bass from the marshy place
Where the water-lilies grow.

I visit the paths of men,
But their cities and towns I shun,
For they flame and flare with the restless glare
Which they strip from the burning sun.

I flit by their camps in the North
When their fires of birch are bright,
And the marshalled lines of the sombre pines
Keep step to the wavering light.

I perch on the ponderous stones
Which they lay on their voiceless dead,
By the crumbling walls and the roofless halls
Where the slippered echoes tread.

I know not the hate of life,
The fever, the throb, the thrill,
For when I come the fife and drum
And warriors all are still.

My world is the gentle world,
The world where the shadows reign,
And Repose and Sleep their vigil keep
At the tent of the dreaming plain.

For I come from the darkened halls,
From the crypts and the vaults of night,
And wing my way at the close of day
By the moonbeams' feathery light.

Robert R. Logan

INTO THE WORLD OF SOUND

BY FREDERICK R. BURTON

I

IN the most spacious chamber of the royal palace at Schoenfeld a young man lay unconscious. Tall was he, and well formed, his features regular and refined almost to the degree of femininity, his hair flaxen and wavy; the picture of perfect health in sleep.

This was Ferdinand, King of Agraria. Gathered about the table on which he lay were some of the wisest men of the kingdom. Conspicuous, though not of those nearest to the young monarch, was the Count von Hillern, prime minister. The minister of finance, Graf Eulenberg, and the Herr Ritter von Wagram, minister of public works, stood at either side of the Count. Between them and the table was a clear space, so that they might have unimpeded view of the scientific function that all had assembled either to witness or conduct. In less favored positions were white bearded savants from the University, men whose books had borne their names where those of the ministers were unrecognized; and back of them all, but none the less eager, and, as it proved, highly important participants in the scene, were Herr Franz Mueller, the court capellmeister, and four musicians.

Standing beside the table, the most important figure in the chamber, excepting always his Majesty, was the venerable Dr. Conrad Cornelius. He it was who had officiated at the birth of the King, who had attended him in all his infantile ailments, and who had delved deeply into universal science that he might discover somewhere the means to bestow upon the King one common gift that Nature had denied him; for Ferdinand was lacking in a sense; he had come into the world of sunshine and shadow with eyes that drank in gladly all the manifold beauties of form and color; he had come into the world of flowers with keen appreciation of their fragrance; the whole world of tangible things was comprehensible to his tongue and sensitive fingers; but he had come into the world of sound totally deaf.

II

Partly by reason of his deprivation, which he understood not, but more because of his kindly nature, Ferdinand was the best beloved prince that ever approached the Agrarian throne. The people, high and low, pitied him for his affliction, which he appreciated not, and worshipped him for his benevolence. He could not hear the wailing of the poor, but he

could see their distressful conditions, and while Ludwig the Second, his father, was on the throne Ferdinand brought pleading influence to bear to alleviate them. It was from this that the Ministry of Public Works came to be such an important department in the government; for, when Ferdinand came upon a village of hovels, he besought his royal father to authorize the building of a road that the people might be employed and thus gain the wherewithal to house themselves more comfortably. The noisome odors from the congested districts of Schoenfeld and other cities in the kingdom led him to demand extensive systems of sewers. In every way he was considerate of his people, and, if all the subtle truth were known, they had infinite reason to thank God for the deafness of their Crown Prince. By this I mean that sympathy for him, desire to gratify that imperfect life all unconscious of its imperfection, had quite as much to do with influencing the potent men of the kingdom to effect improvement in material conditions as did the patent necessity for the reforms.

So, as Ferdinand grew to vigorous manhood, he grew steadily also in the affections of his people. They idolized him, and he returned their devotion with ingenuous satisfaction at their good will. When he rode through the streets of the capital his subjects not only cheered, as is customary in the presence of royalty, but they tossed their caps in air, waved kerchiefs and scarfs, even leaped up and down extravagantly so as to be sure to impress upon him the joyful greetings that their voices expressed in unheard words. And Ferdinand, perceiving the agreeable tumult, bowed, and smiled, and sometimes framed his lips to the utterance of words expressive of his pleasure; at which times any who were very near him heard odd, misshapen vocables issue from his throat. Could he have heard, he could have spoken as other men speak, for his vocal organs were as sound as his limbs, than which none were sounder in all Agraria.

It may be inferred, and correctly, that all that education could do for Ferdinand was done, and that was a great deal. No sooner was it established beyond peradventure that the royal baby could not hear his own cries, than Dr. Cornelius applied himself to the study of those interesting methods by which even the dumb have been made to talk. Anxious and loyal to an extraordinary degree, the good doctor would not leave the kingdom to consult with specialists in other countries, for he gave his whole life to caring for the child; but money was never lacking to summon specialists to Schoenfeld, and many were the learned men from England, and even from far away America, who profited by long vacations in pleasant Agraria, instructing Dr. Cornelius in the methods by which he was to train the Prince to the greatest possible use of his limited faculties. In due time, therefore, Ferdinand grasped the principles of language

as did other children, and he learned to converse with no difficulty on his part provided only that he could see his companion's lips, and with no difficulty on the part of the other save for the oddity of the guttural sounds the Prince made and which it required a little experience to interpret without error.

There were many incidents of his boyhood that touched upon the comic on account of his affliction, though no one but himself ever saw anything save the pathos of them. For example, he was inordinately inquisitive as to the real significance of the word "sound"; he never ceased to marvel at the attention the royal family and their visitors bestowed upon the men who drew bows of white horse hair across strings, or who puffed themselves red in the face blowing into straight or crooked tubes. They all told him that these men made music, a species of systematized sound. One day he crept close to the bass player, and when the bow was drawn across the lowest open string, he touched it, starting away hastily as his fingers tingled.

"Mamma," said he, in his quaint gutturals, "is that sound?"

His royal mother, who was unusually sensitive to music, could not answer him for the grief that stopped her voice, but Dr. Cornelius patiently told him of vibrations, a new word that he understood readily in so far as the demonstration appealed to his eyes and tingling fingers.

"It is very funny," he said, looking at the singing strings with fascinated interest.

One day he strayed, as even a royal baby will, if healthy, away from his attendants, and there was a great to-do to find him. Consternation seized upon the whole household when Dr. Cornelius pointed out to those who were running from chamber to chamber, calling, that all the kingdom might shout for His Royal Highness without eliciting a response. "Listen," said the good doctor. So they bent their heads and tiptoed about the palace. Presently they heard a drumming in the music hall, and some supposed that the tympani player was practising. They found the Prince at the kettledrums. One he had raised to as high a pitch as he could gain with his tiny hands upon the screws, the other was as slack as possible. Upon the drum heads he had set his toy soldiers and dolls, and as he thumped the sounding skin, the puppets danced until they fell over, when he set them up again and made those disconcerting noises that his people recognized as laughter. The attendants would have interrupted, so great was their relief at finding him, but Dr. Cornelius bade them wait. The doctor was ever on the watch for any phenomenon that might have scientific value. So they observed the happy child transfer the puppets from one drum to the other, modifying the pitch from time

to time, and noting evidently how the differing quantity of vibrations modified the dancing of the figures. At last the doctor drew near.

"See!" cried the Prince; "I give my dolls a concert."

"They like it, do they not?" the doctor responded, pursing his lips carefully to indicate the word formations.

"Yes," said the Prince, "it's fine fun. Why—now—why—" he hesitated as even a future king will when trying to shape the idea that struggles for expression, "I want to know why real people do not bob up and down when the music sounds?"

Later, this infantile curiosity about the phenomena of sound developed into insatiate interest in acoustics. He learned to rattle off the laws of vibration as readily as any student in the gymnasium, and nothing in the laboratory experiments attracted him more than the ocular demonstration of how a string is divided and subdivided into nodes as its number of vibrations is made to increase. Sympathetic vibration, too, never failed to excite him eagerly. He would draw a bow vigorously across one tuning fork, and then apply his finger tips to another of the same pitch to assure himself that it, too, was in vibration. The wise men of the university were deeply interested. They were agreed that, while the nature of sound was beyond the appreciation of his lively imagination, just as normal man cannot conceive a fourth dimension, he was interested in it as others concern themselves with the unfathomable mysteries of life and death.

"Our relation to the infinite universe," said the Herr Professor Holzmänn, "is the profoundest problem we have to solve. We see innumerable manifestations of the universe, and we bend our greatest energies to discovering what lies beyond them. In the case of his Royal Highness, the larger problem has not yet appealed to him. The mystery most patent to him now consists of manifestations perceptible in some strange way to his fellow-men, and he seeks to apprehend their nature by discovering an analogy that may make them comprehensible through his other senses."

The Herr Professor wagged his head contentedly, satisfied that he understood it all. And who shall say that he did not? One question put by the Prince appeared to justify the speculation.

"Tell me, doctor," he said, after a long session with acoustical instruments in the laboratory, "do people derive pleasure from music by counting the vibrations of the instruments and perceiving that the numbers correspond to the laws?"

As he came to mature manhood, and the failing health of his father warned him that he must assume the responsibilities of the throne ere

long, the Prince gave more and more attention to the study of statecraft, but his interest in sound was unabated though submerged under weightier matters. This was manifested strikingly in his regular attendance upon all court functions wherein music played an important part. He never failed to sit through the chamber concerts directed by Capellmeister Mueller for the pleasure of the Queen; he went at stated times to the opera and decorously led the applause from the royal box at the end of an act. It was his duty as a Prince, he maintained with charming simplicity, to encourage what evidently gave his people harmless pleasure. Many a shallow observer, shrewd in his own conceit, remarked upon the marvel that, whereas deaf persons are often soured in disposition, Prince Ferdinand was as free from jealous suspicions and as light hearted as any whole person in the kingdom. Such observers failed to take into account that the ordinary deaf are conscious of their loss, and seldom are wholly deprived of an aggravating semi-susceptibility to sound by which their ears ring with meaningless murmurs, whereas the Prince could not by any possibility realize what it was he missed.

An incident of his coronation demonstrated his latent interest in the matter. He stood very near a huge cannon when it was fired. Pressing his hand to his chest and paling a little, his Majesty turned to Dr. Cornelius.

"Doctor," he asked with pathetic eagerness, "was that sound I felt?"

III

The doctor never had ceased to seek for something that might effect not the restoration of Ferdinand's hearing, for there was nothing to restore, but the completion of the physical man whom Nature had left so sadly unfinished. There had been many experiments, many superficial examinations of the Prince's ears—all to no purpose. It was shortly after the coronation that the scientific world was stirred by the achievement of Roentgen, and Dr. Cornelius immediately took a new lease of hope. No long time elapsed before charts representing the internal arrangement of his Majesty's cranium were the subject of anxious study by the most eminent aurists and surgeons in the kingdom. They made, first, independent examinations, and all substantiated the theory of Dr. Cornelius that it might be possible to readjust the auricular organs behind the tympanum so that sensibility to sound should result. Then they studied the charts in consultation. Apparently it was necessary merely for surgery to correct certain abnormal conditions, so as to make His Majesty's ears like those of other men. King Ferdinand was more than willing that the attempt should be made.

"I shall lose nothing in any event," he said. "It is not as if you purposed to remove my eyes and there might be danger that you could not readjust them properly."

Accordingly, after the most patient and anxious preparation, the great experiment was ready for trial. Confident of its success, the wise men had debated earnestly how best to induct his Majesty into the world of sound. It was conceivable that ordinary noise might be distressing to the newly sensitive ears, and there was speedy unanimity in deciding that the first sounds conveyed to his Majesty should be those of music. Hence it was that among the scientists and statesmen assembled to witness the event were the Herr Capellmeister and the four musicians. There had been further debate upon the precise composition that should be played, some maintaining that it ought to be a simple melody performed upon a single instrument; at the other extreme were those who contended that the complex sound of a full orchestra would be desirable as an introduction to the multifarious noises of the day, but this view was held apparently by those whose scientific curiosity outweighed their personal regard for the monarch; and a compromise was effected in arranging for the presence of the Royal String Quartette and a programme of slow movements by Haydn and Mozart.

When all was ready, Dr. Cornelius briefly addressed the spectators:

"I remind you," said he, "of the imperative necessity of absolute silence when his Majesty returns to consciousness. Some of you may regard what we are about to do as an event of scientific value. To me it has no shadow of such appearance. I am bending science to the relief of a beloved friend and master, and to his comfort I will undeviatingly sacrifice every feature of the occasion that might in itself contribute to human knowledge. If human knowledge benefits, so much the better, but we are here to bestow the sense of hearing upon his Majesty with a minimum degree of shock and discomfort. Therefore let no word be spoken, and hold your breaths when it becomes apparent that his Majesty hears."

Even then the doctor was putting his Majesty under the influence of anæsthetics, and presently the President of the Royal College of Surgery began the critical operation. Breathless, indeed, seemed the attention of the witnesses as the work proceeded. The statesmen marvelled at the steadiness of the surgeon's hand, and the unerring celerity with which his assistants, all professors of high degree, performed their subordinate parts undirected. The medically wise men, watching with understanding eagerness, glowed with pardonable jealousy that they must be relegated to the position of students in attendance upon a demonstration; but, when

all is said, the dominant feeling was that expressed by Dr. Cornelius, profound anxiety to do their King a service.

At length the purely surgical portion of the experiment was finished, and the application of anæsthetics ceased. Dr. Cornelius nodded to the Herr Capellmeister and placed himself where his Majesty should see him on awakening. The musicians played softly an adagio by Haydn, and every one in the chamber thrilled to the melting strains as he had never thrilled before. Their very hearts stood still when the monarch stirred and a bright flush came upon his cheeks. For a moment thus he lingered twixt consciousness and sleep, and then, quite suddenly his eyes opened wide in evident bewilderment. He looked at Dr. Cornelius, at the prime minister, at the wise men. The shadows fell from his memory, and he understood their presence.

"Is that it?" he asked, and at the sound of his own voice jarring upon the harmony, a startled look of pain came upon his face.

"That is music, your Majesty," answered Dr. Cornelius inaudibly. He framed the words with his lips, silently.

The King's brows were still contracted with the shock that had brought the wrinkles when his voice made itself manifest, but his eyes glowed with wondering delight in which no little terror mingled.

"Does it distress your Majesty?" inquired the doctor, in the same silent fashion.

"No," replied the King, and again the spasm of pain wrenched his features. "I never imagined it was like that."

His voice alarmed him so that he stirred nervously, and the sound of his movements grated upon him with fresh discomfort. Dr. Cornelius stopped the monarch's ears. Ferdinand perceived the difference at once, and he looked both relieved and wistful.

"Your Majesty," silently said the doctor, "you have heard music and the sound of your own voice. I speak to you without voice, but I can make you hear me. Shall I uncover your ears and speak? There are many sounds besides that called music. You will get accustomed to them."

"Speak," commanded the King.

Dr. Cornelius uncovered the royal ears and began, "Your Majesty," but stopped immediately, so intense was the expression of repugnance that came upon the monarch's face. Meantime the musicians had been playing without interruption. The doctor again closed the King's ears and told him that the music would cease and other sounds take its place.

"Wait," the King said, and he shuddered at the faint sound of his voice; "is the music made by wind instruments, or strings, or piano? I want to see."

The musicians brought their instruments close to the table and set their stands beside his Majesty.

"Play," said he, putting up his hands to free his ears. They began one of the most melodious andantes of Mozart, and Ferdinand's expression of ecstasy returned, the delight and wonderment sweeping away every vestige of terror. Presently he put out his hand gently and touched the C string of the 'cello while it was in vibration. As when he was a child, he drew his hand away suddenly, and his expression underwent a multitude of changes. There was pleasure at the familiar sensation of tingling, positive horror at the variation thus made in the tone. Through it all he smiled quizzically at Dr. Cornelius.

"I did that once before," he said, and then, troubled, "but I hate this other sound," and he put his fingers to his lips to feel their vibrations also.

It was a trying experience for the King, this advent to the world of sound. Even with the aid of music it was not possible to make consciousness of the fifth sense arrive other than abruptly. The King was troubled when the musicians turned the leaves upon their stands, his brows contracted between numbers when the sighing of the wind, the breathing of the spectators, the distant baying of a hound, appealed to him. Sounds that the others heard but observed not because of their familiarity, disturbed the monarch, and he was sadly distressed when an asthmatic professor was unable to repress a cough. Fearful of nervous shock, Dr. Cornelius soon exercised his authority dogmatically and brought the scene to an end. His Majesty's ears were stopped and a soothing drug administered. Statesmen, savants, and musicians withdrew, deeply impressed by what they had witnessed, and speedily word went throughout the kingdom that the beloved King could hear.

Under the faithful, sympathetic ministration of Dr. Cornelius, Ferdinand gradually became accustomed to his own voice, and learned to modulate it after the manner of other men. He came to endure with apparent composure the voices of his attendants, and the manifold but subdued noises of the palace. His first experience out of doors, however, was well-nigh as taxing as had been the abrupt awakening. The clattering of a horse's hoofs in the courtyard gave him acute pain, even the crunching of gravel beneath his own feet set his teeth on edge. The chirping of insects in the fields, the cries of birds, the moaning of trees in the wind, the faint echo of a hunter's gun, the ticking of his watch, the slight rustling of his garments—all these and many more commonplace, and, to the rest of us, interesting sounds, filled his mind with confusion.

"Why is not all sound music?" he cried, and, returning to the palace,

he summoned the quartette and listened, soothed and happy, to their playing.

Days passed before Dr. Cornelius ventured to permit his Majesty to visit the city, and when that journey was made it proved that it had been undertaken too soon—though it may be that, however long delayed, the result would have been the same. At sight of the royal carriage the people burst into more than their accustomed clamor. Now that he could hear, they seemed determined to make up to his Majesty in one immense roar for all the many unheard acclamations he had witnessed in the past. Ferdinand could not endure it. He had passed the stage when the phenomena of sound alarmed him; moreover, he was a man, and fear was not natural to him. Pain, positive pain was what he suffered, and back the carriage turned to the comparative quiet of the palace, where always could be had the exquisite anæsthetic of music.

As he was a man, however, King Ferdinand at length learned to endure not only the voices of the people, but all those horrors attendant upon advancing civilization in the way of railroad trains, factories, and incessant traffic. He applied himself so studiously to mastering his repugnance to noise that Dr. Cornelius was deluded into believing that the King had come to take a healthy interest in the hurly-burly of active life as it appeals to the ear. The good doctor was mistaken. Some weeks after the great experiment, his Majesty summoned the physician to a private audience.

"Doctor," said Ferdinand gently, "I am going to hurt your feelings."

"That," replied Cornelius, "is an impossibility, for your Majesty is incapable of so unkind an act."

"You speak as becomes an accomplished courtier," said the monarch sadly, "but let us for the moment discard the ceremonies of state and speak as man to man, or rather, let me speak as man to his physician. I wish to return to my former state of total deafness."

"Your Majesty!" gasped the astonished physician.

"I perceive," continued the King, "that music is the refinement of noise. It is sound beautified, and in the contemplation of it I am well content; but I perceive, further, that to be ever in the contemplation of music would be enervating. Music is a luxury which it may properly be a monarch's privilege to enjoy in greater measure than falls to the lot of other men, but a life passed merely in luxury is unbecoming to one who has the interests of his people at heart. I do not say that music, a necessity to my present life as an anodyne to the pain of other sound, is an interference to my accomplishing the duties of my station. I do say that sound at large is. I suffer from it. My own voice does not cease to

grate upon me; the voices of others, even yours, my friend, are harsh and disagreeable. The noises of life appeal to me as so unnecessary, they are abhorrent, and they distract my attention from affairs to which I would fain give undivided thought. Look you, doctor, I cannot turn a page in a department report without losing the thread for a moment, owing to the crackling of the paper. This is but a feeble instance out of the multitude of annoyances that the sense of hearing brings upon me. I know you acted for the best; I am deeply grateful for your intention in making me like other men, but I beg you to put me back where I was before. I shall regret music, but it will live sweetly in memory, and I tell you with all emphasis, the majestic beauty of the art is not sufficient compensation for what I suffer through capacity to appreciate it."

Tears coursed down the cheeks of the venerable physician.

"Oh, my boy!" he sobbed, and checked himself, startled at the familiar address.

"I like that manner of speech," said the King, smiling; "it is next to music. Say on, Cornelius."

"Through all your life," then said the physician, "it was my hope and endeavor to add to your capacity for enjoying it. I cannot yet believe that I failed, for sufficient time has not yet passed to dull the noises that now afflict you. Be patient, your Majesty. With an infant's susceptibility, you have been plunged by my recklessness into a man's torments, but you are strong, and you will yet find content in the speech of your fellow-mortals, and the noises of traffic and the strife man makes with Nature will cease to distress you. You are at one with humanity, now, your Majesty. Hold fast to that union and do not shrink from what it compels. Believe, for I know whereof I speak, that your usefulness to your people will be enhanced by this sense that now distresses you. How can a king achieve his utmost for good if he be not in touch with his people on every side?"

Ferdinand listened in deep emotion which it cost him an effort to control sufficiently to ask, "Is what you say but a mask? Do you evade telling me that my desire for deafness cannot be granted?"

"Not so, your Majesty," answered Cornelius; "I do not say that deafness could not be restored. I beg you simply to consider that it should not."

"I thank you, doctor," the King said, then. "I have been unworthy of my station, unmanly. I will endure these petty ills, and if ever I shrink again from them I shall be strengthened by remembering that my most respected subject recalled me to a proper sense of the dignity of my station."

IV

Several months passed before the King spoke again to Cornelius on this matter. Meantime another event had occurred to demonstrate to his Majesty his oneness with common humanity. There dwelt in Agraria at that time a certain count of ancient lineage and noble character. His daughter, the Lady Hildegard, was by many accounted the most beautiful maid in the kingdom, and Ferdinand came to include himself in that number. He perceived, too, that her nature transcended the beauty of her face and figure, and in due time the great chambers of the royal palace echoed his sighs as he thought of her. He spent much time at his desk, where ordinarily he but read and signed documents of state, and littered it with rhymed lines that he was not sufficiently conceited to call poetry. He dwelt in sweet melancholy from which not even his favorite quartettes could rouse him. For, look you, even in these degenerate days, Love will not be banished from a kingly heart, and when he takes possession there, poor royalty goes a-tumbling, and the king becomes like other men of slender years. And if with the king, so with the maid of noble birth. True love may prefer a cottage, for aught the author knows to the contrary, but he does not disdain a palace.

One day Dr. Cornelius was summoned again to a private audience.

"My friend," began the King, briskly, "touching that matter of return to deafness——"

He hesitated, and the blood, mounting to his fair cheeks, seemed to obstruct his voice.

"Your Majesty, I hope," said the physician, "has reconsidered your desire?"

"I have, indeed, doctor. Not for all the kingdoms of the world would I become deaf again! I have heard, ah! sweeter than music of the greatest masters, one human voice utter three short words that more than compensate for all the noises of the universe. I thank you for that boon, Cornelius."

"I fail to comprehend your Majesty," responded the old man. With eyes single for his beloved King, and a lifetime beyond the turbulent joys and aspirations of youth, he was slow to perceive the truth that Ferdinand found it difficult to utter plainly.

"Why, this," said the King, with a delightful manifestation of dignified embarrassment, "the Lady Hildegard is to be queen of Agraria, and better than that, my friend, I have heard my lady say, 'I love you.'"

Frederick R. Burton.

BOOK REVIEWS

VISTAS OF NEW YORK¹

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

NEW YORK has just celebrated the tercentenary of Henry Hudson's sailing up the North River and the belated centenary of Robert Fulton's steaming up the same noble stream. And although the city did not formally acknowledge the fact, it was also celebrating the centenary of the first work of imagination written by a native American and still surviving in the memory of the average reader. It was in 1809 that Irving published *Knickerbocker's History of New York*; and ten years later he put forth the first numbers of the *Sketch-Book*, with its tales of Rip Van Winkle and the Headless Horseman, which bestowed on the shores of the Hudson, on the Catskills and on Sleepy Hollow a little of the legendary romance which had long colored the banks of the Rhine. But in *Knickerbocker's History* Irving had builded better than he knew. He had done a great service to his native town—and also, it may be, something of a disservice, in that he poked fun at the stalwart Dutch burghers who founded New Amsterdam, and thus interfered with the development of a proper pride in the historic origins of the city. The service he performed is indisputable: he created the figure of Dietrich Knickerbocker and he dowered the city of his birth with a tutelary embodiment, a civic personification, of a kind possessed by no other town the wide world over and standing forward boldly beside the figures which typify the great nations. Father Knickerbocker is as real and as useful as Uncle Sam or John Bull. London lacks a typical figure of this vitality, and so does Paris, nor was a similar type possessed by Rome or by Athens even in the days of their pride.

It was a curious coincidence that exactly a century after Irving's

¹*The New New York. A Commentary on the Place and the People.* By John C. Van Dyke. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Picturesque Hudson. Written and Illustrated by Clifton Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Wayfarer in New York. Introduction by Edward S. Martin. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Historical Guide to the City of New York. Compiled by Frank Bergen Kelley, from original observations and contributions made by members and friends of the City History Club. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

playful and misleading narrative of the founding of New Amsterdam, Mrs. Van Rensselaer should publish her serious and authoritative account of the same series of events. In her solid tomes we can follow the fortunes of the little town nestled on the toe of Manhattan and we can see for ourselves that it was at the beginning very much what it is now, mercantile and cosmopolitan. From his earliest days Father Knickerbocker has sat at the gates of commerce and he has worn a coat of many colors. The history of New York never contradicts itself, and the mighty metropolis of to-day is the legitimate descendant of the tiny town ruled by the shrewd and hot-headed Peter Stuyvesant.

Its civic pride has been slow to awaken and it has allowed itself to be sadly misgoverned and to be sorely maligned. Now at last, in the early twentieth century, it is beginning to take heart and to assert itself. It is setting its house in order; and it is at last alive to the fact that it is a very interesting place, after all. The late Augustin Daly liked to declare that one or another of the plays he produced had "contemporaneous human interest." That is what New York has to-day almost superabundantly—contemporaneous human interest. No one has seen this more clearly than Professor John C. Van Dyke and nobody could have phrased what he has seen more cordially. To the interpretation and to the appreciation of New York he has brought knowledge and understanding, insight and sympathy. His is no narrow and parochial view; he is willing and able to project New York against the best that the cities of the Old World have to show and to declare wherein she holds her own and wherein she falls short. A student of history and of art, of literature and of life, he has high standards of comparison, and he applies them unflinchingly. But he is a true cosmopolitan, in that he is at home even in his own country.

Professor Van Dyke finds that the charm of New York, pictorially considered, lies in its expressive picturesqueness, in the perfection with which it represents its time and its makers. It is what it is because it is a mart of commerce inhabited by men of surpassing energy chosen from out a whole continent to do things on a large scale and with all their might. Paris may be the most beautiful of cities, with its restful and harmonious architecture, and with its cunningly contrived vistas of delight, with its Arch of Triumph crowning the distant hill, visible from the gardens of the Tuileries, and with its Alexander III bridge, leading away to the dome of the Invalides. Formal beauty is the result partly of restraint and tradition, of order and proportion, in a word, of design; and this sort of formal beauty is rare in New York, although it can be found here and there—for example, in the adroitly co-ordinated build-

ings of Columbia University, which will be the ultimate monument of McKim's genius. Picturesqueness, however, is not dependent on reserve and proportion; it is the result rather of energy, of power, of daring contrasts, of a vibrating expression of exuberant vitality. "New York is not a dream city," so Professor Van Dyke proclaims. "It is as real as the mountain walls of the Alps, as apparent as the white shaft of the Matterhorn, but picturesque in a similar way and for a similar reason. The Alpine lift of it, the clear sight of it, the brilliant color, the serene sky, the enveloping air, are peculiarly beautiful." And he makes plain the fact that this beauty is not as the beauty of the cities of the Old World; it is New York's own, for she is beautiful in her own fashion, possible to no other town, now or earlier.

It is a pure joy to find an art critic, familiar with the best that Europe has to show, proffering no apology for the skyscrapers, but rather declaring their beauty; "after their kind they are right, characteristic, beautiful," since "their fitness makes them so." New York will never have the same kind of beauty as Paris or the same kind of picturesqueness as Venice; but it has now its own kind, and it is "in its own way just as beautiful, just as picturesque, at the present time, as London or Paris or any other European city." New York is "not a city on a hill gaining grandeur from its elevated position; on the contrary it rises almost sheer from the water's edge—almost like Venice from her lagoon islands. No one who has come up to Venice by water in the evening light is ever likely to forget the loveliness of that city by the sea, with its fairy palaces lifting out of the blue-green tide, its high silver domes of the Salute, its lofty campanili, its wondrous color. It is one of the sights of the world. But New York is all dome, all campanile, all towering splendor as you see it from the Upper Bay; and it has an even greater wealth of color than Venice, a sharper light, a more luminous shadow. It will not stand close analysis as well as the city of the Doges; but at a distance it is superbly picturesque, grandly beautiful."

Many another passage in Professor Van Dyke's courageous pages it would be a pleasure to quote, for he has conferred on this reviewer the unusual delight of praising a book which the reviewer wishes he could have written himself. But there is a limit to lawful quotation; and those already made must serve to set forth the spirit and the style and the sanity of the author's analysis of the city he has studied with scrupulous and yet loving fidelity. His book is so important and so significant that it has demanded far more space than can be allotted to the three lesser volumes about New York, which happen to have been published almost simultaneously. That they should have appeared, with Professor Van

Dyke's book, and just after Mrs. Van Rensselaer's, may perhaps be taken as evidence that New Yorkers are at last beginning to take an interest in their own.

Mr. Clifton Johnson's little volume is filled with pleasant and unpretending chat about the Hudson River, from its mouth below Manhattan up to its source beyond Saratoga. It is easily written and it can be read without effort. It might well have been provided with a map, containing only the specific places mentioned in the text. If such a map should be provided for a later edition, it might indicate also all the various state parks and historic reservations. Few of us know how many sites interesting for reasons either picturesque or patriotic have been taken out of private hands of late and set apart for public uses. Mr. Johnson brings together not a few items of interest. He tells us that seals and otters are still to be found in the Hudson, although infrequently, and that the wild geese follow the river's course, north in the spring and south in the fall. He reminds us also that Hudson described the broad stream which now bears his name as the "River of the Steep Hills."

The anonymous compilation of scraps in prose and verse, called *The Wayfarer in New York*, has a cleverly phrased introduction by Mr. E. S. Martin, in the course of which he calls attention to the fact that the leaders of the New York procession are pretty big men—"much bigger, oftentimes, than an incredulous country understands. Competition is the life of certain kinds of brains, as it is of trade, and the competitions of New York yield many trained men of power and rare efficiency. Diamonds are polished with diamond powder and men with men." The compilation which Mr. Martin has thus wittily introduced is only fairly well done. It contains poems and fragments of poems, as well as quotations in prose from history and memoirs and fiction, arranged under geographical heads—"From the Battery to Trinity," for example, and "From Union Square to Madison Square." Its compiler has drawn freely on the twin-bards of Manhattan, Walt Whitman and H. C. Bunner; but the principle which has governed his selection is not always evident. He gives us Stedman's "Pan in Wall Street" and Bunner's "Red Box at Vesey Street"; but he does not give us Willis's "The shadows lay along Broadway" or Mr. Gilder's sonnet on the chimes of Grace Church or his superb and resonant "Burial of Sherman." And he has been little better advised in the passages he has picked out of New York in fiction. Some of those he has chosen are well suited for his purpose; but he has overlooked many others which would give the form and color of the place better than certain of the specimens here assembled.

He has, for instance, only one quotation from Mr. Henry James, and not a single one from Mr. Howells.

A far more satisfactory piece of work is the *Historical Guide*, which is the result of the labors of that very useful organization, the City History Club. This contains a series of excursions to all the spots of historic interest within the limits of the greater city. It has maps and plans, and bibliographies (and these last might be a little fuller). It calls attention to all the historical tablets, and to all the commemorative statues and paintings. It seeks to record the houses where famous men were born or lived or died. It brings together an immense mass of facts not otherwise easily accessible; it presents these facts in their proper places; and it is certain to be a valuable incentive to the continued study of the city's history—a study likely to bear fruit in determined resolve to better present conditions. It is to be hoped that the editor, Mr. Kelley, will be encouraged to keep this valuable guide up to date always, with the improvements which experience will suggest; he might, for instance, be careful always to give the name of the artist who is responsible for any portrait, mural decoration, statue or architecture. And it might be well to note that Benjamin Franklin's chair is still in use in the beautiful Trustee's Room in the library of Columbia University.

These four books are all welcome, each in its own degree; and yet they make one lover of New York eager for more. He would like to have an ample volume of *Walks in New York* on the plan of Hare's *Walks in London*. He would be glad to hold in his hand an anthology of the poems which New York has inspired. He would be interested in an anecdotic account of the squares and parks of Manhattan. And now that a volume has been devoted to the story of Wall Street, he does not see why other volumes should not set forth the histories of Broadway and of Fifth Avenue, the main thoroughfares of Manhattan.

Brander Matthews.

INTERNATIONAL IMPRESSIONISM¹

BY FRANK MOORE COLBY

MR. ALEXANDER FRANCIS, the English traveller, publishes his volume of exceedingly favorable impressions of the *Americans* about the same time that an admiring American, Mr. Price Collier, offers his

¹*Americans: An Impression.* By Alexander Francis. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

England and the English: From an American Point of View. By Price Collier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

equally amiable views of *England and the English*. Here is matter for peace-promoting societies and leagues of Anglo-American good-will, for ambassadorial after-dinner speeches and toasts to distinguished guests. As an American reviewer I ought to dwell long and earnestly on the cheerful import of this circumstance. For the American reviewer thinks it his duty to write on this subject as if he were fifty years behind his own feelings and the feelings of his fellow-countrymen. He assumes that the all-important question is whether the Englishman, no matter what sort of Englishman, thinks well or ill of the country as a whole. He assumes that this blushing little débutante of a country is intensely anxious about the impression that it has made. It must have astonished many a light literary character to be taken as a Daniel come to judgment, merely because his haphazard sketches were "on the whole favorable." It would astonish us if we were not so used to the strange archaisms of our daily press. But just as many newspaper writers are still at the Manchester stage of political economy, so their patriotism is of the tender period when Dickens published his *American Notes*. Journalists have always been our most old-fashioned class, being too busy with the news of the day to lay aside the mental habits of fifty years before. Constrained to chase Wilbur Wright in an aeroplane on the front page they sleep with Thomas Jefferson in the editorial columns. For a glimpse of the country's intellectual past we are accustomed to turn to the reflective portions of the morning newspapers. Reviewers live in the old tradition of patriotic solicitude while we have gone on into utter recklessness. I never met a man, for example, who seemed to care whether Mr. H. G. Wells thought well or ill of the United States. I never read a review that did not.

Neither Mr. Francis nor Mr. Collier seems quite to realize the profound indifference of their readers to this question of friendship or hostility. Mr. Francis says:

Amongst all classes of Americans, not excluding even the Americanized immigrants from elsewhere than England, there exists a deep and noble desire, which finds expression in many forms, sometimes pathetic but always dignified, that the Mother Country, whether or not she admires and loves, should know, understand and comprehend her offspring of the West.

This is a very sentimental reading of the American's interest in the foreigner's opinion—a mere product of curiosity, self-consciousness and the desire to "make talk." If Mr. Francis, who to judge from his book, is an uncommonly serious person, found everybody nobly and deeply concerned with the Mother Country's opinion, it was no doubt the result of conversational embarrassment. With a serious Briton on one's hands,

what else was there to do? Those of us who have had conversational bouts with serious Britons recall the desperate straits to which we were often reduced, the false interests, the impromptu enthusiasms, the nervous garrulities, merely to keep the ball rolling. One finds one's self becoming almost hysterically sociable with phlegmatic persons. If one man says too little, the other says too much. It seems a law of conversation that if one remain a centre of gravity the other shall with rather foolish rapidity revolve around him. He feels responsible for the other's lack of animation—tries to bring a gleam into the cold, dead eye. An American is unnerved by the British pause following an introduction. He will snatch at any topic and cling to it out of sheer mental loneliness. He is not accountable at these times, and the meaning of what he says will not bear scrutiny. No American is ever himself in the spurt of talk following those tense moments when, a serious Briton having been cast upon him, the beating of his own heart was the only sound he heard. He will profess the most unnatural ardors—asking after a stranger's country as he asks after a friend's wife not because he finds the wife is interesting but because he hopes she interests the friend. People spoke warmly of the Mother Country in order to warm Mr. Francis. We overheat our conversation as we do our rooms.

Mr. Collier on the other hand has not even this excuse for his delicacy and forbearance. No polite disguise covers the stark indifference of the English to American opinion, and he himself has marked how invulnerable their feelings are—"as impervious to criticism as an elephant's hide to stabbing by boiled sticks of macaroni." Yet under the chapter heading "Are the English Dull?" he writes soothingly:

This title for a chapter might be considered unnecessarily impertinent, not to say insulting, were it not that it must be promptly answered in the negative.

And after a long black list of national hypocrisies:

I write these things to explain, not to revile. This is a great country.

And referring to the newspaper practice of selecting only the worst news of rival countries—crimes, disasters, scandals:

I make no affirmation as to motives, since these pages are written that we may understand, and distinctly not to further misunderstanding.

Such assumptions of judicial moderation are quite thrown away. Mr. Collier's book is not judicial, or philosophic, or scientific, but falls squarely within the familiar field of international impressionism where we no longer look for the "clear, white light of truth," but for the colors of personal experience. The chief value of these books consists in their re-dis-

covery of human nature. Thus Mr. Collier writes a very entertaining chapter on England as the "land of compromise," arraying antithetically the assumed virtues and the actual vices, the criticism of others and the self-complacency, and presenting the most formidable lists of inconsistencies:

A king who is not a king in any autocratic sense; a free people who are not a free people; a constitution which is not a constitution; an aristocratic House of Lords composed of successful merchants, manufacturers, journalists, lawyers and money-lenders, leavened by a minority of men of ancient lineage; a State Church which is not a State Church; a nation professing Christianity, but nevertheless continually at war, sodden with drink, and offering all its prizes of wealth and station to the selfish, the successful and the strong, who have possessed themselves—some thirty-eight thousand of them—of three-fourths of the total area of England and Wales, and who, with their State priests in Parliament, to voice the fact that they are a Christian nation, spend the bulk of their income for war, drink and sport.

Parsons preaching against "Mrs. Eddy, the Devil and King Leopold" in a country "at close grips with poverty, high taxes, drunkenness, gambling, and lack of schooling at home"; an Archbishop of Canterbury receiving \$75,000 a year and a clergy living on pittances; everywhere a "search for the feasible, for the conciliatory, for the instantly practicable, and the total ignoring of the logical, and sometimes even of the true and right."

Even the upright John Morley, independent politically, easily first among writers of lucid English prose, bends to defend India's exchequer in the sale of opium to protesting China.

High principles sacrificed to expediency; personal freedom politically fettered by a House of Lords; contempt for commercial rivals and blindness to the danger of their competition; indifference to colonials when their good-will is most needed.

Why not be generous and conciliatory, why fash one's self about education, the quarrels among the sects, the demands of labor, the partition of the land, the drink question, when there was so much and to spare! Compromise, smiling compromise if possible, was easier, was more soothing to the nerves, and was found to be the cheapest oil for the machinery of State. But when everybody compromises from bishops to barmaids, somebody must be paid some time—yes, there is always the Devil to pay! And now he is presenting his accounts all round.

And in the face of these new problems—"disestablishment," "unemployment," "increased taxes," socialism, foreign rivalry and hatreds, the Englishman has found no new weapon.

The world has changed but he has changed least of all. He has as little sym-

pathy as ever with the foreigner. He cannot see what these changes mean. Even the one solution of the problem right at hand, namely, an Imperial Federation, with a wise scheme of tariff regulation binding together his vast interests all over the world, is made almost hopeless by his complacent condescension toward the colonials. Ask the Canadian how he likes the Englishman, not the politician, not the panderer who speaks for publication, but the man in the street. I have heard the answer an hundred times. I have heard it in Cape Breton and from there all the way to Vancouver, and it is not reassuring. Ask the Australian how he enjoys a visit to England, and what hospitality he receives there. Ask the South African how he looks upon the Home Government, which has handed him over to his enemies again. He will probably tell you the story of a certain husband's view of compromise. He was complaining to a friend that he liked to sleep between cotton sheets, but that his wife preferred linen sheets. He found linen sheets cold and disagreeable and they could not agree. "What do you do about it, how do you arrange matters?" asked his friend. "Oh, we compromise," replied the husband; "we use linen sheets." Oh, we'll compromise, says England to her South African colonist, and hands him over to the Boers.

All this is accidentally British but essentially only human—mere marks of the *zoön politikon*. Under the same rhetorical arrangement each land in turn becomes the "land of compromise." They are home truths but without the local color. This is saying nothing against it as a chapter in international impressionism. On the contrary, comparative reflections would have impaired the vivacity. The best way to find new types is to forget the old. After all, dilettantes in the psychology of races do not compete with the hard-headed grubbing specialists. Sizing up a nation in this way is just as interesting as ever. The literary man is a born multiplier. It is easy for him to characterize a country; his imagination has peopled it. Observe the astonishing similarity between the Manchester bottle-maker whom Matthew Arnold found to be perfectly typical of England and the Oneida chain-maker who recently "illuminated" for Mr. Wells "much that had hitherto been dark in the American character." "His ignorance," says Matthew Arnold of this peculiarly British bottle person, "his ignorance of the situation, his ignorance of what makes nations great, his ignorance of what makes life worth living, his ignorance of everything except bottles—those infernal bottles." "Making a new world," says Mr. Wells of the utterly American maker of chains, "was, he thought, a rhetorical flourish about futile and troublesome activities, and politicians merely a disreputable sort of parasite upon honorable people who made chains and plated spoons." International impressionists seldom see a different type of man but they see the same type more vividly. We owe this lively chapter of contrasts less to Mr. Collier's perception of what is characteristically British than to his revived interest in original sin.

The difference which impresses him most strongly as an American is the far greater social and domestic importance of the British male. He recurs many times to the reflection that England is a man's country.

On entering an Englishman's house the first thing one notices is how well his house is adapted to him. . . . On entering an American's house, the first thing one notices is how well he adapts himself to his house. In England, the establishment is carried on with a prime view to the comfort of the man, and this applies to rich and poor alike and to all conditions of society. In America the establishment is carried on with a prime view to the comfort and exigencies of the woman.

And so of Society, which "meekly adapts itself to the man's duties and diversions."

At the risk of vain repetition I may not emphasize too often this pre-eminence of the man in England. We have noted it in other places, but it comes to the fore even here. Society is so patently, even impertinently, for the women in America, that to the American it is with some awe that he sees even social matters dominated by and adjusted to, the convenience and even the whims of the men here.

And with apologies to his own wife and mother, he envies the Englishman's better state, tracing his success as an empire-maker to this domestic hegemony, showing how with woman put down at home, foreign conquests are not difficult. Even the shop-windows blaze brighter with men's articles and the man is the bird of gayer plumage. He has the usual American opinion of the Englishwoman's taste in dress:

Who permits that nice-looking girl to wear a white flannel skirt, a purple jacket, and a fur hat with a bunch of small feathers sticking out of it at right angles? Here is another with an embroidered linen coat, and a bit of ermine fur, and a straw hat with flowers on it!

Another contrast which strikes him freshly is England's inveterate "preference for doing rather than thinking," on which he thinks her superiority thus far rests and which he connects with her indifference to popular education.

We have yet to see an educated race which can survive and hold its place in the world. . . .

Apparently they are not only proud that they do not understand, but also proud that they understand that it is better not to understand. . . . A profound instinct arms them against intelligence, which they recognize as the greatest foe to action.

And he carries this admiration of action to the worship of the phrases that express it:

All penmen envy men of action not only their deeds but their phrases.

Raleigh, Cromwell, Clive, Hastings, Nelson, Roberts, Grant, Lincoln, Lee, and "Stonewall" Jackson have written phrases of memorable prose. "Trust in God and keep your powder dry!" writes Cromwell. "I stand astonished at my own moderation!" says Clive. "We'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!" and "Unconditional surrender!" are phrases of Grant. It would be a mockery of life if the men of deeds and daring did not write better than those who study them.

Which, by the way, illustrates his occasional tendency to chase a half-truth up a tree, these "memorable phrases" having merely so much life as the "deeds and the daring" put into them.

Many matters, very familiar to readers of writings of this class, are nevertheless treated with considerable vigor and freshness. He feels the decent American's humiliation at the contrast afforded by the promptness and efficiency of the English courts. He admires, as is usual, the London policeman, the orderliness of crowds, the fair play, the ungrudging public service rendered without pay, the degree of personal liberty, the high average of ability of men in public life. On one point, however, he takes issue with an opinion that is commonly held:

It is by no means true, as prevalent opinion leads one to believe, that money plays a greater rôle in America than in England. The "almighty dollar" receives no such obsequious homage in its native lair as does the "sovereign" in its own house of worship. Everybody takes tips in England, from the Prime Minister to whom an earldom is given, or the radical who is made a knight, down to the railway porter content with threepence. The typical American boy, described by Mr. Henry James, whose frequently repeated war-cry is, "My dad's all-fired rich!" has many even more vulgar prototypes in England.

Next to England's aspect as a "man's country" his strongest impression is that of a land of success-worship where all's well that sells well, and the weakest go to the wall, where the problem of serving both God and Mammon has been solved; and as his heart is on the side of the big battalions, he has no quarrel with her on that account. He accepts all ideas at their present commercial rating. Success can do no wrong and the best man comes to the top, and what will become of England's greatness, if she pampers her poor? Beware of discouraging thrift. The virtues pay and thus we may know they are virtues; and away with socialistic nostrums. The point of view is not particularly American nor does the criticism reflect the spirit of any of the present British writers who seem to be thinking at all—in Carlyle's day he would have been on the side of the gigman; it is in the spirit, rather, of respectable British contributors to the reviews protesting against something because it seems to them new. In a book so casually compounded it is absurd to expect a pattern in the rags and patches of its thoughts. Thought, after all, he

might say, is a branch of etiquette; give us the deeds without thoughts; find out what souls are worn in the better sort of houses and order one of the same for yourself. It will keep you with the best Society of your day as in lustier times it would have kept you a cannibal. In religion he is a good digestionist, in politics a Darwinian and in philosophy, while I am not learned enough to place him, I know he belongs somewhere in an anti-pragmatist definition of Professor William James. And having a light heart and a half-closed mind and a frank pride in his limitations he is just the man for international impressionism, and has given us as good a bit of it as we have had for several years. With more substance than Max O'Rell, common sense than Professor Münsterberg, vivacity than Mr. Howells, maturity than Kipling, he ranks high among the nation-tasters. In this pleasant but unconscionable pastime there is nothing so untidy as exceptions; nothing will more surely spoil a sentence than thinking twice. It checks the flow of firm conviction if after every telling paragraph you write, "On second thoughts this is not true." Nor is it by any means needful. Readers of international impressionism ought by this time to have the converse of almost every proposition ringing in their ears as they read.

But it is not a book of propositions, and he might well ask with Meredith's politician if we must forever "be tied to first principles." His method is admirably concrete and like other books of its class it owes both its interest and its value to its instances. Mr. Francis's method is quite the reverse. It is too vague for either praise or blame. One sees in it only an effort to be fair and that is not particularly interesting. Such a passage as this fairly cries aloud for instances:

Now, however, after visiting Americans in all parts of their vast territory, I am prepared to undertake the defence of Americans against themselves, and of Americans against the world, and to prove when occasion shall offer that the prevalent notion that America has a double dose of the original sin of materialism is the result of partial observation and mistaken judgment, and is due in large measure to the fallacious theory that a people which has proved itself practical and efficient in handling actualities must needs be devoid of spiritual vision, energy and power.

And so does the comparison:

English literature has metaphors, it has music, it has color, but, compared with American literature, it lacks soul and life.

The matter does not seem new and the manner is not distinctive. Perhaps there were points of difference between him and other good men, but he thought it his duty to suppress them. Perhaps in smothering his prejudice, he killed the goose that lays the golden eggs of international

impressionism. No American reviewer will lay hands on so friendly a book save in the way of kindness, but the hands of most readers will not be laid on it long.

Frank Moore Colby.

AN OLD-WORLD TOWN¹

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

ONE of the most certain and gratifying signs of accomplishment nowadays is that our childhood memories begin to have a value for others. A commercial value for the world at large, that is, not merely the sentimental value which they have for us and for those who are near to us. In the midst of a busy life, in the strenuous fight for better conditions in his adopted home, Mr. Riis turns aside to let us linger with him in pleasing memories of his childhood in an old-world town. Possibly because Mr. Riis so frankly acknowledges his allegiance to his new home, the recollections of the home he has left forever seem to hold him in a thrall of sentiment. He sees it all through a soft rose-gray haze, and would have us enjoy it with him. He chats so pleasantly about it all, that the following him in the looking backward is not at all an irksome task. The boy who has left the Old Town so long ago has managed to make us feel the charm of the peace that broods over its gray walls, the peace of enduring rest, of a slow sleeping away after a hoary past of honorable memories. Just as it is doubtless in these recollections of his childhood and early youth in the Old Town that Mr. Riis finds repose and renewed strength for his strenuous life of here and now—just so it will not harm any of us to turn aside with him, and wander idly through the past in the streets of Ribe.

The old Danish town of Ribe, a few miles inward over low meadows from the treacherous fierce North Sea, is now sleeping an undisturbed sleep off the main-travelled roads of modern life. A generation is as a month in its unchanged repose. The boy who left it in youth comes back, honored in his old home and in the new, to find but little change in the town of his birth. Familiar faces missing, fresh graves in the old churchyard, but the face of the town the same, as it has been for generations. And the thought of it, in the thoughts of its people, unchanged also. This immovability is not without its influence. For the Dane who in his new home works shoulder to shoulder with American citizens of German birth, toiling together in harmony for their ideals, is,

¹*The Old Town.* By Jacob A. Riis. New York: The Macmillan Company.

when he returns to the Old Town, as fierce in his hatred of the hereditary foe across the near border as any home-staying fellow-countryman. Ribe is so near the disputed territory, and opinions move slow in Ribe.

But Ribe was not always the quiet little old town it is now, dreaming away the hours and years. A low green hill to the westward once held Riberhus, a castle stronghold of the past, the home of king and queens. Even then, these kings looked out from its turrets, watching for the enemy from the south. Ships sailed past its walls, right up to the wharves of the town, then a commercial centre of importance. And amid memories of stress and storm, of noise of battles, is one of sweetness and beauty. For here lived Waldemar, most famous of early Danish kings, with his first love, the fair Queen Dagmar, whom all the people loved with him. Of Dagmar it is told, that for her "morning gift" from her new wed lord, she asked neither gold nor lands, but only that the plough tax which oppressed the husbandman be repealed, and that the peasants who had been imprisoned for rising against it be set free. Little wonder that Ribe, with all of Denmark, guards lovingly and proudly the memory of this sweet young Queen, whose happy life was all too short. But Riberhus holds darker memories, memories of evil and sorrow brought into Denmark by Waldemar's beautiful but wicked second wife Bengerd; memories of many a hard-won fight against pagan tribes hard pressing,—memories also of the reign of the proud and powerful priests in its Cloister and Cathedral, whose might arose as that of the kings weakened and Riberhus crumbled into dust.

They were good business men too, these priests, for as, in its turn, their power began to weaken, they held fast to their privilege of distilling and selling liquors as to a branch of their profession too valuable to lose. And so the old times and the new, the hoary past, and the generation just gone to rest, change and turn about in Mr. Riis's charming book of recollections. When chatting most delightfully of the past, he is most keenly alive to the present. In touching on the laws of long past in old Ribe, he tells that the symbol of justice was:

An iron hand over the town gate which, tradition said, warned any who might be disposed to buy up grain and food stuffs for their own gain, that for "cornering" the means of living, in Ribe a man had his right hand cut off. Good that the hand was never nailed on Trinity Church or on the Chicago Board of Trade, else what a one-handed lot of men we should have there and in Wall Street.

Another delightful story of financial ethics in the Old Town is the following:

A friend who, like myself, had long been in foreign parts, once told me that he believed the Danes had no business capacity, at least the Danes who stayed at home, because he found them charging the big summer hotel a cent more for milk than they exacted from the poor fishermen on the shore. And when he asked why, he was told that "the hotel took so much more and it was more trouble." But in the first place that was true: and further, I think it was their inborn sense of fairness plus their stubborn democracy that was breaking out there. The smaller folk were to be protected against the wealthier neighbor. A people without business capacity would never have thought of the expedient the Old Town hit upon in a dispute with the local gas company. The sidewalks are narrow and the nights very dark. The gas company refused to give in and the town refused to burn gas until it did, consequently, all parties to the quarrel being Jutlanders, there was no telling when the dispute would be settled, if ever. Therefore the council ordered the lamppost painted white to avoid collision and suits for damages. If that is not business sense what is it?

There is much humor, much fine observation, and occasional bits of delicate pathos in this chatty book of recollections. And the many illustrations by W. T. Benda fit in well with the text and enhance its charm. Mr. Riis has paid his debt to his old home well by this sincere tribute.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

SYMONS'S "ROMANTIC MOVEMENT IN ENGLISH POETRY"

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

THE absorption of English literature into a single form becomes almost symbolical in the figure of Mr. Arthur Symons. A master of the art of verse, the contributor to English poetry of a new and vital method, he has seen the careless years slip by him, and has been forced, for both fame and bread, to write volume after volume of prose. "Having long given up hoping to find appreciation," to use his own words, for his lyric and philosophic verse, he turned to the poetic drama and wrote a *Tristan and Iseult* and *The Harvesters*. The latter was accepted in the summer of 1907 by Miss Julia Marlowe, and he was greatly heartened by this success. But it seems to have proved illusory, and bravely he went on writing prose: musical criticism for the *Saturday*

The Romantic Movement in English Poetry. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Review, "partly," as he himself said with a touch of unconscious pathos, "because I am fond of music, but more because it brings me in a little money." Meanwhile volume after volume of irrelevant and conventional verse has been hoisted upon the critical shield and Mr. Symons has labored at *The Romantic Movement in English Poetry* under circumstances sufficiently tragic.

I

At first sight the volume seems either incompetent or else an instance of mere will-worship. No other writer has ever undertaken to compose formal literary history after this fashion. A series of discontinuous essays, half-biographical, half-critical—this, it will be said, is not history. It is not. But perhaps it is something more significant: an expression, namely, in terms of literary history, of that individual view of life to which Mr. Symons has held in verse and prose, steadily and all but unnoticed, for many years.

Mr. Symons is an extreme individualist. Energy and valor, whether in action or in passion, are the qualities that he prizes. Life is transitory and the soul of each man eternally alone. Hence the individual "if he have any valiancy within" should rise, if necessary, though in quite another sense than Nietzsche's, beyond good and evil, and should live for the achievement of a self-expression, vivid and complete. Mr. Symons has phrased this point of view repeatedly; long ago in the "Credo" of *London Nights*, more recently in his "Hymn to Energy."

God makes things evil and things good: He makes
Evil and good with an unchoosing care,
Nor sets a brighter jewel in the air
Than on the brodered liveries of his snakes.
Man, make thy world thine own creation; strive,
Color the sky, and the earth under thee,
Because thou art alive;
Be glad, for thou hast nothing but to be.

"To be," to be one's self, whether in art or life—that, according to Mr. Symons, is the highest good. He has no patience with a fugitive and cloistered virtue, or, in his own phrasing in the present volume, "the ignominy of wings that droop and are contented in the dust." Hence he scourges the "inactive virtue" of Coleridge and the "contemptible" moderation of Southey. Hence, finally and inevitably, he cares in literature and art only for the work of the individual artist, the work stand-

ing to him wholly for the artist's measure of valor and energy in that battle for self-realization which is life.

It will now be clear why Mr. Symons deals with the poets who contributed to the romantic movement one by one, and obvious that the arrangement of his present volume is not only conscious but even militant. "No great poet," he exclaims, "ever owed any essential part of his genius to his age." It follows that the conventional historian of literature, in his studies of taste, influence or environment, aims after a hundred subsidiary objects and misses his true one, pursues the amusing trifles of the social historian and fails in the essentials of his professed task. In other words, Mr. Symons desires what seems to him the rigor of the game. The poet and his work are to be viewed under the aspect of eternity alone; enduring values are to be sought for and poetry to be considered in its essence, apart from the accidents of the age in which it came into being.

II

It is surely not difficult, aside from Mr. Symons's individual philosophy, to understand the nature and quality of this protest. How much of contemporary literary history and literary study wholly lose sight of the fact that the poem or the novel or the play is the thing! How many students become enmeshed in the fragile webs of textual and comparative criticism! How many men turn to the professional study of literature to whom the diviner harmonies of verse must always be silent! Science is still too insistently with us, persuading us that the law, the process, is everything and the individual phenomenon nothing, whereas, in art, the individual phenomenon alone has ultimate significance. Unrelated, mysterious, beautiful, it stands forever above the perishable theories and ingenuities of man.

So far Mr. Symons's attitude is irreproachable. This, unquestionably, is the point of view on which, at present, the firmest stress should be laid. But in the very act of rebelling against academic methods Mr. Symons pays them an uneasy tribute. For he has not given us a volume of studies on the great poets of the romantic movement, but upon all its poets. And to what purpose, one may ask, if the temper of an age, the filling in of details in an historical picture matters nothing? Are the eternal values of poetry, its essentials disengaged from the dross of time, to be studied in the works of Beattie and Hannah More, Gifford and Joanna Baillie, of Kirke White and John Hamilton Reynolds?

The truth is that Mr. Symons has felt profoundly and correctly but has not reasoned enough. Hence he overstates his case. The danger of conventional scholarship is not that it concerns itself with history, but that it is not always properly aware of the humbleness of its task and that it too often mistakes the backwaters of bibliography for the springs of Helicon. The minor figures of any literature or period have no interest save an historic or relative one. Abandon that, and you have nothing to say of them, as Mr. Symons has nothing to say, except when, as in the case of Bowles, he repeats, legitimately but in flat contradiction of his own theory, the text-book commonplace of that mild versifier's influence on Coleridge. Similarly in the essay on Moore he analyzes acutely the pinchbeck elements in the public taste of 1807, and by the academic and comparative method brings out the subtle insincerity that lurks even in the metrical structure of Moore's verse. But this, once more, is not disengaging the essentials, or dwelling on the eternal values of poetry. It is ordinary historical criticism, robbed of half its validity by the structure of the book.

Of this contradiction in his work Mr. Symons is not quite unconscious. He tries to reduce its force by emphasizing the imaginative atmosphere that surrounded the romantic movement, by asserting that that movement "added strangeness to beauty," and "wasted surprisingly little of the substance of poetry." This is true, but true, after all, of only the five or six greatest men of the time. Upon such a plea the minor poets are still left to the oblivion from which nothing, in truth, can rescue them but that historic method which Mr. Symons in theory, though not in practice, rejects. And yet the book is instructive through these very contradictions and structural defects. For it proclaims by them, the truth—never more needful to repeat than to-day—that the spirit grappling with the eternal problems of great art outshines, in the end, the most illuminated scholarship, that Arnold, for instance, is a more vital force than Mr. George Saintsbury, and that even an irresponsible impressionist of genius, like M. Jules Lemaître, surpasses in meaning the scientific and—one may fearlessly assert—unphilosophic theories of a Brunetière.

III

It is, then, as a volume of essays upon the greater poets of the early nineteenth century that *The Romantic Movement in English Poetry* has positive value. And Mr. Symons is well equipped to interpret the works of these men at once subtly and vigorously. His personal preoc-

cupations as a poet, too, enable him to set certain matters in a new and more excellent light.

He is especially valuable on the subject, wherever he meets it, of poetic diction. Here he has reflected closely and experimented with the ardor of a great technician. Having achieved in his own verse a blending of simplicity and poignancy of impassioned speech akin to Heine's, he is naturally alert for signs of any effort in that direction. Thus he praises Crabbe for verses that approach "the cadence of natural conversation," and notes Byron's discovery in *Don Juan* that poetry "can be written not only with the words we use in talking, but in exactly the same order and construction." Mr. Symons's own ideal of poetic diction is phrased here: to make the simplest words in the simplest order nobly poetical and trenchantly true. But not his ideal alone but also, what is most notable, Wordsworth's. And this coincidence of aim enables Mr. Symons to announce—with more security than any other critic—the truth that Wordsworth was no babbler visited by an occasional inspiration, but that that great poet failed oftener than others because he aimed higher. He was, as Mr. Symons rightly says, "the advocate of a more than usually lofty order of poetry." He discarded, at the outset of his career, all the graces by which the mass of poets shine. Voluntarily he denied himself the clang and glitter of even his romantic contemporaries. Hence when he failed, he prosed; but when he succeeded, his work has the bare, high pathos, the naked strength of life itself.

Upon other poets Mr. Symons has sayings only less notable than upon Wordsworth. His characterization of Byron goes deep.

Byron has power without wisdom, power which is sanity, and human at heart, but without that vision which is wisdom. His passion is without joy, the resurrection, or that sorrow deeper than any known happiness, which is the death by which we attain life.

Or, better still:

It is for life that Byron cries out, the naked contact of humanity, as the only warmth in the world.

Is not that very nearly the last word upon Byron, who, in his heart, believed in the hell of conventional theology, quivered at the thought of his own defiant sins, but to whom the skies never showed their serenity nor the mountains that austere kindness which consoles beyond the touch or speech of man?

Criticism of this kind is, of course, interpretative only. It does not tell the whole story to those who still believe the judicial to be at least one of the critic's vital functions. But when written by a thinker and stylist like Mr. Symons, a man so versed in the most intimate aspects of life and art, it has an awakening quality not easily to be overestimated. Above all, Mr. Symons has not only read. He has lived, and that fact tells. It enables him, for instance, to be the first critic who can say a right and, in the highest sense, a decent and intelligent word on Keats and those unhappy letters to Fanny Brawne for which even Arnold had only a few phrases of blind contempt.

As a prose stylist, despite many happy and trenchant phrases, Mr. Symons has but the use of his left hand. He has never, in his prose, quite escaped the insidious influence of Pater, to whom he dedicated his earliest verses. But this matters little, since, before any ultimate tribunal, *The Romantic Movement in English Poetry* and all the other volumes of Mr. Symons's prose will be seen to derive their chief significance from the fact that they were written by the poet of *London Nights* and *Amoris Victima, Images of Good and Evil* and *The Loom of Dreams*.

Ludwig Lewisohn.

SONNET

BY MURIEL RICE

As one who, standing in a field of grain,
 Cares not at all whatever side it sway,
 So at the tired close of the long day,
 I cannot care even to see again
 Thy face; and not the quickening of a pain,
 No happy grief for hours passed away,
 Unites me to those wistful thoughts that play
 And die upon the distance like a strain.

I keep the show of sadness,—that is all,—
 Start into tears that have no care to fall,
 Catch tight my hands and laugh and set them free;
 And 'tis not for thy sake I care, or mine,
 But only that a thing so all divine,—
 So exquisite a thing,—should cease to be.

Muriel Rice.

The Forum

DECEMBER, 1909

NOMINATION REFORM IN AMERICA

BY CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF

NOMINATION reform is peculiarly, yes, one may say exclusively, an American problem. In England the candidate is nominated by the simplest sort of petition signed by at least ten qualified voters in the district and filed with the Town Clerk seven days before the election. The official ballot is prepared on the basis of these petitions, the validity and regularity of which are passed upon by the Mayor. In France a candidate for the national Chamber of Deputies merely has to declare his candidacy. So far as municipal councillors are concerned, there is no statutory provision for nominations. According to Professor Munro, of Harvard, in the months preceding a municipal election, the several political organizations reach decisions as to their candidates, and on the eve of polling, the contest narrows itself down to rival candidates or slates; but the law lends no inspiration or encouragement to this practice, as it proceeds upon the theory that the voter shall nominate and elect at one and the same time. "The whole spirit of French legislation," to quote Dr. Munro, "relating to election campaigns, is in the direction of freedom of action on the part of voters and candidates alike." The ballots are made up by the voters, or by the candidates, or their friends.

In Germany candidates have no means of bringing their candidacy to official notice. There are no legal provisions for candidacy by nomination papers, or indeed for any manner of authoritative announcement, and no nominations are received by any election officer, and there is no official or unofficial ballot, prepared for election day, as the elector must vote orally in the presence of the election officers.

The simple practices of Great Britain, France and Germany are possible because of a single but highly significant fact: the small number of offices filled by popular election. In all three countries only the members of the national Parliaments and the councillors of the city

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governments are elected by popular suffrage. All other officials are chosen by other methods, the details of which it is not necessary to recount in this connection.

In America we proceed upon an entirely different basis; we elect by popular vote every conceivable officer from President down to ward constable, and in some places precinct election officers. As I pointed out some years ago, in a clumsily entitled article "Too Many Elections: Too Many Elected Officers," the American electorate is overburdened with political duties, and the strength and power of party organization is due to this condition of affairs. Indeed, it makes the maintenance of party organization necessary and inevitable. As Attorney-General Bonaparte pointed out in a discussion at the Providence meeting of the National Municipal League:

Now, there is a very important matter which must be borne in mind when we discuss this question of the selection by the people of men who shall be really their servants, who shall be really their choice; and that is the extreme difficulty of the people's knowing anything about the men who are willing to serve them. There were ninety-two names on the ballot that I had to vote at the last election. I had to mark twenty-three of them. I was acquainted personally with perhaps a half a dozen—I doubt if it was that many—of those ninety-two names. I knew something about perhaps eight or ten—that is to say, I had heard incidentally something or other about perhaps three or four more of those than I knew personally—but certainly eighty out of the ninety-two were total strangers to me, about whom I knew nothing, and the only thing, absolutely the only thing that enabled me to mark that ballot, was this very party designation to which the gentlemen have referred. I was able to mark these men who had "Republican" after their names [laughter], and if they had not had "Republican" after their names they might just as well have been inhabitants of Oklahoma or of elsewhere as of Maryland for any opportunity which I had to exercise my right of choosing my representatives. It is true it was not a municipal election, but was a State election, but they were the men who were to govern the State under whose laws I must live, and I was supposed, in common with all the other electors of the State, to choose who those men should be. But as a matter of fact I could not take the time to run around and get characters as to these ninety-two candidates, and I think a merely infinitesimal portion of the electors could possibly do that; and the intervention of the political parties is justified simply on the ground of necessity, in the fact that they are a very imperfect and undesirable machinery for obtaining some information on a subject as to which otherwise you would not have any information at all. Of course, you can perfectly well see that when you are living in a small community like a New England town, and when you have merely to select a few local officers among people, all of whom know each other and have the benefit of all the gossip and scandal that there is about everybody [laughter], from babyhood up, why naturally you are able there to exercise a real choice. In the system of government which you have here the intervention of the people amounts almost to a selection between two or three candidates or sets of candidates who are placed before them from the outside.

In this situation, then, we find the cornerstone of the party system in America, and no small part of the superstructure and the profitable opportunity of the shrewd politician, which he has not been slow to seize.

Party labels having so much value and significance, and the artful politician making such powerful use of them for his own ends, the question of determining who should bear them has become a dominating one in American politics. And the demand for direct nominations is the natural fruit of the awakening consciousness of the American voter to the fact that his part in politics consisted in choosing between two or more lists of candidates set up, sometimes by rival politicians, oftentimes by the same group of men operating under two or more party banners, and in the selection of which, nine times out of ten, he had no say, or real opportunity of saying anything.

The convention was the approved means of the politician to effect his ends. Composed of men unknown to the public and of no further responsibility to those who elected them, but personally known and responsible to the politicians, the convention carried out the will and wishes of its masters and went out of existence unhonored and unsung.

In theory the party convention, like the electoral college, was admirable. Composed of representative men really reflecting the highest aspirations of their constituents, its deliberations concerning candidates would be worthy of the support of their fellow-partisans, on the basis of merit; but the opportunities for manipulation were too obvious and the convention soon became, first in the more populous centres and then practically everywhere, what we now know it to be, the automaton of skilful manipulators.

The convention failing of its purpose, what was the remedy? The South, where a Democratic party nomination for years had been equivalent to an election, felt the need first, or rather felt it more keenly, sooner than the North. It began, starting in South Carolina, to use on a general scale the direct primary, which had been experimentally tried in various places, in one form or another, and notably in Crawford County, Pennsylvania.

The direct primary movement has grown with great rapidity since 1890, the date of its first use in South Carolina. Generally speaking, "the direct primary" involves the following principles: Provision for the conduct of the nominating or preliminary election as distinguished from the general or final election under the supervision of the State and at the expense of the State; the use of the Australian ballot as the model for the form of ballot, including the arrangement of the names of candidates in alphabetical order; the nomination election held by the same officers

as conduct the general election, at the same places and under the same general regulations; and the qualifications and voting conducted along the same lines as at the general election, with the returns declared in the same way and the names of those receiving the highest number of votes as representatives of each party respectively for each office for which a nomination is to be made certified for printing on the official ballot to be used at the general election.

In short, as Horace E. Deming declared before the National Municipal League:

The right of any one to have his name as a candidate for public elective municipal office on the official election day ballot at the general municipal election should depend:

1. Upon the fact that the political policy he represents has secured a sufficient popular support to entitle it to contest with competing policies to control the conduct of the government;

2. Upon the fact that among those competing with him for the right to represent this policy as a candidate for public office, he has secured a stronger popular support than any of his competitors.

This would, as it should, make the considerable popular support of a given public policy appropriate to the conduct of the office a condition of such policy having a representative in the final election-day contest; and it would also, as it should, grant the right of representing such policy to the man who had demonstrated that he could poll the heaviest vote as its avowed adherent.

The nominating election should be the place for the determination of the question of men; and the general election for the determination of the question of policies.

The direct primary, it must constantly be borne in mind, is "an opportunity, not a cure." It does not reduce the number of elective offices, but it will have a constantly increasing influence to that end, because it will serve to keep before the voter the magnitude of the political burden unnecessarily loaded upon his shoulders.

The sample official ballot printed in the California primary law of 1909 contained the names of sixteen state officials (including the attorney-general, the surveyor-general, the superintendent of state printing, the superintendent of instruction, the clerk of the Supreme court); and thirteen county officials in addition to the congressional and state legislative places to be filled, an expression of preference for United States Senator, and justice of peace; but not including city offices. If but two candidates were to contest for each place on the Republican ticket, the total would nevertheless amount to ninety-eight. At the August, 1908, primaries in Chicago, there were 172 names on the Republican ballot and 215 on the Democratic ballot.

Under these circumstances the assistance of voters' leagues, bar associations (as to candidates for the judiciary) and party organizations continues a necessity, for it is not within the possibilities of the case that the mass of voters can inform themselves fully concerning candidates. At the general election the average elector is guided by the endorsement or label or nomination; but at the nominating election he has no such blanket assistance, and the necessity for more careful discrimination will lead him to ask, "Why should I be compelled to choose a multitude of administrative officials? Why cannot some more effective way for selecting them be devised?"

The direct primary, which is practically the only immediate remedy suggested for the undeniable and I think generally conceded evils of the convention system, has been bitterly opposed, not only by the politicians, whose nomination monopoly has been undermined and in many instances destroyed, but by the theorist, who still regards the ideal of the convention as feasible, by the natural opponents on principle of the growth of democracy, and by some well-meaning but momentarily blinded believers in the right of the people to rule.

Nomination reform in the form of the direct primary is objected to: because it does not put the "organization" or the "machine" out of business; because it makes it virtually impossible for any one "excepting moneyed men or demagogues to be elected to office"; because it facilitates Democratic voting to make Republican candidates and Republicans helping to choose Democratic candidates; because it results in the election of a Democratic United States Senator in a Republican State; because in nine times out of ten there is no issue, no platform, "not one step forward is taken in educating the people in the issues which confront them"; because it unnecessarily imposes two elections and two campaigns upon the taxpayers and upon the candidates or their friends; because in nine times out of ten there is no issue, no platform, "not one government; because the party, as such, has no voice in selecting its candidates; because the ballot is so long; because it takes so long to vote the ticket; because certain candidates unfairly profit by the alphabetical arrangement; because "it takes too blamed long to get returns"—but as the one offering this last objection was frank enough to say: "Under the old caucus one knew in a few minutes after it was over just what had been done, and in most cases one was able to tell with reasonable accuracy just what was going to be done before the caucus was held."

Practically all the objections that have been urged against the direct primary are objections which can, with equal force and effect, be urged against the convention system. The new system, when fairly tried, tends

to diminish rather than increase them. Those who speak of direct primaries making two elections instead of one overlook the fact that all delegates to conventions have heretofore been elected at primaries in form at least, and that therefore there were two elections under that system, as well as under the new one. It is true that under the convention system the primary elections were held under the auspices of the party and the State was under no expense, but the argument in favor of the State bearing the expense of and conducting the primary election rests upon as solid ground as the contention that the general election ballots should be prepared and distributed under public supervision and at public expense rather than by the parties.

The arguments advanced under this head are precisely the same as were urged against the Australian ballot system when it was introduced some years ago. It is now generally conceded, I believe, except by a very small and diminishing group of men, that the preparation and distribution of the ballots at the general election is a proper function and expense of the State. The fact that the old line politicians have fought this particular provision so strongly is an indication that it destroys a part of their privilege and monopoly. On principle it seems to me that there ought to be no question that all that relates to the making of nominations and the conduct of elections (the nominations being a necessary precedent to the election) should be carried on under State supervision and the expense borne by the State.

As to the objection on the ground of the length of the ballot, that is due to the great number of elective offices that voters are called upon to fill. The trouble lies not with the direct primary, but with the American custom of multiplying the number of officers to be chosen by election. One of the main arguments of Speaker Shurtleff of Illinois in opposing the Illinois direct primary law (recently declared by the Supreme Court of the State to be unconstitutional) was that "it would not be possible for intelligent men to vote as they wished because the ballot would be three feet long"; but as a leading "down state" paper pointed out, the sample ballots then being distributed showed the utter absurdity of Shurtleff's argument. "True the Republican primary ballot is 'a yard long,'" it declared, "but it is by all odds the simplest ballot that Aurora voters have ever been given. All one has to do is to run his eye down the list and mark a cross in the square in front of the name of the man for whom he wishes to vote. The ballot given the voter at the general election in November with its multitude of names of men in every party is like a problem in quadratic equations as compared to the primary ballot."

We need a short ballot, as Richard S. Childs has so graphically pointed out in a recent pamphlet, and the conviction is growing among thoughtful observers and students that the adoption of the direct primary will hasten the greatly needed shortening of our ballot so that it will contain the names only of those whose duties "involve the determination or expression of a public policy."

The Australian ballot, which for years has been in use in Massachusetts, provides for the alphabetical arrangement of names under the head of each office, and we know that that ballot has not prevented the election of the candidates desired by a majority of the voters of the State. Richard Henry Dana in an address on "The Australian Ballot System in Massachusetts" before the National Municipal League testified:

As to the claim that the one whose surname begins with A has an advantage over the one whose surname begins with W in the same group on the ballot, there is just a slight basis of fact for this contention. In some minor offices, over which there has been no contest, particularly where four or five vacancies of the same kind and in the same group are to be filled, such as members of school committees, assessors of taxes, and the like, and especially where the candidates have been nominated on non-partisan or citizens' tickets, an initial letter early in the alphabet has been a decided advantage. But even in these minor offices this has not been true where there has been a public contest, as has been proven over and over again.

In the more important state offices, in recent years, it has almost always been the fact that the person elected has been low down alphabetically in the group. For example, the name of Governor Douglass, elected by such a large majority in 1904, in the face of the overwhelming Republican vote for President, was last in the group of candidates for governor. Mr. Curtis Guild, Jr., who was elected Republican, notwithstanding this state landslide toward Democracy, stood next to the last in his group, and just after the Democratic candidate whom he defeated. Mr. Olin, elected secretary of the commonwealth, stood last in his group. Mr. Turner, Republican candidate, elected for auditor, stood last in his, and Mr. Herbert Parker, elected attorney-general by a large vote for that office, stood third on his, following the Democratic candidate, all those elected receiving unusually large votes, as already stated. So, in 1905, Mr. Curtis Guild, Jr., elected governor, stood fourth. Mr. Eben S. Draper stood third in his group, while Mr. Henry M. Whitney, who got an unusually large vote for a Democrat, stood fifth in the same group, and the Republican candidates elected for auditor and attorney-general were the last and the next to the last, respectively, in their groups.

In the last municipal election in Boston for which we have statistics (1904), neither with the aldermen nor with the members of the common council was the size of the vote in the alphabetical order of those elected. The thirteen aldermen were elected at large, out of a group of forty-five names, but the man at the very end of this long group had the largest vote. Members of the common council are elected, three in each of the twenty-five wards. There were fifteen wards in 1904

in which the size of the vote of those elected was not according to the alphabetical order, and only ten in which it was. In several wards, the first were last and the last first.

This is convincing testimony. If further corroboration were needed, it could be produced in abundance. I will cite but one more instance—that of Philadelphia in February, 1907, at the time of the inauguration of the new primary law. The successful Republican mayoralty candidate's name began with an "R" and he was about two-thirds the way down. The name of his nearest competitor began with a "W." On the City Party and the Democratic tickets, the names of the successful mayoralty nominees began with "P."

The objection that in the large precincts, on account of the fact that it takes so long to vote, voters get tired of waiting for their turn and go home without casting their ballot is almost a trivial one. The remedy for this difficulty is extremely simple. Make more booths and shorten the ballot.

So much for what may be termed the mechanical objections. As to the averment that the new system gives opportunity for all sorts of manipulation by members of one party casting their votes for a nominee to be placed upon the ticket of the other, thus inviting the nomination of weak candidates for the express purpose of overthrowing them, experience has not shown this to be well founded. There have been instances where this has been done, but subsequent developments showed that the people actually wanted the weaker candidate.

The notorious "Doc" Ames of Minneapolis was nominated under a direct primary and under just such a manipulation; but the fact that he was later elected at the November election by a very large majority indicated that the voters of Minneapolis wanted him. I do not know of any law by which a self-governing community can be saved from itself. It must bear the brunt of the exercise of its judgment. If it wants men of the Ames type it must be permitted to have them and learn by bitter experience how unwise its choice is. *There are people, and good people, too, who seem to think that direct nominations mean inevitably good nominations. They mean nothing of the kind.* They simply mean that the people have a right to express their views directly. If they don't know any better than to choose badly the system won't save them.

One of the encouraging features of the discussion of the Ames episode is to be found in the editorial of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* which said with great force and entire truthfulness—"There is no doubt that he (Ames) did receive a large number of Democratic votes, but there is no reason to believe he would not have received the Republican nomination.

Furthermore what Democratic votes he received were *bona fide*, the returns of the final election indicating that he held all the Democratic votes he had received at the primaries. Now, if this means anything, it means that the citizens of both parties wanted him for mayor. It was an unwise choice, as every well-posted voter knew at the time, but it was nevertheless the choice of the people of Minneapolis, and certainly that can hardly be called popular government which would deny to such an overwhelming majority as voted for Ames at the primaries and at the election the right to have the candidate and mayor it desired."

It is frequently asserted that where one party is in an overwhelming majority it can dictate the minority nominations. This is measurably true in some places, but it is not likely to continue so, inasmuch as such a policy inevitably reacts on those responsible for it. In Philadelphia in February, 1909, the dominant party nominated one of its men on the independent party's ticket by a successful diversion of its vote and invasion of the other party's camp. The Independents changed their party name and nominated their men under it, and they had a campaign issue ready made for them, and at the succeeding primary election the Republicans had all they could do to nominate their own candidates on their own ticket to attempt any outside job.

The allegation that primary election contests engender so much feeling within the party that it enters a campaign greatly handicapped merits careful consideration. The *Nashville American* has put the case, so far as this point is concerned, in this wise:

A few more state primaries, and Tennessee will land in the Republican column. Nothing is more conducive to party dissension, antagonism and disruption than primary elections. Tennessee has had two state primaries, one for senator and one for governor, and they were both fair in ascertaining the popular will. But each left scars, and each weakened the party loyalty of many voters. The primary plan, if persisted in, will destroy all effective party organization. It means a campaign for the nomination and another campaign for election, with increased opposition. County primaries where one party is in an overwhelming majority may do well enough, but even then they serve to reduce the vote in the regular election, which is a bad result. The primary has been tried in congressional districts in the State, and in every instance the party has suffered. The convention plan is unpopular. There ought to be some other method of making nominations. The *American* has favored the election of delegates from districts to county conventions, the counties to send delegates to the congressional and state conventions, something after the plan of the primary for governor, but even that primary seems to have been an injury to the party, though it was as fair as could be. No matter what anybody has advocated or opposed, the primary system is prolific of trouble.

The editor frankly confesses that even the system he favors is likely

to be prolific of soreness and, therefore, an injury to the party at the later election. Such a condition is likely to occur under any system, and after all if the people of a community do not want a man, he ought not to be forced upon them *nolens volens*.

Shortly after the defeat of David P. Jones for re-election as mayor of Minneapolis, in 1906, there was considerable hue and cry against the system. The editor of a leading paper wrote at the time that his paper had taken the position that the primary law in its present form in Minnesota was not satisfactory; that it had not produced as good results as were anticipated and that, if possible, it ought to be revised. "At the same time," he continued, "we have not settled upon any plan by which the defects of the law may be corrected. We find by experience that the primary campaign develops so much friction among members of the same party that the hostility engendered toward the successful candidate among those of his own party is so intense, that it cannot be allayed and the opposition mustered in support of the successful candidate. Ordinarily party support for a candidate is not a matter which concerns us materially in municipal elections, but there are times when party support is important. For instance, in our late municipal campaign there were two candidates for the Republican nomination—one of them Mayor Jones, who put on the "lid," stood for Sunday closing in his campaign, for the abolition of public gambling and other reforms for the promotion of the public morals. He was opposed within his own party by a man who declined to commit himself to anything in particular, but who was understood to be the candidate of the brewing interest.

Mayor Jones was successful in the primary by about 800 votes, but when it came to the regular election it does not appear that any of the Republicans who voted for the other Republican candidate in the primary voted for Jones. They were so thoroughly committed against him in the primary campaign that it was impossible to get them into line again. They seemed to have gone over bodily to the opposition, and Jones was defeated by 3,500 votes in the regular election. The candidate opposed to him on the Democratic ticket in the first campaign speech also declared for the "lid" and his intention to keep the saloons closed on Sunday, although his policy during a previous administration had been very loose as to public vices. If we had had a convention, Jones would have been nominated and nominated without the bitterness of feeling which was aroused in a long primary campaign. The delegates would have been pledged to his support by their participation in the convention and practically a full party strength would have been voted for him, and he would have been elected.

To this the reply was sent—

Of course one cannot judge of your local conditions at this distance, but it would seem as if the people of Minneapolis wanted a wide-open town, and if they

did I am enough of a Democrat to believe that they should have what they want, even though they may be mistaken in their desire and ambitions. You speak of the Republicans who voted against Mayor Jones in the primary as voting against him at the general election. It is to be presumed from what you write that they did this because they disapproved of his policy. If they sincerely disapproved of his policy, would they not be stultifying themselves if they voted for him simply because he bore a particular partisan badge?

You will understand, of course, that personally I am a great friend and believer in Mayor Jones, but my point is that in the last analysis the will of the people should prevail even though temporary disappointment and embarrassment may result. In short, I do not believe that there is any philosopher's stone of a constitution or of a statute as Governor Russell put up some years ago that will effectually save a people from themselves.

This editor's position, although honorably and honestly taken, was a mistaken one. The cause of democratic government suffered not at all, or at most only a temporary check, through Jones's defeat, whereas it would be checked and seriously hampered if the direct primary laws were curtailed.

The charge that the direct primary facilitates the election of the rich man and "renders it impossible for any except the rich man or the demagogue to be elected" cannot be seriously taken even though urged by men of such high standing in party counsels as former Secretary Leslie M. Shaw. The latter part of the objection contradicts the former. Under the direct primary there has been sufficient experience to furnish convincing replies to the contrary. Certainly neither Chamberlain of Oregon, Gore of Oklahoma, Jones of Washington, or Bristow of Kansas, can be classified as rich men nor as demagogues, even though one may not agree with their views. Those who urge this objection cite the case of Senator Stephenson of Wisconsin, but the point loses its force when we recall the scandal in connection with the election of W. A. Clark of Montana under the old plan. Any system will afford opportunities for chicanery and corruption. The question is which affords the most resistance to such practices, the old indirect methods or the modern direct primary?

The new system, while unquestionably breaking down the monopolies and special prerogatives of nominations so long held by political parties through their control of conventions, will not offset the effect of organization. In fact, I know of no political panacea that will. The direct primary is an opportunity, not a reform, as has already been pointed out. In the language of the *New York World*—

If a large proportion of the voters remain apathetic to their civic duties, if they do not take the trouble to vote for worthy party candidates at the party primaries, direct nominations by popular vote will end in conditions neither bet-

ter nor worse than nominations by old-style conventions. The professional politicians, who are always alert and always alive to their own interests, will determine the issue among themselves. The direct primary election is merely an opportunity—nothing more or less—and not a reform. As a means to an end it may help toward better government, but only as the people see fit to avail themselves of it.

As to direct nominations producing little men, one is not at all sure that the facts will bear this contention out. The old system has certainly produced its quota of little men, or of big men, susceptible to manipulation and control. The line of progress lies in perfecting and simplifying the machinery of nomination and election, and of protecting it against corruption and fraud, and then of educating the people in the exercise of the franchise. So far in the Western cities and States, where direct nominations have been in operation for some considerable time, the results have, on the whole, been very satisfactory, and a very much higher grade of men, and men much more responsive to sound public sentiment have been chosen.

Is there any real difference in the matter of tooting and self-advertising between the old and the new? In the one case, it is a direct appeal; in the other it is an indirect appeal by a party committee or a group of citizens. So far as my own observation goes, there has been no difference whatever. Personally, I must confess I rather like the English system, in which the candidate makes his appeal without equivocation to those whom he is to represent. Edward Porritt, in an article in the August, 1908, *Atlantic*, described the simplicity with which each election is conducted in England, and described how directly responsible representatives are to the electors. This, it seems to me, is the true democratic method, and while mistakes may be made, as we know they have been, in the long run it will work out best for the community, for democracy and for the highest welfare of mankind.

The claim that the direct primary eliminates the party platform, and the education of the electorate in the political issues of the day does not seem to be borne out by the facts. So far as one's observation goes, the system provokes rather more than less in the way of platforms and political discussion. There has certainly been a great increase in the number of organizations designed to assist in the promotion of such discussions, and to guide voters aright through the tangled mazes of the long ballot and the numerous issues involved.

As to the government by the mob, that is an argument that will find little favor in American ears, for with all our shortcomings in the matter of self-government, the charge can hardly be laid at our doors that we act

like a mob. There is a considerable measure of emotionalism and no little mistaken or irrational action, but manhood suffrage has so far not been so conspicuous a failure as to lead to any general demand for its abolition. The tendency is toward a broader basis of suffrage rather than toward a more restricted one. We are committed to a government of the people and for the people, and above all by the people, and we might just as well realize it.

No, we are living in a democracy, and the machinery must be democratic and must record the wishes of the people, and be responsive to their desires. The whole trend of our government from the beginning has been to strike off the fetters which have bound the people; and direct nominations are a step in advance, because they enable the people directly to express their wishes. No doubt, they have made mistakes, but they have had to bear the brunt of their mistakes, and this in the long run will prove to be the most effective way in building up an enlightened democracy. The problem before us is not the restriction of suffrage or the invention of machinery to save the people from the inevitable consequences of their mistakes, but to teach them how to avoid mistakes; how to govern themselves in the most effective way, with the least friction and interference. "It is a common fallacy," says Professor Merriam in his book on Primary Elections, "to conclude that when a constitutional amendment or a statute or a charter is secured, the victory has been won and that the patriotic citizen may go back to the neglected plow. It is easier to secure ten men to fight desperately for good legislation than one man who will fight steadily and consistently for efficient administration. Every student of politics knows that there is no automatic device that will secure smoothly running self-government while the people sleep. Perpetual motion and automatic democracy are equally visionary and impossible. "The government gauges the pressure of public interest and regulates its conduct accordingly. The level of politics is in the long run the level of public interest in men and affairs political. Under any system the largest group of interested and active citizens will determine public policies, and will select the person to formulate and administer them. The uninterested or the spasmodically interested, the inactive and irregularly active will be the governed and not the governors."

To repeat, direct primaries afford an opportunity, not a cure, but they are proving effective also in arousing a more widespread interest in our political situation and problems, that is highly important and highly encouraging.

Clinton Rogers Woodruff.

FROM IBSEN'S WORKSHOP

THE GENESIS OF HIS DRAMAS

BY WILLIAM ARCHER

WHATEVER he may have been in youth, Henrik Ibsen, in maturity and age, was the most reticent of artists. It is said, I believe with truth, that even his wife and son knew nothing of what he was meditating and hatching out, until each new play was polished to the last syllable. There is an anecdote of his apparently disproportionate anger when he found that some loose scrap of paper had revealed some trivial fact concerning an unwritten play—the fact, if I remember rightly, that the hero of *An Enemy of the People* was to be a doctor. In his correspondence, he never indicates or discusses the themes which are occupying him, except when he is asking for historical material to be used in *Emperor and Galilean*. So far as my own experience went, he never said more of his work than that “he was preparing some devilment for next year.” I remember, too, that when he was engaged on *When We Dead Awaken*, he told me that he thought of describing it as “An Epilogue.”

It seems like an irony of fate that this ultra-secretive craftsman, so jealous of the privacy of his workroom, should have all his pigeon-holes ransacked after death, and even the contents of his wastepaper basket, one might say, given to the world. Some people, it is probable, will raise the cry of profanation; but I shall not join them. If Ibsen had been very violently averse from any posthumous study of his methods, he had safety in his own hands—he could always have destroyed his papers. He seems, on the contrary, to have treasured them with some care. This collection¹ contains preparatory matter for all of his works from *Brand* onward, with the solitary exception (oddly enough) of *An Enemy of the People*. The drafts and experiments for his romantic plays (*Lady Inger*, *The Vikings*, and *The Pretenders*) were scattered in a sale of his effects after he left Christiania in 1864, and have not been recovered. He was very angry when he heard of their dispersal; but he was probably not thinking so much of the loss to posterity as of the fact that Tom, Dick and Harry might be prying into his secrets while he lived.² Be that as it may, he not only made a practice of saving up the chips from

¹*Henrik Ibsens Efterladte Skrifter*. 3 vols. Copenhagen and Christiania: Gyldendalske Forlag.

²Was he, perhaps, recalling this experience when he made Lövborg speak so bitterly of the possible profanation of his lost manuscript?

his workshop, but seems to have left his executors a free hand to deal with them as they pleased. They would have done us a great wrong had they decided to suppress documents of such unique interest. It may be thought, perhaps, that they have been over-scrupulous in preserving even the most trivial jottings and memoranda; but I hold that they were wise in attempting no selection. What seems trivial to one mind may be full of significance to another. We can always ignore what is valueless; but we cannot restore what may have been too hastily suppressed.

The first of these three solid volumes is mainly devoted to Ibsen's youthful writings, though it also contains speeches and other odds and ends dating from his maturer years.¹ About half the volume is occupied with early poems, some of them of considerable interest. The greater part of the remaining pages is occupied with hitherto unpublished plays and dramatic fragments dating from the 'fifties and early 'sixties. The most important of these is the romantic comedy *St. John's Night*, which we have hitherto known only by description. It is a vivacious and really imaginative piece of work, containing foretastes both of *Love's Comedy* and of *Peer Gynt*. Its culminating scene is a midnight revel of fairy-folk which is witnessed by two pairs of mortal lovers. The pair who are really in touch with nature and with things elemental see it as it is, while the conventional and affected romanticists take it for a dance of peasants around a bonfire. We have here the germ of several passages in the poet's maturer work. Another item of interest is a fragment entitled *Svanhild*, being the first sketch, in prose, of what afterward became *Love's Comedy*. Ibsen said that he abandoned this form because he had not yet the art of writing modern prose dialogue. I should rather be disposed to say that he had not a theme adapted for treatment in prose. There is practically no action in the play—none of that complex interweaving of the past with the present, and of event with character, which afterwards formed the substance of his art. We have only a group of people expressing certain ideas on life and love—ideas which naturally tend to shape themselves in lyric or satiric metres. The form, in short, was dictated by the lack of substance. The theme was a very thin one which needed the starch of verse.

The second volume opens with the long fragment of a narrative form of *Brand* which was published some years ago. Then come what may be called chips and shavings from the dramatic form of *Brand* and from *Peer Gynt*, which are not of very great interest. Nor need we dwell on the long scenarios and drafts which preceded the final form of *Em-*

¹Even his entries in the complaint-book of the Scandinavian Club in Rome are piously included.

peror and Galilean. The real interest of the volume—one might even say of the volumes as a whole—lies in the sketches for the series of modern plays beginning with *Pillars of Society* and ending with *When We Dead Awaken*.

Nowhere else, so far as I am aware, do we obtain so clear a view of the processes of a great dramatist's mind. There is something of the same interest, no doubt, in a comparison of the early quartos of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet* with the completed plays; but in these cases we cannot decide with any certainty how far the incompleteness of the earlier versions represents an actual phase in the growth of the play, and how far it is due to the bad stenography of the playhouse pirates. In Ibsen's manuscripts we can actually follow the growth of an idea in his mind; distinguish what is original and fundamental in his conception from accretions and afterthoughts; see him straying into blind alleys and trying back again; and estimate the faultless certainty of taste with which he strengthened weak points in his fabric, and rejected the commonplace in favor of the rare and the unforgettable. Not once, I think, is a scene or a trait suppressed which ought to have been preserved; not once is a speech altered for the worse. The amount of preliminary matter varies considerably from play to play. Of the "fore-works," as he used to call them, for *Ghosts* and for *The Master Builder* we find only insignificant scraps. But in the case of several plays we have such full and consistent drafts that they are almost in a condition to be acted. They are like completed plays by a distinctly inferior dramatist.

I propose to glance briefly at the early "states" of some of the poet's best known works. In doing so we shall find, I think, that the main processes to which he subjected his raw or half-finished material were always three: simplification of mechanism, rejection of accessory figures, and elaboration of character. The last process implies, of course, elaboration of dialogue; but though he often polishes phrases, he never works up dialogue, so to speak, for its own sake. The additions almost always reveal some new facet of character or complication of motive.

Of *Pillars of Society* we have three brief and fragmentary scenarios, two almost complete drafts of the first act, an almost entirely rejected draft of the beginning of the second act, and large fragments of a draft of the fourth act.

Here at once we discover—what the "fore-works" of later plays fully confirm—that Ibsen was far from being one of the playwrights who have their plays clearly and definitely mapped out before they put pen to

paper. Even in the second draft of his first act he is still fumbling around after his characters and their relations. The germ of the play,

"Pillars of Society" I imagine, lay in its title; at any rate, the phrase occurs and is emphasized early in the first draft. The chief "pillar of society" was from the first conceived as one of the energetic manufacturer-merchants, with a score of irons in the fire, who are leading figures in all the minor Norwegian towns; and it was of course evident from the first that this pillar of society must be in some way flawed or hollow. But the precise nature of the flaw seems to have been undetermined even when the first draft of the first act was finished. At any rate, Bernick at that point shows none of the uneasiness which, in the completed play, the return of Johan and Lona naturally causes him; nor is there any preparation in the laying-out of the second act for the great scene between him and Johan in which the true state of matters is revealed. It may be noted that the list of characters includes "Madam Dorf," Dina's mother, the woman with whom Bernick had had the intrigue which he contrived to fasten on Johan Tønnesen. In the completed play she has been dead for years; but in the first draft she is alive, and Dina is in the habit of paying her surreptitious visits. We may assume, I think, that Ibsen contemplated some intervention on her part to clear Johan's character and bring the guilt home to Bernick. While she is alive, at any rate, he can scarcely have had the idea of making Bernick try to suppress the scandal by sending Johan and his documents to sea in a coffin-ship. This could not occur to him while the best possible witness to the true state of affairs was living at his very doors. So that evidently the matter of the third and fourth acts—the complication of the seaworthy *Palm Tree* and unseaworthy *Indian Girl*, and the flight of Bernick's son Olaf on board the latter—was still far from the poet's conception.

A prominent character in both drafts of the first act is Bernick's blind mother, who has quite disappeared from the finished play. Mrs. Bernick, and Johan and Hilmar Tønnesen, are all three children of a blustering old curmudgeon, Mads Tønnesen, nicknamed "the badger." He was destined to drop out entirely, his nickname and some traits of his character being transferred to Morten Kiil in *An Enemy of the People*. In the first draft, Bernick is still arguing for the proposed railway, against the opposition of his business associates; in the completed play the whole argument is conducted behind the scenes, and Bernick has triumphed before he makes his first appearance. This is a good instance of condensation. Another instance may be found in the treat-

ment of Johan Tønnesen and Lona Hessel. In the first draft they are not half-brother and sister, but only, it would seem, distant cousins; they have not been together in America; and it is by pure chance that they arrive on the same day. We first hear of Johan in the following passage: Knap, Bernick's clerk, rushes in and tells of the arrival of a ship in need of repairs:

BERNICK: Bravo! . . . What ship is it?

KNAP: The barque *Indian Girl* of New York, with dyewood from Brazil for Petersburg.

BERNICK: And the captain?

KNAP: The captain was swept overboard, and the mate is lying ill, delirious. But a sailor that was on board as passenger took the command, and has brought the ship in. . . .

BERNICK: You have spoken to him then?

KNAP: Yes. . . . Here is his card.

BERNICK (*reads*): "John Rawlinson Esqre., New Orleans."

In the second draft the name "Rawlinson" is changed to "Tennyson," which is supposed to be an Anglicized form of "Tønnesen." Presently Captain Rawlinson and the crew of the *Indian Girl* are seen coming up the street, and remarks are made on their ruffianly appearance:

MRS. SALVESEN: The captain is almost the worst of them: he looks just like a robber.

RECTOR RÖRLUND: Yes, he's the sort of man that would stick at nothing.

BERNICK: They are foreigners, Rector. One mustn't expect too much of them.

Then he goes out on the veranda and drops into English:

BERNICK (*bowing and calling out*): Good morning, master Rawlinson! This way, if you please, sir! I am master Bernick!"

CAPTAIN RAWLINSON (*waves his handkerchief and calls*): Very well, Kars-ten; but first three hurrah for the old grävling (badger).

And the sailors pass on to make a demonstration before the house of old Tønnesen, Rawlinson-Tønnesen's father. Meanwhile Lona Hessel has arrived quite independently, by the Hamburg steamer: in one version it is this steamer that has towed the *Indian Girl* into port. We see, then, that Ibsen wrote two complete drafts of the first act before he realized how unnecessary was this intervention of the long arm of coincidence, and made Johan and Lona arrive together and act in concert throughout.

In the earliest draft there occurs near the end of Act I. a farcical scene which would have been very shocking to those critics who are pained by Ibsen's "suburbanism." The reading-party of ladies is on the point of breaking up when

THE CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICER'S SERVANT (*enters by the garden gate*): The

master told me to say that the mistress must come home at once: the cook has spoilt the fish-soup.

MRS. RUMMEL: Oh, these servants, these servants! One can't trust them for a moment! Good-by, good-by; we shall meet to-morrow. (*Exit hastily.*)

MRS. SALVESEN: Yes, that's what comes of trusting your house to servants.

THE APOTHECARY'S TWO LITTLE GIRLS (*at the garden gate*): Mama, mama, you must come and look after Nicola; he's fallen into the washing-tub.

* * * * *

MRS. SALVESEN: Oh, these children, these children! Good-by! I must run as fast as I can. (*Rushes out.*)

MRS. HOLT: Yes, that's what happens when you have everything standing open. I make it a rule to keep everything under lock and key; and the keys I keep here (*indicating her pocket*).

THE POSTMAN (*comes tearing down the street*): Oh Lord, ma'am, you must make haste home! The steamer will get away without the mail.

MRS. HOLT: The steamer?

THE POSTMAN: Yes, the second bell has rung, and the postmaster can't get on board with the mail until you come home.

MRS. HOLT: What nonsense! Can't he get the mail off without me?

THE POSTMAN: No, for you've locked up his trousers in the wardrobe.

MRS. HOLT: Oh, goodness gracious! These men, these men! They can never do a thing for themselves! (*Rushes out with the Postman.*)

One cannot actually bewail the loss of this scene. I may add that the coffee-parliament of ladies, which disappears after the first act of the completed play, was apparently at first intended to run through the whole action.

Of *A Doll's House* we possess a first brief memorandum, a fairly detailed scenario, a complete draft, in quite actable form, and a few detached fragments of dialogue. These documents put out of court a theory of my own, that Ibsen originally intended to give the play a "happy ending," and that the relation between Krogstad and Mrs. Linden was devised for that purpose.

Here is the first memorandum:

NOTES FOR THE¹ TRAGEDY OF TO-DAY

ROME 19. 10. 78.

There are two kinds of spiritual laws, two kinds of conscience, one in men and a quite different one in women. They do not understand each other: but the woman is judged in practical life according to the man's law, as if she were not a woman but a man.

¹The definite article does not, I think, imply that Ibsen ever intended this to be the title of the play, but merely that the notes refer to "the" tragedy of contemporary life which he has had for some time in his mind.

The wife in the play finds herself at last entirely at sea as to what is right and what wrong; natural feeling on the one side and belief in authority on the other leave her in utter bewilderment.

A woman cannot be herself in the society of to-day, which is exclusively a masculine society, with laws written by men, and with accusers and judges who judge feminine conduct from the masculine standpoint.

She has committed forgery, and it is her pride; for she did it for love of her husband, and to save his life. But this husband, full of every-day rectitude, stands on the basis of the law, and regards the matter with a masculine eye.

Soul-struggles. Oppressed and bewildered by the belief in authority, she loses her faith in her own moral right and ability to bring up her children. Bitterness. A mother in the society of to-day, like certain insects [ought to] go away and die when she has done her duty toward the continuance of the species. Love of life, of home, of husband and children and kin. Now and then a woman-like shaking-off of cares. Then a sudden return of apprehension and dread. She must bear it all alone. The catastrophe approaches, inexorably, inevitably. Despair, struggle and disaster.

In reading Ibsen's statement of the conflict he meant to portray between the male and the female conscience, one cannot but feel that he somewhat shirked the issue in making Nora's crime a formal rather than a real one. She had no intention of defrauding Krogstad; and though it is an interesting point of casuistry to determine whether, under the stated circumstances, she had a moral right to sign her father's name, opinion on the point would scarcely be divided along the line of sex. One feels that, in order to illustrate the "two kinds of conscience," Ibsen ought to have made his play turn upon some point of conduct (if such there be), which would sharply divide masculine from feminine sympathies. The fact that such a point would be extremely hard to find seems to cast doubt on the ultimate validity of the thesis. If, for instance, Nora had deliberately stolen the money from Krogstad, with no intention of repaying it, that would certainly have revealed a great gulf between her morality and Helmer's; but would any considerable number of her sex have sympathized with her? I am not denying a marked difference between the average man and the average woman in the development of such characteristics as the sense of justice; but I doubt whether, when women have their full share in legislation, the laws relating to forgery will be seriously altered.

A parallel-text edition of the provisional and the final forms of *A Doll's House* would be intensely interesting. For the present, I can note only a few of the most salient differences between the two versions.

Helmer is at first called "Stenborg": it is not till the scene with Krogstad in the second act that the name Helmer makes its first appearance. Ibsen was constantly changing his characters' names in the

course of composition—trying them on, as it were, until he found one that was a perfect fit.

The first scene, down to the entrance of Mrs. Linden, though it contains all that is necessary for the mere development of the plot, runs to only twenty-three speeches as compared with eighty-one in the completed text. The business of the macaroons is not even indicated; there is none of the charming talk about the Christmas-tree and the children's presents; no request on Nora's part that her present may take the form of money; no indication on Helmer's part that he regards her supposed extravagance as an inheritance from her father. Helmer knows that she toils at copying far into the night in order to earn a few crowns, though of course he has no suspicion as to how she employs the money. Ibsen evidently felt it inconsistent with his character that he should permit this; so in the completed version we learn that Nora, in order to do her copying, locked herself in under the pretext of making decorations for the Christmas-tree, and, when no result appeared, alleged that the cat had destroyed her handiwork. The first version, in short, is like a stained-glass window seen from without, the second like the same window seen from within.

The long scene between Nora and Mrs. Linden is more fully worked out, though many small touches of character are lacking, such as Nora's remark that some day "when Torvald is not so much in love with me as he is now," she may tell him the great secret of how she saved his life. It is notable throughout that neither Helmer's æstheticism nor the sensual element in his relation to Nora is nearly so much emphasized as in the completed play; while Nora's tendency to small fibbing—that vice of the unfree—is almost entirely an afterthought. In the first appearance of Krogstad, and the indication of his old acquaintance with Mrs. Linden, many small adjustments have been made, all strikingly for the better. The first scene with Dr. Rank—originally called Dr. Hank—has been almost entirely re-written. There is in the draft no indication of the Doctor's ill-health or of his pessimism: it seems as though he had at first been designed as a mere confidant or *raisonneur*. This is how he talks:

HANK: Hallo! what's this? A new carpet? I congratulate you! Now take, for example, a handsome carpet like this—is it a luxury? I say it isn't. Such a carpet is a paying investment; with it under foot, one has higher, subtler thoughts, and finer feelings, than when one moves over cold, creaking planks in a comfortless room. Especially where there are children in the house. The race ennobles itself in a beautiful environment.¹

¹It is worthy of remark that Darwin's two great works were published in Danish in 1875, immediately before Ibsen began the series of his prose plays.

NORA: Oh, how often I have felt the same, but could never express it.

HANK: No, I daresay not. It is an observation in spiritual statistics—a science as yet very little cultivated.

As to Krogstad the Doctor remarks:

If Krogstad's home had been, so to speak, on the sunny side of life, with all the spiritual windows opening toward the light . . . I daresay he might have been a decent enough fellow, like the rest of us.

MRS. LINDEN: You mean that he is not. . . .?

HANK: He cannot be. His marriage was not of the kind to make it possible. An unhappy marriage, Mrs. Linden, is like small-pox: it scars the soul.

NORA: And what does a happy marriage do?

HANK: It is like a "cure" at the baths: it expels all peccant humors, and makes all that is good and fine in a man grow and flourish.

It is notable that we find in this scene nothing of Nora's glee on learning that Krogstad is now dependent on her husband: that fine touch of dramatic irony was an afterthought. After Helmer's entrance, the talk is very different in the original version. He remarks upon the painful interview he has just had with Krogstad, whom he is forced to dismiss from the bank; Nora, in a mild way, pleads for him; and the Doctor, in the name of the survival of the fittest, denounces humanitarian sentimentality, and then goes off to do his best to save a patient who, he confesses, would be much better dead. This discussion of the Krogstad question before Nora has learnt how vital it is to her, manifestly discounts the effect of the scenes which are to follow; and Ibsen, in revision, did away with it entirely.

Nora's romp with the children, interrupted by the entrance of Krogstad, stands very much as in the final version; and in the scene with Krogstad there is no very essential change. One detail is worth noting as an instance of the art of working-up an effect. In the first version, when Krogstad says, "Mrs. Stenborg, you must see to it that I keep my place in the bank," Nora replies: "I? How can you think that I have any such influence with my husband?"—a natural but not specially effective remark. But in the final version she has begun the scene by boasting to Krogstad of her influence, and telling him that people in a subordinate position ought to be careful how they offend such influential persons as herself; so that her subsequent denial that she has any influence becomes a notable dramatic effect.

The last scene of the act, between Nora and Helmer, is not materially altered in the final version; but the first version contains no hint of the business of decorating the Christmas-tree or of Nora's wheedling

Helmer by pretending to need his aid in devising her costume for the fancy-dress ball. Indeed this ball has not yet entered Ibsen's mind. He thinks of it first as a children's party in the flat overhead, to which the Helmer family are invited.

In the opening scene of the second act there are one or two traits that might perhaps have been preserved, such as Nora's prayer: "Oh God, oh God, do something to Torvald's mind to prevent him from enraging that terrible man. Oh God, oh God, I have three little children. Do it for my children's sake." Very natural and touching, too, is her exclamation, "Oh, how glorious it would be if I could only wake up, and come to my senses, and cry 'It was a dream! It was a dream!'" A week, by the way, has passed, instead of a single night, as in the finished play; and Nora has been wearing herself out by going to parties every evening. Helmer enters immediately on the nurse's exit: there is no scene with Mrs. Linden in which she remonstrates with Nora for having (as she thinks) borrowed money from Dr. Rank, and so suggests to her the idea of applying to him for aid. In the scene with Helmer, we miss, among many other characteristic traits, his confession that the ultimate reason why he cannot keep Krogstad in the bank is that Krogstad, an old school-fellow, is so tactless as to *tutoyer* him. There is a curious little touch in the passage where Helmer draws a contrast between his own strict rectitude and the doubtful character of Nora's father. "I can give you a proof of it," he says. "I never cared to mention it before—but the twelve hundred dollars he gave you when you were set on going to Italy, he never entered in his books—we have been quite unable to discover where he got them from." When Dr. Rank enters, he speaks, to Helmer and Nora together, of his failing health; it is an enormous improvement which transfers this passage, in a carefully polished form, to his scene with Nora alone. That scene, in the draft, is almost insignificant. It consists mainly of somewhat melodramatic forecasts of disaster on Nora's part, and the Doctor's alarm as to her health. Of the famous silk-stockings scene—that invaluable sidelight on Nora's relations with Helmer—there is not a trace. There is no hint of Nora's appeal to Rank for help, nipped in the bud by his declaration of love for her. All these elements we find in a second draft of the scene, which has been preserved. In this second draft, Rank says "Helmer himself might quite well know every thought I have ever had of you; he *shall* know them when I am gone." It might have been better, so far as England is concerned, if Ibsen had retained this speech; it might have prevented much critical misunderstanding of a perfectly harmless and really beautiful episode.

Between the scene with Rank and the scene with Krogstad there in-

tervenes, in the draft, a discussion between Nora and Mrs. Linden, containing this curious passage:

NORA: When an unhappy wife is separated from her husband she is not allowed to keep her children? Is that really so?

MRS. LINDEN: Yes, I think so. That's to say, if she is guilty.

NORA: Oh, guilty, guilty; what does it mean to be guilty? Has a wife no right to love her husband?

MRS. LINDEN: Yes, precisely, her husband—and him only.

NORA: Why, of course; who was thinking of anything else? But that law is unjust, Kristina. You can see clearly that it is the men that have made it.

MRS. LINDEN: Aha—so you have begun to take up the woman question?

NORA: No, I don't care a bit about it.

The scene with Krogstad is essentially the same as in the final form, though sharpened, so to speak, at many points. The question of suicide was originally discussed in a somewhat melodramatic tone:

NORA: I have been thinking of nothing else all these days.

KROGSTAD: Perhaps. But how to do it? Poison? Not so easy to get hold of. Shooting? It needs some skill, Mrs. Helmer. Hanging? Bah—there's something ugly in that. . . .

NORA: Do you hear that rushing sound?

KROGSTAD: The river? Yes, of course you have thought of that. But you haven't really pictured it to yourself.

And he proceeds to do so for her. After he has gone, leaving the letter in the box, Helmer and Rank enter, and Nora implores Helmer to do no work till New Year's Day (the next day) is over. He agrees, but says "I will just see if any letters have come;" whereupon she rushes to the piano and strikes a few chords. He stops to listen, and she sits down and plays and sings Anitra's song from *Peer Gynt*. When Mrs. Linden presently enters, Nora makes her take her place at the piano, drapes a shawl around her, and dances Anitra's dance. It must be owned that Ibsen has immensely improved this very strained and arbitrary incident, by devising the fancy-dress ball and the necessity of rehearsing the tarantella for it; but at the best it remains a piece of theatricalism—Ibsen's final plunge into that element.

As a study in technique, the re-handling of the last act is immensely interesting. At the beginning, in the earlier form, Nora rushes down from the children's party overhead, and takes a significant farewell of Mrs. Linden, whom she finds awaiting her. Helmer almost forces her to return to the party; and thus the stage is cleared for the scene between Mrs. Linden and Krogstad which, in the final version, opens the act. Then Nora enters with the two elder children, whom she sends to bed. Helmer immediately follows, and on his heels Dr. Rank, who announces

in plain terms that his disease has entered on its last stage, that he is going home to die, and that he will not have Helmer or any one else hanging around his sick-room. It will be remembered that in the final version he says all this to Nora alone, in the second act; while in the last act, coming in upon Helmer flushed with wine and Nora pale and trembling in her masquerade dress, he has a parting scene with them, the significance of which she alone understands, Helmer being unaware of anything amiss until he finds in the letter-box Rank's visiting-card with a black cross upon it. In the earlier version, Rank has several long and heavy speeches, in place of the light, swift dialogue we know, with its double significance for Helmer and for Nora. There is no trace, of course, of that wonderful last passage:

RANK: But I'm quite forgetting what I came for. Helmer, give me a cigar—one of the dark Havanas.

HELMER: With the greatest pleasure. (*Hands cigar-case.*)

RANK (*takes one and cuts the end off*): Thank you.

NORA (*striking a match*): Let me give you a light.

RANK: A thousand thanks.

(*She holds the match. He lights his cigar at it.*)

And now, good-by!

HELMER: Good-by, good-by, my dear fellow.

NORA: Sleep well, Dr. Rank.

RANK: Thanks for the wish.

NORA: Wish me the same.

RANK: You? Very well, since you ask me—Sleep well. And thanks for the light.

(*He nods to them both and goes out.*)

To compare the draft with the finished scene is to see a perfect instance of the transmutation of dramatic prose into dramatic poetry.

There is in the draft no indication either of Helmer's being warmed with wine, or of the excitement of the senses which gives the final touch of tragedy to Nora's despair. The process of the action is practically the same as in the final form; but everywhere a sharper edge is given to things. One little touch is very significant. In the draft, when Helmer has read the letter with which Krogstad returns the forged bill, he cries "You are saved, Nora, you are saved." In the revision, Ibsen cruelly altered this into "I am saved, Nora, I am saved!" In the final scene, where Nora is telling Helmer how she expected him, when the revelation came, to take all the guilt upon himself, we look in vain, in the first draft, for this passage:

HELMER: I would gladly work for you night and day, Nora—bear sorrow and want for your sake. But no man sacrifices his honor, even for one he loves.

NORA: Millions of women have done so.

This, then, was an afterthought; was there ever a more brilliant one?

I must run more rapidly through the remaining documents, none of which, perhaps, is of quite so much importance as this draft of *A Doll's House*. Of the dialogue of *Ghosts* only a brief fragment remains; but we possess a few scattered memoranda of the idea of the play, some of them written on the back of an envelope addressed to "Madame Ibsen, 75 via Capo le Case, Città" (that is to say, Rome).

"Ghosts"

They run as follows:

The piece will be like an image of life. Faith undermined. But it does not do to say so. "The Asylum"—for the sake of others. They shall be happy—but this also is only an appearance—it is all ghosts—

One main point. She has been believing and romantic—this is not wholly obliterated by the standpoint afterward attained—"It is all ghosts."

It brings a Nemesis on the offspring to marry for external reasons, even if they be religious or moral—

She, the illegitimate child, may be saved by being married to—the son—but then——?

He was in his youth dissipated and worn out; then she, the religiously awakened, appeared; she saved him; she was rich. He had wanted to marry a girl who was thought unworthy. He had a son in his marriage; then he returned to the girl: a daughter——

These women of to-day, ill-treated as daughters, as sisters, as wives, not educated according to their gifts, withheld from their vocation, deprived of their heritage, embittered in mind—these it is who furnish the mothers of the new generation. What will be the consequence?

The fundamental note shall be: the richly flourishing spiritual life among us in literature, art, etc.—and then as a contrast: all humanity astray on wrong paths.

The complete human being is no longer a natural product, but a product of art, as corn is, and fruit trees, and the creole race, and the higher breeds of horses and dogs, the vine, etc.

The fault lies in the fact that all humanity has miscarried. When man demands to live and develop humanly, it is megalomania. All humanity, and most of all the Christians, suffer from megalomania.

Among us we place monuments over the dead, for we recognize duties toward them; we allow people only fit for the hospital (literally: lepers) to marry; but their offspring—? The unborn—?

The fourth and fifth of these six sections seem to have as much bear-

ing on other plays—for instance *An Enemy of the People* and *The Lady from the Sea*—as on *Ghosts*. I should take them rather for general memoranda than for notes specially referring to that play.

No “fore-works” for *An Enemy of the People* seem to have been preserved; but we have somewhat fragmentary drafts of almost the whole of *The Wild Duck*. The general conception of the play does not appear to have been greatly altered; but it was enormously enriched in detail in the final revision. This is particularly notable in the character of Hedvig. In the drafts she is a quite commonplace girl; all the delicacy and beauty of the character, which makes her fate so heartrending, was added in the revision. It is noteworthy that in all these drafts there is no allusion either to old Werle’s weak eyes or to Hedvig’s threatened blindness: that idea, which at once helped out the plot of the play, added to the pathos of Hedvig’s figure, and illustrated Hialmar’s selfishness in allowing her to strain her eyes over the retouching which he himself ought to have done, was entirely an afterthought. Fancy the artist’s joy in conceiving a trait by which he should serve so many purposes at one time—a perfect example of artistic economy. An idea which presents itself in a rudimentary form in the first draft is that of Hialmar Ekdal’s “invention”—here called his “problem.” The later development of this wonderful “invention” forms a very good specimen of Ibsen’s method. Everywhere, on a close comparison of the texts, we see an intensive imagination lighting up, as it were, what was at first somewhat cold and colorless. In this, as in other cases, Ibsen’s final working over may be compared to a switching on of the electricity.

We can trace *Rosmersholm* to its completion from a very embryonic form. It was at first to have been called *White Horses*. Here is the earliest memorandum for it:

“Rosmersholm” *He*, the delicate, distinguished nature, who has gone over to a liberal (literally “free-minded”) standpoint, and whom all his former friends and acquaintances have drawn back from.
 Widower: has been unhappily married to a melancholic, half-mad wife, who at last drowned herself.

She, his two daughters’ governess, emancipated, warm-blooded, somewhat unscrupulous, but in a refined way. Is regarded by the neighborhood as the evil genius of the house; is the object of misinterpretation, slander.

The Elder Daughter: is on the point of breaking down through loneliness and want of occupation: rich endowment with no outlet for it.

The Younger Daughter: observant, budding passions.

The Journalist: genius, vagabond.

It is evident that the poet had as yet no idea of the terrible tragedy of Rebecca's relation to Beata: he could scarcely have described as "somewhat unscrupulous" a woman who, under the mask of friendship, goaded another to suicide. Rosmer's two daughters, we see, disappeared from *Rosmersholm*, to reappear in *The Lady from the Sea*, as Boletta and Hilda Wangel.

Ibsen fumbled around a good deal for the names in this play. Rosmer appears at first as "Boldt-Römer" and then, without any warning, he changes into "Rosenhielm." Rebecca is at first "Miss Badeck" or "Radeck." How the English critics of the 'nineties would have rejoiced to write of her as "Miss Badegg"! It was thoughtless of Ibsen to deprive them of this intellectual delight. Kroll first appeared as "Rector Gylling," a patently inappropriate name, inasmuch as it is very near the Norwegian word for "chicken." Ulric Brendel, in one stage of incubation, adopted Rosmer's cast-off name of "Rosenhielm"; and in the same draft Rebecca is called "Agatha" (a touch of irony?) and is married to Rosmer. The first mention of the "white horse" is made in a way which exemplifies the lapses which would now and then occur in Ibsen's sense of humor:

MRS. ROSMER (Rebecca): What was it you once told me, Madam Helset? You said that from time immemorial something strange happened here at Rosmersholm whenever one of the family died.

MADAM HELSET: Yes, it's as true as I stand here. Then the white horse comes.

ROSMER: Oh, that old family legend——

MRS. ROSMER: In it comes at the dead of night. Into the courtyard. Through the closed gate. Neighs loudly. Kicks up its hind legs, gallops once round, and then out again at a tearing gallop.

MADAM HELSET: Yes, that's just how it is. Both my mother and my grandmother have seen it.

Unless we are to suppose that Rebecca is deliberately burlesquing the superstition, the white horse which kicks up its hind legs must be classed with the steamboat in *Little Eyolf* which has "one red eye and one green." But, unlike the steamboat, the kicking horse did not pursue its mad career into the finished play.

I must compress into very narrow limits what I have to say of the later plays. As a good deal has already been published concerning the preliminary studies for *The Lady of the Sea*,¹ I shall pass that play over altogether. Almost the first germs of *Hedda Gabler* seem to have

¹See Introduction to the play in Vol. IX. of *Ibsen's Collected Works* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons).

come in the form of scraps of dialogue, roughly jotted down. In the poet's original conception, Tesman was to be much more of an active intermediary between Hedda and Lövborg than he became in the end. It was Tesman who, at her instigation, was to lure Lövborg to Brack's orgie; and it was apparently Tesman who was actually to make away with or misappropriate Lövborg's manuscript. Both Tesman and Mrs. Elvsted were to have known much more of the former "comradeship" between Lövborg and Hedda than they do in the finished play. There is no hint of any "Mademoiselle Diana" in the draft: when Hedda asks Mrs. Elvsted who the woman is whom Lövborg cannot forget, she replies point blank, "It is yourself, Hedda." Mrs. Elvsted's luxuriant hair and Hedda's jealousy of it, and threat to "burn it off her head," are afterthoughts; so is the famous conception of Lövborg "with vine-leaves in his hair." A curious touch, which I am at a loss to explain, occurs in the stage-direction for Hedda's burning of Lövborg's manuscript. It runs thus:

She goes to the writing-table, takes out the manuscript, seats herself in the arm-chair beside the stove; opens the packet, sorts out the white leaves from the blue, puts the white back in the cover again, and keeps the blue in her lap.

Then she opens the stove door and gradually burns the blue leaves, with words very much like those of the final text. What the white leaves can have been I do not know; they must have belonged to some phase in the working-out of the play which has otherwise disappeared.

Of the draft of *The Master Builder* only a few fragments remain. Perhaps the most interesting trait in them occurs where Solness is giving Hilda an account of his progress in his profession. His work is in demand, he says, far and wide: "and now, of late years, they are beginning to take an interest in me abroad." No doubt this touch was deleted because it pointed too clearly to the identity of Solness and his creator.

The sketches for *Little Eyolf* are among the most interesting in the book. Ibsen had extraordinary difficulty with the characters' names, which he changed about incessantly. His first list of characters ran thus:

Harald Borgheim.
Johanna, his wife.
Rita, his sister.
Alfred, his son, eleven years old.
Eivind Almer, road-engineer.
Miss Varg, Johanna's Aunt.

Miss Varg is the character who ultimately became the grimly fascinating Rat-Wife! It seems that the poet's first idea was simply to study a rather commonplace jealousy of a rather commonplace child. The lameness of Eyolf was an afterthought; there is no trace of it in the fairly complete draft we possess. And as Eyolf is not lame, the terrible cry of "The crutch is floating!" must also have been an afterthought, as well as the almost intolerable scene of recrimination between Allmer and Rita as to the accident which caused his lameness. In fact, nearly everything that gives the play its depth, its horror, and its elevation came as an afterthought. There is a slight—a very slight—hint of the "evil eye" motive, but the idea is in no way developed. Instead of the exquisite beauty of Rita's resolve to "make her peace with the great open eyes" and to try to fill the blank within her with "something that is a little like love," we have a page of almost commonplace sentimentalizing over Eyolf's continued existence in their hearts. And instead of Alfred's wonderful tale of his meeting with Death in the mountains, we find a poem which he reads to Rita!—the verses Ibsen had written as a first hint for *The Master Builder*. In no case, perhaps, did Ibsen's revision work such a transfiguration as in this play.

John Gabriel Borkman was originally to have been called by the horribly prosaic name of Jens Borkman; and he was to have solaced his loneliness by playing Beethoven on the violin, to an accompaniment provided by Frida Foldal. The fragments of this play, however, are very scanty. Much more is preserved of the "fore-works" of *When We Dead Awaken*; but one has no heart to dwell on the genesis of that melancholy production.

As I have gone more closely into the matter in the act of writing these pages, I have felt ever more strongly that the whole publication is entirely and eminently justified. To the student of dramatic technique these documents are of incomparable value; and, for my own part, I have never felt Ibsen's genius more clearly than in comparing his first conceptions with his finished work. It is as though we watched a city turning, at a magician's touch, from brick into marble.

William Archer.

PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION PROBLEMS, AND CHANGE OF INAUGURAL DAY

BY J. HAMPDEN DOUGHERTY

UPON the subject of amending the Constitution both Congress and the people usually betray mental inertia. The first ten amendments followed so closely upon the ratification of the Constitution that they may almost be treated as part of its original text. The convention of a number of States had, in adopting the Constitution, "expressed a desire, in order to prevent misconstruction or abuse of its powers, that further declaratory and restrictive clauses should be added," and therefore these ten amendments were introduced in Congress by Mr. Madison, passed by both Houses, and ratified by the legislatures of eleven States. With the exception of this addition of the so-called Bill of Rights, it has taken some extraordinary crisis or a civil war to bring about amendment. The Eleventh Amendment, which protected a State from suit by a citizen of another State, sprang from the ultra-state sovereignty feeling that was almost universal in the early part of the nineteenth century. The Twelfth Amendment was demanded because the controversy about the Jefferson-Burr vote showed the Constitution to be vitally and dangerously defective in a particular which threatened the perpetuation of executive government. Then the Constitution stood unchanged for upwards of sixty years, and the remaining three amendments emerged from the fires of civil war.

As early as 1823, Jefferson declared that the States had grown so numerous as to render amendment extremely difficult, and to-day it looks at times as though the Constitution had crystallized into permanent form, alterable only by a political cataclysm. But with all this reluctance to formal modification the Constitution is not for other purposes so rigid as might be supposed, for, as Mr. Bryce has well shown, it is developed by practice and usage, and by interpretation by the courts.

For many years there has rarely been held a session of Congress at which amendments have not been presented. These have been referred to the appropriate committee and there, with one exception, allowed to sleep undisturbed. The proposed income tax amendment, really part of the President's tariff programme, is the only amendment since reconstruction that has secured the two-thirds vote in each House needed for its submission to state legislatures. Profoundly important as this subject is, interest in it has not risen to enthusiastic pitch. Nor has the

election of federal senators by the people, though advocated in party platforms, ever met with acceptance in both Houses of Congress.

In the face then of habitual congressional lethargy, to urge further amendments may seem hopeless. There are, however, at least two, the necessity for which is widely recognized. The first would remedy a seeming defect—the failure of the Constitution to provide for succession to the Presidency, if the President-elect should die. The second would postpone the date of the Presidential inauguration to a more propitious season, and would require the assembling of Congress shortly after the commencement of the Presidential term. Neither of these should excite partisan opposition. Surely, no one could question the necessity of eliminating all possibility of doubt regarding the succession to the chief executive office in the nation. And, as many persons have sacrificed health or life in witnessing an inauguration, why continue to subject participants or spectators to unnecessary exposure? It would be an act of humanity, as well as of wisdom, to have the celebration at a less inclement time. I shall in this article discuss briefly the desirability of settling the Presidential succession conclusively; and, as many persons wonder why so simple a thing as a change in inauguration day should require an amendment of the organic law, I purpose to show how the date March 4th has entered into the Constitution. Explanation of this fact may render easier the formulation of an amendment, should public sentiment strongly favor it.

First: *Presidential Succession*.—The Constitution in subdivision 6, section 1, Article II., itself devolves upon the Vice-President, the powers and duties of the President in the event of the latter's removal from office, his death, resignation or inability. In the second place, it provides that Congress may legislate, should any one of these contingencies happen in the case of both President and Vice-President. The exact language of the Constitution is:

In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President; and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly until the disability be removed or a President shall be elected.

Several times death has overtaken a chief executive in office; there has never been a resignation or a removal; and what constitutes "inability" is a perplexing and interesting question. In the judgment of able constitutional lawyers, Garfield, who lay stricken from July 2, 1881

to September 19, 1881, the day of his death, was in a condition of inability which demanded that the Vice-President should assume his duties; nevertheless, Garfield remained President until he died. McKinley was completely disqualified for his office from the moment when he sank into the arms of his friends at Buffalo, after the discharge of the assassin's bullet, and the disability lasted until the hour of his death. Yet, in spite of these two experiences, Congress has never attempted to define inability, nor has it the constitutional power to do so, save when the disability affects both President and Vice-President. To provide for the double contingency, the lack of both a President and Vice-President, the act of January 19, 1886, commonly known as the Presidential succession law, was passed, under which the Secretary of State or some other member of the Cabinet in an enumerated order shall serve as President until the removal of the disability or the election of a new President. But if a President-elect should die, this act could not apply and the baffling query would be, "who, if such a catastrophe should happen, would become President; who should be inaugurated on March 4th?"

A just analysis requires consideration of three cases, the only possible ones:

(1) Death occurring between the date of the popular election and the close of the meeting of the electoral colleges on the second Monday of January.

(2) Death occurring after the vote in the electoral colleges and before the completion of the electoral count in the two houses of Congress on the second Wednesday of February.

(3) Death after the count on the second Wednesday of February and before noon of March 4th. In this case, as the vote has been counted and the result announced, there actually is a constitutional President-elect.

First: If the candidate for the chief magistracy of the nation should die before the assembling of the electoral colleges on the second Monday of January, how should they vote? Literally, the electors would have absolute control of the selection. In strictness there is as yet no President-elect; the electoral colleges have plenary power of choice and, upon the original theory of the rights and duties of Presidential electors, they may elect whomsoever they please. The case supposed is not purely imaginary, for Greeley, the candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency in 1872, died before the colleges met to vote, and while the electors chosen in some of the States to name him cast their ballots at will for other candidates, votes were actually given for him in the Georgia college. The Senate decided that all votes for Greeley should be counted, notwithstanding his death, but the House resolved that they

should not be, "the said Horace Greeley having died before the votes were cast," and, under the harsh twenty-second joint rule, which forbade the counting of electoral votes if both houses did not agree to count them, the three Greeley votes from Georgia were rejected, owing to the failure of the two houses to concur. If a choice by the electoral colleges were instantly to be followed by induction into the Presidency, there would be no possible need for amendment of the Constitution, for no amendment should impair the absolute freedom of choice by electors, unless it is the plain will of the people to take their theoretical power away.

In the second case, if the successful candidate should die after the voting by the colleges and the transmission of their returns to the President of the Senate, but before the meeting of the two houses on the second Wednesday of February, the counting of the votes would be necessary, despite the death, but the question would nevertheless arise, "who would become President?" It may fairly be said that there is a President-elect as soon as the colleges have voted, although the formal count which is to be made on the second Wednesday of February has not yet been had.

In the third case, the President-elect might die between the second Wednesday of February and the fourth day of March, when the same question would arise as in the case of his death between the second Monday of January and the second Wednesday of February, the only difference being that in this case he would have survived the constitutional announcement of his election. If in this brief interval he should be snatched from his prospective honor, who would succeed him? Cases 2 and 3 may be treated as practically identical. The electoral colleges could not be reconvened, because, upon the hypothesis, they would have already met, voted, and transmitted their lists to the seat of government. The present law of Congress makes no provision for their reconvening nor could it constitutionally do so, and the day fixed for their meeting has passed. Each college would, as the lawyers say, be *functus officio*. It would be a most elastic interpretation of the constitutional clause above quoted that would apply it to the death of a President-elect. Hence in cases 2 and 3 it seems apparent that there is a genuine *casus omissus*. If we recur to the clause quoted above from the Constitution, we shall be unable to escape from the conclusion that the Constitution fails to declare who shall become chief executive if both the President-elect and the Vice-President-elect should die; and it fails to authorize Congress to provide for this contingency by legislation, for it empowers Congress to act only when the actually existing President and Vice-Presi-

dent shall both have vacated office. While there is far more likelihood of the death of the President-elect than of the death of both President-elect and Vice-President-elect, yet experience has taught the nation how possible is a catastrophe that might remove both from life.

It may be argued that, in the case of the death of the President-elect, the election of his successor would devolve upon the House of Representatives, the vote to be taken by States. This argument is fallacious, for the only contingency in which the duty of election falls to the House is when no person has a majority of the whole number of electors appointed. In the supposititious case under consideration, a majority of the electors' votes would have been given for a candidate dying before the joint convention of the houses assembled, and so in the last analysis the House of Representatives could not constitutionally make the choice contemplated by the Constitution. The Twelfth Amendment shows plainly that the powers of the House and of the Senate in the choice of President are definitely restricted.

ARTICLE XII. The electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote, by ballot, for President and Vice-President, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves; they shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice-President; and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice-President, and of the number of votes for each, which lists they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of the Government of the United States, directed to the president of the Senate; the president of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all certificates, and the votes shall then be counted; the person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have such majority, then from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose, immediately by ballot, the President. But in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice-President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President. The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice-President shall be the Vice-President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers on the list the Senate shall choose the Vice-President; a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of Senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be neces-

sary to a choice. But no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President shall be eligible to that of Vice-President of the United States.

The view I have presented that the Constitution fails to provide for the succession to the Presidency in the event of the death of both President-elect and Vice-President-elect, and in case of the death of the President-elect alone, is not novel; it has been entertained by a number of statesmen, especially in recent years. Mr. Albert W. Paine of Maine called attention to the defect in 1897, and with the idea of obviating it Senator Frye of Maine, in December of that year, presented to the Senate a resolution for an amendment to the Constitution. This amendment was referred to the judiciary committee of the Senate, modified by it, reported to the Senate, there discussed, and adopted by a two-thirds vote. From the Senate it was transmitted to the House of Representatives and referred to the judiciary committee of the House, which seems never to have reported it. So profoundly impressed with the danger was Senator Hoar of Massachusetts that he introduced the proposed amendment into the Senate on December 4, 1901. The Senate passed it by the requisite vote, and sent it to the House of Representatives, where, on February 1, 1902, it was referred to the House committee. The House committee, however, never reported it. Thus, although on two occasions two-thirds of the Senate were convinced of the importance of the amendment, we are left entirely in the dark as to the views of the House judiciary committee regarding it. The members of the committee may have thought that there was no *casus omissus* in the Constitution, or may have been dissatisfied with the language of the Senate amendment, yet unable to improve its phraseology. The amendment twice passed by the Senate was in the following form:

That the following article be proposed to the legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, as part of the Constitution, namely:

In all cases not provided for by Article II, clause 5, of the Constitution, where there is no person entitled to discharge the duties of the office of the President, the same shall devolve upon the Vice-President. The Congress may by law provide for the case where there is no person entitled to hold the office of President or Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly until the disability shall be removed, or a President shall be elected.

After the popular election of 1908 discussion of this question was had in the public press, with the result that the proposed amendment was again introduced into the Senate, and again referred to its judiciary committee. Although the subject seems not to have awakened sufficient public interest to insure its consideration by the House of Repre-

sentatives, an amendment to remedy the trouble ought, nevertheless, again to be presented to Congress, and agitation of the subject should be continued until proper amendment shall have been obtained or the country become convinced by competent expert opinion that amendment is unnecessary.

Second. *Proposed Change of Inauguration Day and of Day of Meeting of Congress.*—There is undoubtedly a sentiment which favors the assembling of Congress within a reasonable time after a Presidential election. The existing practice postpones its meeting almost thirteen months after the campaign for the choice of the chief executive has passed—a long enough time for people to forget the issues upon which the President and the Congress were elected. The Constitution (subdivision 2, section 4, Article I.) prescribes: “The Congress shall assemble at least once in every year; and such meeting shall be on the first Monday in December, unless they shall, by law, appoint a different day.” Under the clause quoted Congress would, except for the provision contained in Article XII. of the Constitution, be free to change the date of its assembling and no constitutional amendment would be necessary for the purpose. Unfortunately the date of the termination of Congress has in a measure been tied up with inauguration day. Originally the Constitution contained no date fixing the commencement of the Presidential term. The convention of 1787, which framed the Constitution and presented it for ratification to the then existing States, provided by separate resolution that upon its ratification by the conventions of nine States (which Article VII. of the Constitution declared should be sufficient for its establishment between the States so ratifying the same), the Congress of the Confederation should fix a day on which electors should be appointed by the ratifying States and a day on which the electors should assemble to vote for the President “and the time and place for commencing proceedings under this Constitution.” Thereupon, on September 13, 1788, the Congress of the Confederation, by unanimous vote of nine of the eleven States which had theretofore ratified the new Constitution, resolved as follows:

Resolved, That the first Wednesday in January next be the day for appointing electors in the several States, which before the said day shall have ratified the said Constitution; that the first Wednesday in February next be the day for the electors to assemble in their respective States, and vote for a President; and that the first Wednesday in March next be the time, and the present seat of Congress the place, for commencing proceedings under the said Constitution.

The first Wednesday of March, 1789 was the fourth day of that month, and it was the intention of the Congress of the Confederation in

passing the resolution that Government under the new Constitution should begin upon that date. This resolution, it will be observed, passed by the Congress of a Government shortly to go out of existence, forms no part of the Constitution of the United States. It had nothing to do with proceedings of the new Government under the new Constitution, but related solely to the initiation of the new Government. As matter of fact, despite the provisions of the resolution, the inauguration of the first President did not occur until April 30, 1789. Washington's first term expired, however, on the 4th of March, rather than on the 30th of April, 1793, because Congress passed an act decreeing that each Presidential term should begin on the 4th of March next following the day upon which the electors assembled and voted.¹ How and why, it may be asked, did the date fixed by this act of Congress come into the Constitution? As is well known, the election of 1800 resulted in a tie vote between Jefferson and Burr, each having secured the same number of votes in the electoral colleges. As neither had a majority of the electoral vote the election of the President under the requirement of the Constitution devolved upon the House of Representatives. Jefferson was not chosen over Burr until upon the thirty-sixth ballot on February 17, 1801, and there had been grave fear that the balloting might continue until the 4th of March of that year—the last day of John Adams's administration—without choice of his successor. Out of that dangerous contest grew the Twelfth Amendment, which for the first time placed in the Constitution a reference to the day of the commencement of the Presidential term; and this reference, it should be noted, is in connection only with the choice of President by the House of Representatives in the contingency in which under the Constitution election devolves upon that body. The language of the Twelfth Amendment upon this subject is as follows:

And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice-President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President.

So long as an election of the President in the House of Representatives forms part of the constitutional system, a date must be fixed beyond which balloting in that House may not proceed, lest the continuance of the Government be imperilled. If the selection is not made by the House before the 4th of March, which closes a Presidential term, its power to

¹That the term of four years for which a President and Vice-President shall be elected, shall, in all cases, commence on the fourth day of March next succeeding the day on which the votes of the electors shall have been given. (Sec. 12, Chap. 8, Laws of 1792, Vol. I, U. S. Stat. at Large.)

choose ceases, and the Vice-President becomes President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President. But it is an interesting conjecture as to what Vice-President is intended. Is it the Vice-President of the outgoing administration, an administration whose policy may have been disapproved by the people, or is it the new Vice-President, who is in reality not yet Vice-President, because there is no President? While the House may be electing a President, the Senate presumably is engaged in electing a Vice-President, and if it should have more difficulty than the House in coming to a choice, it is quite apparent that there might be no new Vice-President, any more than new President, on March 4th. But no emergency has ever yet arisen requiring a determination of the question, what Vice-President is intended. The Presidential succession law of 1886 has no applicability, for that law covers only succession during the term of a President, not after its close.

I have stated that the date of the closing of Congress was by reason of the Twelfth Amendment tied up with inauguration day. That is true, in a sense, because if the executive term continues until the 4th of March, and a new executive government begins upon that day, the sessions of Congress may run to the same date. All trouble as to the date of meeting of Congress and the date of inauguration might be overcome by a simple provision analogous to that which appears in the Constitution of New York, making the political year begin upon a certain day, and directing that the term of the President commence on that day, and that Congress meet either that day or within a few days afterward. Of course, the term of the President and Vice-President in office just before the amendment takes effect would be enlarged if the date should be set later than March 4th, and the same thing would happen respecting the term of the then existing Congress.

Senator Hoar, in his last years, was an earnest advocate of a change in inaugural day and the day of the meeting of Congress. In January, 1898, he presented to the Senate a resolution which was referred to the judiciary committee of the Senate and there underwent certain changes. As it emanated from that committee and was reported to the Senate, it read as follows:

That the following article be proposed to the legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, as part of the Constitution, namely:

The term of office of the President and Vice-President and of the Fifty-sixth Congress shall continue until the last Wednesday of April in the year 1901 at noon; and the last Wednesday of April at noon shall thereupon be substituted

for the 4th of March as the commencement and termination of the official term of the President, Vice-President, Senators and Representatives in Congress.

The discussion of the Hoar amendment in the Senate in 1898 provoked considerable opposition and many divergent views were expressed. Senator Bacon of Georgia thought that as the last Wednesday of April was not a fixed day of the month, the adoption of the resolution as proposed by Hoar might make a Presidential term less than four years, whereas the Constitution prescribed that it should continue for full four years. The words "last Wednesday of April" were accordingly expunged, and the words "4th of May" substituted. Several Senators opposed any change of date, and statistics were adduced to show that the 4th of March had quite as frequently been balmy as inclement. There was some sentiment in favor of making the 30th of April inaugural day, thus commemorating the date upon which Washington had been inaugurated in 1789, and as the term of the President and the Congress in office when the amendment would take effect, if adopted, would be extended, an added clause was suggested that no additional compensation should be paid to the executive or Congress by reason of an enlarged term of office. Debate also disclosed the fact that some constitutional provision should be made to cover the term of the President in office just before the change of inauguration took place, in order to avoid an interregnum. This amendment passed the Senate by a vote of 39 to 10, 39 members not voting, and was sent to the House of Representatives. The House, May 11, 1898, referred the amendment to its judiciary committee, and it was never afterwards heard of. Hoar introduced his amendment in the Senate of 1899; it was referred to the judiciary committee but seems never to have been reported therefrom.

There are, I think, just criticisms of the form of this amendment. It contains phraseology not consonant with the phraseology of the existing Constitution; the language is faulty because the 30th of April cannot be substituted for the 4th of March, for that is an impossibility; and the statement is not in accord with the fact, because the 4th of March is not the date of the commencement of the term of Senators and Representatives in Congress, that date being the first Monday of December.

If I may venture a suggestion predicated upon the assumption that the subject will be revived in the incoming Congress, it would be that an amendment might be phrased, omitting the preamble, in the following form:

The term of the President and of the Vice-President in office immediately prior to the 4th of March, 1917, shall continue until the (thirtieth) day of (April) of that year at noon and thereafter the term of the President and Vice-

President shall begin at noon on the (thirtieth) day of (April) next succeeding the day on which the votes of the electors shall have been given. The term of the Sixty-fourth Congress shall continue until the (thirtieth) day of (April), 1917, at noon, and the Congress shall every year thereafter assemble on the — day of May.¹

An amendment could not well be passed to become effective before 1917, for the reason that President Taft has been elected to continue in office under the Twelfth Amendment until March 4, 1913, at noon, and an amendment to the Constitution extending his term until April 30, 1913, would be retroactive in its operation. The proposed amendment would probably encounter less criticism if it should not affect the existing Presidential term. If it were adopted, there would be only one further inauguration on March 4th. Thereafter, the ceremonies of inauguration would take place in an atmosphere far more genial than that of March 4, 1909, and the Congress, instead of being called in extra session, as happened last April, would at once assemble in regular session.

J. Hampden Dougherty.

AN ODE TO A DANCER

BY WITTER BYNNER

O KEATS, thy Grecian urn has been upturned
And from its ashes is a woman made;
To dance them back again as when they burned
In young antiquity, and pipes were played!
Who was that early woman, that had danced
Their fires away, thou wert too late to know,
Thyself too early for this later birth:
And yet thy lips of poesy could blow
Both lives, until their ankles met and glanced
Between the dead world and the unborn earth.

¹The adoption of a different inaugural day would perhaps necessitate an amendment of the twelfth article of the Constitution, so as to change the date at which the power of the House to choose a President ceases. But any amendment recognizing the present electoral system would indeed be deplorable, as it should be abolished and some more rational system of choosing the executive head substituted in its place.

Here is thy living witness from the dead,
With the garment and the measure and the grace
Of a Greek maid, with the daisies on her head
And the daring of a new world in her face.
Dancing, she walks in perfect sacrifice!
Dancing, she lifts her beauty in her hands
And bears it to the altar, as a sign
Of joy in all the waters and the lands!
And while she praises with her pure device,
The breath she dances with, O Keats, is thine!

Life rises rippling through her like a spring,
Or like a stream it flows with sudden whirl;
Leaves in a wind taught her that fluttering
Of finger-tips. She moves, a rosy girl
Caught in a rain of love; a prophetess
Of dust struck on the instant dumb with pain
Of the inviolable vision, wild
With an abandoned longing to regain
That edge and entrance of the wilderness,
Where she might stay untroubled as a child.

Impassioned battle with the foe of life
Seizes and bends her body for the while;
Until she finds him stronger for the strife,
And in defeat defies him with her smile:
Upward she bares her throat to the keen thrust
Of triumph:—"O ye gods of time who give
And take, ye makers of beauty, though I die
In this my body,—beauty still shall live
Because of me and my immortal dust!
O urn! Take back my ashes! It is I!"

Witter Bynner.

ORGANIZED LABOR AND COURT DECISIONS

BY JAMES BOYLE

• Private Secretary to Governor McKinley, and former Consul of the United States at Liverpool, England.

THE recent affirmation by the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia of the sentence for contempt against Messrs. Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, officials of the American Federation of Labor, may not unlikely prove to be as historic and as far-reaching in its ultimate effects as was the decision of the British House of Lords in the Taff-Vale case. Unquestionably it will create a general interest in the American Labor movement, and will focus attention upon the legal position of the trade unions of this country as defined not only by statute, but by the courts, and especially through injunctions. In England, the Taff-Vale decision not only caused the trade unions to abandon their traditional policy of non-participation in politics, but was the principal of a number of factors which brought about the alliance between organized labor and definite Socialism—and thereby, for the first time in British history, made Socialism a political actuality. American organized labor as a whole is unique in its steady and oft-repeated refusal to accept officially the doctrines of Collectivism; and this is particularly true of the American Federation of Labor. There are a few exceptions, chiefly confined to miners of the West and to organizations composed principally of workers of alien birth. Mr. Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labor, has been conspicuous for his opposition to the attempts of the Socialists to capture that organization; and for this attitude he was severely criticised by the out-and-out Socialist papers—both American and foreign—on the occasion of his trip to Europe, from which he has recently returned.

Socialists the world over class American trade unions generally, and the Federation of Labor especially, as “capitalistic,” for the reason that they are practically satisfied with the wage system so long as the wages are big enough; and in this particular they almost stand alone among the universal proletariat, who have in one form or another declared with substantial solidarity for the public ownership of capital and of the means of production. It is, however, a fact, that the doctrines of Socialism are getting a foothold among American trade unionists, the members of the Federation included. It is profoundly significant that declarations against the courts of the country are increasing at American labor conventions, and it cannot be disputed that there is a growing

belief among trade unionists that American courts are unduly favorable to capitalism as opposed to the "rights" of labor. There is, moreover, a marked development of the conviction that in America organized labor, as such, is at a far greater disadvantage through the law, and especially through decisions of the courts—and particularly as regards injunctions—than are British trade unionists. The claim is getting to be a general one among American trade unionists that while the tendency of British legislation and British judicial decisions (notwithstanding the Taff-Vale judgment) is increasingly in favor of *human* rights as against all other considerations, the tendency in America is in the direction of attaching an undue importance to *property* rights.

While trade unionists probably have no just grounds for complaint of discrimination in this regard, it is undoubtedly true that in no other democratic country in the world are there so many constitutional, statutory, and judicial protective and conserving provisions in regard to private property rights as in the United States.

The labor movement in America has progressed along two lines—sometimes parallel, occasionally at different angles, and now and then overlapping: (1) strictly trade union organization, for trade purposes exclusively; (2) political agitation, with political organization, with economic legislation in view. In England, the modern labor movement has been more exclusively confined within the ranks of the organized trade unions—and until recently the English trade unions (like the American) eschewed politics, as such. In England, trade union organization is more advanced and more general than in America (but this difference is fast disappearing), and the most notable recent development is its alliance with, or rather its capture by, the Socialists.

There is a prevailing impression that trade unionism was "imported" to America from England. But Professor John Rogers Commons (of the University of Wisconsin) denies this. He claims that the first trade union originated in Philadelphia, Pa., and that America, and not England, is, therefore, the birthplace of trade unionism. Professor Commons says that in 1792 was formed the first trade union—that of the cordwainers of Philadelphia; and that members of its successor were tried for "conspiracy" in 1802. According to Professor Commons, the first trade union formed in England was at Manchester, in 1829, although there seems to have been an attempt to organize one in 1824. But the learned professor is at fault in his history. Under the common law of England, organizations or combinations such as trade unions were long held to be illegal, as against public policy. Between the reign of Edward I. (who died 1307) and George IV. (who died 1830) the

operation of the common law was enforced and enlarged by between thirty and forty Acts of Parliament, all of which were distinctly and explicitly designed to prohibit what is now known as "the organization of labor." In 1824, a Select Committee of Parliament reported that these laws had not prevented combination. In 1824 there was a special law passed against English masons for "confederating together" to raise wages. The Webbs clearly show in their monumental work that trade unions existed in England centuries ago.

In truth, as Professor Commons himself confesses, the beginnings of American trade unionism are not known with definite accuracy. But while it is probable that combinations of wage-earners existed in England before Columbus sailed for America, and while the spirit and traditions of old-world trade organizations have doubtless had their influence on this side of the Atlantic, yet American trade unions are of indigenous growth—native in conception and birth.

The first trial in America under the old common law of England against trade combinations was in New York, when a number of journeymen bakers were convicted of conspiring not to bake bread until their wages were raised. There is, however, no record of any sentence having been passed upon them. The next case is an historic one, as being the first in America in which there are complete records. It is that of the boot and shoemakers of Philadelphia, in 1806. The defendants were indicted for:

**Conspiracies,
Strikes and
Lockouts**

First. Conspiring to increase their wages as cordwainers [shoemakers].

Second. Conspiring to prevent by threats, menaces and other unlawful means other workmen from working, except at wages they had fixed.

Third. Uniting themselves into a club and combination, making and ordaining unlawful and arbitrary by-laws, rules, and orders amongst themselves, and thereby governing themselves and other cordwainers, and unlawfully and unjustly exacting great sums of money, and conspiring that they would not work for any master or person who should employ cordwainers who should infringe or break the rules, orders or by-laws of the club, and by threats, menaces and other injuries, preventing other cordwainers from working for such master, and in pursuance of such combination refusing to work at the usual rates and prices paid cordwainers, to the damage of the masters, the commonwealth, and other cordwainers.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the defendants were each fined eight dollars and costs.

The next important case is that of the journeymen cordwainers (shoemakers) of New York, or *The People of the State of New York v. Melvin et al.*, in 1809, before the Mayor of the city. They were indicted:

First. For, in brief, unlawfully, perniciously, and deceitfully organizing themselves into a club or combination, and making unlawful by-laws, rules and orders among themselves, and other workmen in the cordwainers' art, and extorting large sums of money, and by force and arms unlawfully assembling together and conspiring not to work for any master or other person who should employ workmen, journeymen or any other person in the said art who were not members of their club, after notice given to discharge such workmen from his employ.

Second. For conspiring together not to work for any master or person whatsoever in the said art who should employ any workmen who infringed or broke any of their rules, etc.

Third. For conspiring not to work for any master or person who should employ any workmen who broke any of their rules or by-laws, unless the workmen so offending shall pay to the club such fine as should be assessed against him, and that in particular they would not work for James Corwin and Charles Aimes, because they employed Edward Whittess, a cordwainer, who had broken one of their rules, and refused to pay a fine of two dollars therefor.

Fourth. That they wickedly, unjustly and unlawfully conspired to impoverish by *indirect means* said Whittess, and hinder him from following his trade, and did hinder him from following it, and did greatly impoverish him.

Fifth. For conspiring and agreeing by indirect means to prejudice and impoverish Whittess, and prevent him from exercising his trade.

Sixth. For conspiring not to work for the customary wages paid cordwainers, and to demand and extort for their labor in their said art great sums of money.

Seventh. Conspiring to unjustly and oppressively increase their own and the wages of other workmen, and that they would by threats and other unlawful means prevent or endeavor to prevent other cordwainers from working at lower rates.

Eighth. Conspiring that they would not work for any master who should have more than two apprentices at the same time to learn the art of cordwaining.

Ninth. Combining by indirect means to prejudice and impoverish certain master shoemakers and prosecutors of the indictment.

The jury convicted the defendants, who were fined one dollar each, and costs. In passing sentence, the Mayor observed that the novelty of the case, and the general conduct of the body of cordwainers, inclined the court to believe that they had erred from a mistake of the law, and from supposing that they had rights upon which to found their proceedings. That they had equal rights with all other members of the community was undoubted, and they had also the right to meet and regulate their concerns, and to ask for wages, and to work or refuse; but that the means they used were of a nature too arbitrary and coercive, and which went to deprive their fellow-citizens of rights as precious as any they contended for.

The different States have laws recognizing the rights of labor to

organize and attempt peacefully to persuade others from working, but, in the main (except in the direction indicated), the old civil law of England still stands as the law of the United States, particularly as regards the civil liability of strikers. Then there are Federal statutes, which make it an offence to obstruct the United States mails;—and the vigorous action of President Cleveland in the Pullman-railway strike, at Chicago, in 1894, shows how effectively the strong arm of the National Government can be used in certain emergencies against even the so-called “rights” of labor. Another instrument of regulation as to trade unions is the Sherman anti-trust law of 1890, which is occasionally invoked against trade unions as being “in restraint of trade.”

It is a fact that at the present time the trade unions of Great Britain are in a far more favorable position as regards their legal status than are the unions of America. There is, indeed, almost an universal opinion in England, outside the membership of the trade unions themselves, that the recent law exempting trade union funds from liability for damages, and granting privileges to union men as to “picketing,” etc., go too far in the direction of “special privileges.” It must also be said that the American courts are far more inclined to grant injunctions against labor than are the British courts.

The national federation of individual unions of different trades is an American idea, as pointed out by John Mitchell, the noted labor leader, and one of the defendants in the contempt case.

The American Federation of Labor The present American Federation of Labor is the culmination of many efforts in the past. There had been a number of attempts to confederate local unions, principally by municipal groups, and there had been several failures in the direction of national combinations. The most ambitious—and for a time the most successful—of these attempts at national organization of labor, was “The Noble Order of Knights of Labor.” Its failure seems to have been owing principally to the fact that it was too comprehensive in its basis of membership, and that it disregarded trade lines and sought to merge all trade unions into one body; but the organization is still in existence. The present Federation of Labor owes its origin to a combination of the Knights of Industry and the Amalgamated Labor Union, which latter organization was composed of seceders from the Knights of Labor. It was organized at Pittsburgh, Pa., on November 15, 1881, and was originally styled “The Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States of America and Canada.” It is said that

its membership started with a quarter of a million, but that it rapidly declined. At that time there was a keen rivalry between the Knights of Labor and the individual trade unions, turning on the fundamental question of the autonomy of each union. By 1886, the Knights of Labor had reached their greatest numerical strength. In the same year the Federation, which had been formed at Pittsburgh in 1881, merged at Columbus, Ohio, with a number of independent trade unions, and the combination was named the American Federation of Labor. By 1890, it claimed a membership of a quarter of a million. In 1898, the membership was 264,000; in 1899, it was 334,100; in 1900, 515,400; in 1901, 742,600; in 1902, 957,500. In 1904, there were 118 international unions having complete jurisdiction over their own trades, with an approximate membership of 2,000,000, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. The *New York World Almanac* for 1909 gives the following particulars: "The Federation is composed of 116 national and international unions, representing approximately 27,000 local unions, 38 state branches, 587 city central unions, and 664 local unions. The approximate paid membership is 1,540,000. The affiliated unions publish about 245 weekly or monthly papers, devoted to the cause of labor. The official organ is the *American Federationist*, edited by Samuel Gompers." All the principal trade unions of the United States belong to the Federation with the exception of the following: the American Flint Glass Workers' Union, the Bricklayers' and the Masons Union, the Brotherhood of Operative Plasterers, National Association of Letter Carriers, National Association of Steam Fitters, Stone Masons' International Union, Western Federation of Miners, and the following "Brotherhoods," each being a separate union: Locomotive Engineers, Locomotive Firemen, Railroad Switchmen, Railroad Trainmen, and the Railroad Conductors' Order. The object of the Federation is to encourage the formation of local and national unions, and to establish friendly relations between the various national and international organizations without interfering with their autonomy, to encourage the sale of union-label goods, to promote the labor press, to secure legislation in the interest of the working masses, and to influence public opinion, by peaceful and legal methods, in favor of organized labor. The Federation is debarred by its constitution from directly affiliating itself with political parties.

The most important case in America involving the rights of organized labor as to boycotting, injunctions, and contempt of court, is that of the suit of the Buck Stove and Range Co., of St. Louis, against the American Federation of Labor, and a number of its officials, and its

subsequent developments. This case will undoubtedly be historic, not only on account of the importance of the direct results of the suit, but

The	because of the principles of law decided; and it may
Federation's	also be historic because of after-results, as regards the
Boycott	relation of organized labor to politics. The records of
Injunction	the case are very voluminous, but the main incidents,
Contempt Case	when separated from the multitudinous details, are

simple, and briefly are as follows:

In August, 1906, some metal polishers at the works of the complainant's factory struck. Thereupon the Metal Polishers' Union declared the complainant "unfair" to organized labor, and published the declaration in their local labor journal, issued circulars to the same effect, and in various ways sought to "boycott" complainant's goods, which heretofore had had yearly sales amounting to \$1,250,000, throughout the various States of the Union. In November, 1906, the St. Louis Central Trades and Labor Union endorsed the boycott. At the regular annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, in November, 1906, a resolution was adopted endorsing the action of the St. Louis labor organizations in their controversy with the complainant, and ordering that the name of the latter be published in the "We Don't Patronize" list of the *American Federationist*, the official organ of the Federation. One of the methods of enforcing the demands of the Federation is the systematic use of the boycott, for which there is the most thorough plan. The Executive Council of the Federation is authorized to approve of, and declare boycotts of individuals and concerns, and is required to present at each annual convention a printed statement of the details leading up to any pending boycotts approved by it. At each convention the President of the Federation appoints a committee on boycotts, to which are referred all resolutions relative to the boycotting of individuals and concerns whose business is to be attacked. It is said that during the twenty years of its existence the Federation has declared many hundreds of boycotts, there having been over 400 during the last dozen years. These boycotts, it seems, have been made or approved and prosecuted by the Federation in response to the application of individual unions affiliated with it. At the convention of the Federation held in 1905 a resolution was adopted which commenced as follows: "We must recognize the fact that a boycott means war, and to successfully carry out a war we must adopt the tactics that history has shown are most successful in war. The greatest master of war said that 'war was the trade of a barbarian, and that the secret of success was to concentrate all your forces upon one point of the enemy, the weakest, if possible.'" Adopting this principle, the

Federation recommended that the boycotting tactics should be concentrated upon the least number of "unfair" parties that was possible. "One would be preferable. If every available means at the command of the State federations and central bodies were concentrated upon one such, and kept up until successful, the next on the list would be more easily brought to terms and within a reasonable time none opposed to fair wages, conditions or hours but would be brought to see the error of their ways and submit to the inevitable." At the same convention another resolution was adopted requiring local organizations that had induced the Federation to endorse boycotts and to place names on the "We Don't Patronize" list, to report the situation to the Executive Council of the Federation every three months, it to be stated in that report what efforts were being taken to make the boycott effectual. Failure to report for six months was to be sufficient cause to remove such boycotts from the "We Don't Patronize" list. The Federation's rules prescribe that no boycott shall be endorsed until "after due investigation and attempted settlement." [In this particular case of the Buck Stove and Range Co. there is a conflict of testimony upon this point.] But after an individual or concern has been declared "unfair" by the Council of the Federation, then the secretaries of all the local unions, amounting to many thousands, are notified to read the pronouncement out at a meeting of each union, and to have the reform and labor press publish the same; and the individual or firm so declared to be "unfair" has its name included in the "We Don't Patronize" list published in the monthly organ of the Federation, the *Federationist*.

In March, 1907, the Executive Council of the Federation placed the complainant and its products on the "We Don't Patronize" list of the *Federationist*, and a circular was issued to the local unions calling their attention to this action. The effect of the boycott on the sale of the stoves and ranges of the Buck Company was immediate and far-reaching. Dealers all over the country notified the company that owing to the pressure and threats of boycotts on themselves by the local labor unions and their friends, they were compelled to cease handling the goods of the Buck Company. Complainant's suit was to enjoin this boycott. After hearing upon the bill, and defendants' return to the rule to show cause, an injunction *pendente lite* was granted; and subsequently a decree was issued that the defendants, "their and each of their agents, servants, attorneys, confederates, and any and all persons acting in aid of or in conjunction with them or any of them be, and they hereby are, perpetually restrained and enjoined from conspiring, agreeing or combining in any manner to restrain, obstruct or destroy the business of the complainant,

or to prevent the complainant from carrying on the same without interference from them or any of them . . . and from printing, issuing, publishing or distributing through the mails, or in any other manner, any copies or copy of the *American Federationist*, or any other printed or written newspaper, magazine, circular, letter or other document or instrument whatsoever, which shall contain or in any manner refer to the name of the complainant, its business or its product in the 'We Don't Patronize' list of the defendants, . . . or which contains any reference to the complainant, its business or product in connection with the term 'Unfair' or with the 'We Don't Patronize' list, or with any other phrase, word or words of similar import, and from publishing or otherwise circulating, whether in writing or orally, any statement, or notice, of any kind or character whatsoever, calling attention to the complainant's customers, or of dealers or tradesmen, or the public, to any boycott against the complainant."

Two things may be observed: First, the business-like way in which the American Federation of Labor declared and prosecuted boycotts. Boycotts are often called "un-American," but the defence in this case introduced evidence that in Revolutionary times "The True Sons of Liberty" boycotted those who continued to import British goods. There was prepared a list of the names of those "who audaciously continue to counteract the united sentiments of the body of merchants throughout North America; by importing British goods contrary to agreement." And one of these lists was posted up at the door or dwelling-house of each offender, "as a warning to any one that shall affront as aforesaid." And to each such notice was a further notice: "It is desired that the Sons and Daughters of Liberty would not buy any one thing of him, for in so doing they will bring disgrace upon themselves, and their posterity, forever and ever, Amen."

The second thing to be observed is the sweeping nature of the restraining order of the Court. It is not all given above, but the extracts indicate with sufficient fulness its character.

The American Federation of Labor appealed against this decree, and on March 11, 1909, the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia rendered a decision which sustained but modified it. The Court of Appeals said that the clean-cut question was whether a combination, such as was entered into in this case—which has for its object the coercion of a given firm through the instrumentality of the boycott—is lawful. The Court remarked in its presentation: "In our opinion, it is more important to wage-earners than to employers of labor that we declare this combination unlawful, for if wage-earners may combine to interfere

with the lawful business of employers, it follows that employers may combine to coerce their employees."

The Court of Appeals defined a boycott as "a combination to harm one person by coercing others to harm him." In its opinion the combination in this case not only answered this definition, but also the definition of a common law conspiracy. The immediate purpose and result of the combination was, the Court held, to interfere with complainant's lawful business, and to deprive complainant and its customers of their right to trade intercourse. If the immediate object was unlawful, the combination was unlawful. That no physical coercion was practised in this case did not alter the conclusion of the Court, since restraint of the mind, as the evidence in this case clearly demonstrated, was just as potent as a threat of physical violence.

The Trades Disputes Act passed in 1906 by the British Parliament—which was quoted by the judge giving an opinion dissenting from the majority decision of the Court—contains this clause:

An act done in pursuance of an agreement or combination by two or more persons shall, if done in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute, not be actionable unless the act, if done without any such agreement or combination, would be actionable.

That clause in the British Act has been bitterly criticised because it practically places trade unionists apart from their fellow-citizens as a privileged class above ordinary law. It is interesting to compare this special class-legislation of the British Parliament with the principles laid down by a majority of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia in this case:

The contention is put forward that inasmuch as each member of the Federation has the right to bestow his trade where he will, according to his whim or fancy, it cannot be unlawful for a combination of members to do what each acting separately may do, and that, therefore, the combination may lawfully discontinue or threaten to discontinue business intercourse with a given firm and all who handle its product, or, to state the proposition bluntly, that the boycott as previously defined is lawful.

To admit the soundness of this contention is to give legal support and standing to an engine of harm and oppression utterly at variance with the spirit and theory of our institutions, place the weak at the mercy of the strong, foster monopoly, permit an unwarranted interference with the natural course of trade, and deprive the citizen of the freedom guaranteed him by the Constitution. The loss of the trade of a single individual ordinarily affects a given dealer very little. Being discriminating, the purchasing public, if left free to exercise its own judgment, will not act arbitrarily or maliciously, but will be controlled by natural considerations. But a powerful combination to boycott immediately deflects the natural course of trade and ruin follows in its wake because of the

unlawful design of the conspirators to coerce or destroy the object of their displeasure. In other words, it is the conspiracy and not natural causes that is responsible for the result. From time immemorial the law has frowned upon combinations formed for the purpose of doing harm, and we think public policy demands that such a combination as we have found to exist in this case be declared unlawful.

The Court next takes up the contention of the defence that the decree of injunction is an infringement of the constitutional guaranty of freedom of speech and of the press, and says:

In so far as it seeks to restrain acts in furtherance of the boycott we do not think it constitutes either a censorship of the press or an abridgment of the right of free speech. An unlawful combination was found to exist, which, unless checked, would destroy complainant's business and leave [no] adequate redress. The Court, therefore, very properly sought to restrain the cause of the mischief, the *unlawful combination*. The "We Don't Patronize" or "Unfair" list and oral declarations of the boycott were included in the decree because they were among the means employed in carrying out the unlawful design. . . .

Oral and written declarations in furtherance of a conspiracy are tentacles of the conspiracy and must be treated as such and not as independent acts.

Up to this point the decree of injunction was sustained. But a part of the decree was modified. The Court of Appeals goes on to say:

But we think the decree in this case goes too far when it enjoins the publication or distribution through the mails or otherwise of the *Federationist* or other periodicals or newspapers containing any reference to complainant, its business, or product, as in the "We Don't Patronize" or "Unfair" list of the defendants. The Court below found, and in that finding we concur, that this list in this case constitutes a talismanic symbol indicating to the membership of the Federation that a boycott is on and should be observed. The printing of this list, therefore, was what the Court sought to prevent and what, in our opinion, the Court had power to prevent; but the decree should stop there and not attempt to regulate the publication and distribution of other matter over which the Court has no control . . . for, when the conspiracy is at an end, the Federation will have the same right that any association or individual now has to comment upon the relations of complainant with its employees. It is the existence of the conspiracy that warrants the court in prohibiting the printing of this list. Manifestly, when the conspiracy ends the prohibition ought also to end.

We are of the opinion that the decree is too broad in other respects. . . . We think it should attempt no more than a prohibition of the boycott and the means of carrying it on, that is, the declarations or threats of boycott or other manner of intimidation against complainant's patrons or those handling or wishing to purchase its product. We have no power to compel the defendants to purchase complainant's stoves. We have power to prevent defendants, their servants and agents, from preventing others from purchasing them.

For the reason stated, the decree was modified and affirmed to the following effect: The defendants were—as were their agents, servants,

and confederates—perpetually restrained and enjoined from conspiring or combining to boycott the business or product of complainant, and from threatening or declaring any boycott against said business or product, and from aiding, or assisting in any such boycott, and from printing the complainant, its business or product, in the “We Don’t Patronize” or “Unfair” list of defendants in furtherance of any boycott, or from referring, either in print or otherwise, in such manner.

The second of the concurring judges, in a separate opinion, explained that he believed a boycott was legal when unaccompanied with threats to compel others to join them in the boycott.

The third judge dissented from part of the modified decree, although he agreed that the combination to boycott became unlawful when threats or coercion was used. He held that there was no power to restrain the publication of which complaint was made.

Important as are the issues involved in the above decision, it was overshadowed—at least in popular estimation—by an issue which developed while the case was pending, that of the alleged “contempt of Court” on the part of certain officials of the American Federation of Labor, by violating the restraining order of the Court, and their sentence to imprisonment for this offence as found by the Court.

The Federation, through its officers—and particularly Samuel Gompers, the President of the Federation and the editor of its organ, the *Federationist*—at all times took the ground that the injunction prohibited the exercise of the constitutional rights of free speech and freedom of the press, and hence was null and void. Both editorially and on the public platform he discussed the principles involved in this injunction, and protested against its denial of constitutional rights, as he claimed. But the Court found that he and two other officials of the Federation—Frank Morrison, the Secretary, and John Mitchell, a Vice-President—were guilty of contempt of Court in violating the injunction. The original injunction was issued by a judge of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia (Washington), and the proceedings in contempt were before the same Court, but before a different judge. This latter judge found that evidence before him showed that the defendants had determined to violate the injunction if it was issued, and that as a matter of fact the injunction was violated both by publication and orally. The defence claimed that when the injunction came into effect the American Federation of Labor complied with it, and removed the Buck’s Stove and Range Company from the “We Don’t Patronize” list. The Court, however, found that the defendants had “rushed” an edition of the *Federationist* through the mails, in order to have the list in circula-

tion before the date of the injunction taking effect, and that by special arrangement of type of ostensible "news" matter, the enjoined matter had in effect been published, and the same offence had been committed by oral announcements. The Court also found that one of the defendants (John Mitchell) had, as the president of the United Mine Workers of America (he also being one of the vice-presidents of the Federation), a number of times declared that he would disobey what he considered an unlawful injunction; and that after the injunction in question, he presided at a convention of the United Mine Workers at which a resolution was passed ordering that the complainant be placed upon the "Unfair" list, and imposing a fine of five dollars on any member of the union who purchased the complainant's goods, failing to pay which fine the member was to be expelled from the union. For their contempt of Court in disobeying the injunction, the defendant Morrison was sentenced to six months in jail, Mitchell to nine months, and Gompers to twelve months.

On November 2, 1909, the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia affirmed the judgment of Justice Wright as to contempt; and unless that judgment is upset by the Supreme Court of the United States, or the President interferes, the defendants must go to jail.

In all the history of trade unionism in the United States there has been nothing which has created such a deep-seated, widespread, and permanent feeling of grievance as to the question of its legal status as affected by the decisions of the courts, Federal and State.

**Unconsti-
tutional
Labor Laws**

Within recent years there has been a long list of decisions by the Supreme Court of the United States declaring certain "labor laws" void because they conflicted with the Federal Constitution. Many similar decisions have also been given by State courts. And there is a still longer list of injunctions by courts Federal and State, to compel trade unionists to refrain from breaking the law or from stepping over the limitations imposed by the Constitution, Federal or State, as the case might be—or from trespassing on the rights of others as guaranteed by the Constitution.

There are several phases of the matter, outside the merits of the cases—either as to the law or as to the facts—which are very interesting. The first is regarding a written constitution as affecting legislation. In his last annual report (November, 1908) to the American Federation of Labor, Mr. Gompers, the president, said: "It will be observed that what the working people of our Republic ask at the hands of our Congress is

fully within the bounds of the law enacted in the monarchy of Great Britain. Recently some one said that such a law could be enacted by the British Parliament, because special legislation is permissible and even natural, since each dominant class has legislated in and for its own interest, while in our country we have a written Constitution forbidding special legislation. . . . Surely, the British Parliament, under a monarchy, would not accord special privileges and special rights, to give to the workers of that country a power and a privilege to exercise such activities as are unjust or harmful to the people or the institutions of that country."

As a matter of fact, there is no one thing which reconciles the majority of the British people to a hereditary House of Lords in these days as the fear that a one-chamber Parliament, under the domination of organized labor, and particularly of the Socialists, would not only pass the most extreme communistic and class legislation, but that that legislation would grossly violate the rights of minorities and of individuals.

The difference between the British Parliament and the Congress of the United States is this: Parliament, in a political and constitutional sense, is omnipotent, with only revolution or civil war as an alternative. Constitutionally, Parliament is the supreme power, the court of last resort in the British Empire, except civil war. It can make and unmake the sovereign; it can define the conditions of the loyalty of the citizens of the empire to the sovereign; and if the sovereign violates the terms on which he wears the crown the citizen is absolved from allegiance. Every law passed by the British Parliament is constitutional. There is no such thing as an unconstitutional law in the United Kingdom, if it is passed in due form. The British Parliament has no Supreme Court to review its legislation. It is its own Supreme Court. It is a favorite nut to crack among the British constitutionalists as to how far the sovereign is independent of Parliament; but in a practical sense Parliament is supreme even over the sovereign—with civil war as the only active protest left against Parliament. Another constitutional nut to crack is whether Parliament can legislate itself out of existence, and thus bring anarchy into being without any legislative act establishing that form—or rather absence of form—of government.

Hence, there is a great difference between the condition of validity of an act passed by the Federal Congress or a State legislature, as compared with one passed by the British Parliament. It is sometimes said that an Act of Congress is never valid until it has been passed upon favorably by the Supreme Court of the United States, even though it has passed the veto prerogative of the President—although, of course,

an act is to be considered as constitutional until it has been declared otherwise by the Supreme Court.

It is a fact, as complained of by the president of the Federation of Labor, that the British Parliament have passed a number of laws in the interest of labor, and that when the American Congress has passed similar laws the Supreme Court has declared them to be contrary to the Constitution of the United States and, therefore, invalid. But Mr. Gompers is in error in assuming that the British acts were not special legislation in the interest of one class. On the contrary, a number of these labor laws were avowedly passed as special legislation in the interest of one class as against other classes. This the British Parliament can do, and there is none to say it nay, except the electors themselves at the next election. It is otherwise with the Federal Congress and the several State legislatures of the United States. The decisions of the American courts about which complaint is made are so decided, generally, either because they are *special* laws—that they are “class legislation”—and, therefore, against both the spirit and letter of the constitutions, Federal and State, or else because they have infringed upon the personal and individual rights of certain citizens—and it does not matter whether these citizens are rich or poor, or employers or employees.

Among Americans there is a general acceptance of the doctrine of the right of the Supreme Court of the United States to pass upon the validity of acts of Congress and of State laws in certain aspects, in cases brought before it, in which these laws are involved. The majority of Americans evidently take it for granted that this power is specifically given to the Supreme Court by the Constitution itself. Not so. The authority is only an *implied* one—and some even claim an *usurped* one. It seems to be a natural corollary that if there is a written constitution prescribing the limitations of legislative power, there must be lodged somewhere an authority to decide whether, and when, and where those limitations have been overstepped. The Supreme Court of the United States assumed, on its own motion, that this power was lodged with it, getting its authority by implication. That assumption has been challenged in the past, but without avail. It is challenged now in a formal way by the Socialist Party, who in their “platform” of 1908, upon which Mr. Debs ran for President, included this in their “demands”:

The abolition of the power usurped by the Supreme Court of the United States to pass upon the constitutionality of legislation enacted by Congress. National laws to be repealed or abrogated only by act of Congress or by a referendum of the whole people.

The Supreme Court of the United States has, within a recent period, declared unconstitutional the following "labor laws":

That the Constitution be made amendable by majority vote.

The law of the State of New York (passed by the State legislature) limiting the hours of workmen in bake shops to ten per day.

The law prohibiting "common carriers" engaged in interstate commerce from discharging employees because of membership in a labor organization, or from discharging them for any reason.

The law limiting the hours of telegraphers and other railway employees of common carriers engaged in interstate commerce.

The eight-hour law so far as it applies to dredge-men in Government employ.

Federal courts, other than the Supreme Court, have also declared unconstitutional the law passed by Congress prescribing the hours for telegraphers and other railway employees; and also the Congressional law providing for the liability of common carriers engaged in interstate commerce for accidents to their employees.

There have been a multitude of similar decisions by the State courts. and as they have not been negatived by a higher court or by legislation they must be considered the law of the land:

Maliciously inciting the employees of a railroad which is being operated by a receiver of the court to strike, is contempt of court, and punishable.

Combinations of employees to compel railroads to cease using certain cars (because of a strike against the owners or makers) is a boycott, and is an unlawful combination.

An employer is under no legal obligation to give a discharged employee a statement of his service.

The "black-list" has been declared lawful.

In the noted case of the Buck Stove and Range Co. v. The American Federation of Labor, the latter was enjoined from declaring, threatening, or maintaining a boycott.

Combinations to compel a manufacturer whose goods are sold in other States to "unionize" his shop is in "restraint of trade," within the meaning of the Anti-trust Act, and is therefore illegal.

Contracts of public bodies limiting the work to union labor are void.

A law prohibiting an employer from making a condition of employment the withdrawal from a trade union on the part of the employee is unconstitutional.

The "Unfair" list, when its object is to induce a boycott, is declared unlawful.

A labor organization which compels an employer to discharge non-union men by threats to notify all labor organizations that the employer is a non-union one, is liable to action for damages by a non-union employee as an aggrieved party.

A demand by workmen for a "closed shop" is contrary to "public policy."

A statute compelling corporations to assign reasons for discharging an employee is unconstitutional.

A statute prohibiting "blacklisting" by employers is unconstitutional. "Picketing," for the purpose of annoying non-union men, is unlawful.

There have been a multitude of similar decisions by the State courts. One of the most important of these was by the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio, declaring unconstitutional a law (passed in 1900) limiting to eight hours a day laborers, workmen, and mechanics engaged upon public work or work done for the State. The Court held that this law "violates and abridges the right of parties to contract as to the number of hours' labor that shall constitute a day's work, and invades and violates the right, both of liberty and property, in that it denies to municipalities and to contractors and sub-contractors the right to agree with their employees upon the terms and conditions of their contracts."

The Supreme Court of the State of Massachusetts has given a decision which may have as far-reaching a result as almost any that has been rendered in regard to organized labor. It is to the effect that members of a trade union cannot be compelled to strike by the organization. A bricklayers' union had ordered a strike to enforce a demand, but some of the members declined to obey the order. Thereupon the union voted to fine the disobedient members, and the latter appealed to the courts to enjoin the union enforcing its demand. The injunction was issued, and the Supreme Court of the State sustained the restraining order.

The Supreme Court of the State of New York has decided that the legislature of the State cannot prescribe the compensation which municipalities must pay their employees.

The Missouri State Supreme Court has declared an "anti-truck" law unconstitutional.

There has been a recent Canadian decision in line with several given on this side of the border. In Winnipeg, Manitoba, the plumbers' union struck, and pickets were posted around the workshops. The employers brought suit, and the court not only enjoined the men from picketing, but mulcted them in damages to the extent of \$25,000, and decreed that each member of the union could be assessed individually and his property attached to satisfy the judgment.

It may be stated as a general proposition that the trend of decisions of the American courts is opposed to the spirit and intent of recent legislation by the British Parliament in regard to compensation for injuries, the American authorities generally holding to the old doctrine of "contributory negligence" and the requirement of the employee to safeguard his own person from injuries.

James Boyle.

RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION

BY FRANCIS E. HAMILTON

Formerly Solicitor to the Collector

THE United States may properly be called the Experimental Nation.

We present to the eyes of humanity the spectacle of a world power; still in its youth, filled with ambitions and struggling with problems which affect the welfare of a hundred million people.

Our methods of government, our system of finance, the universality of our franchise and the freedom of thought, speech and action which prevails, all tend to arouse the keenest interest among the nations of the world; and the errors into which we inevitably fall from time to time evoke sarcastic comment and corresponding caution on the part of our critics, who not unwillingly apply to themselves the benefit derived from our experience and failures.

Should not we as a nation be equally ready to profit by our own experiments, and to add to our knowledge through our own failures? Should not we make of them stepping stones to a firmer ground of national policy?

To the man in the street such action would commend itself, but unhappily Congress is not the man in the street but many men with many minds, many of them seeking advancement through local, not national approval, and often through unworthy channels.

Thus it results that measures which have been tried and found wanting, laws which have proven but broken reeds, are allowed to continue in force merely because no man brave enough is found to point out the failures, condemn the resultant evils and champion the needed legislation, lest such action call down the wrath of a home constituency or offer an issue through which some unscrupulous enemy may oust him from office.

* * * * *

The immigration laws of the United States are inadequate properly to protect the people, and year by year the evil results grow more threatening; nor can they be overcome until we realize our danger and properly guard our ports against the degenerate, the pauper and the criminal with far greater security than at present.

Since the landing of the Pilgrims in 1620, this country has been the goal of the oppressed and the poor of the world. Probably the entire body of so-called Pilgrims could not have mustered £10,000 in earthly wealth when they, as immigrants, set foot upon our shores; but there

were among them no degenerates, no anarchists, no paupers and no criminals. Those who followed for more than 250 years were also the good seed of humanity, worthy of our soil, and because of them we are to-day the nation that we are; but within the past fifteen years a great change has taken place in the class of our immigration, a change that threatens more and more as each year adds to the accumulation of undesirables in our land.

In 1864 Abraham Lincoln said in his fourth annual message to Congress:

I regard our immigrants as one of the principal replenishing streams which are appointed by Providence to repair the ravages of internal war and its waste of national strength and health.

When these words were written the annual number of immigrants was less than 200,000, all of them, except 10,000 coming from Germany, the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and from Norway and Sweden; sturdy, honest hard-working Saxon and Celt, capable of becoming the brawn and sinew and the brain of their adopted land.

To-day the number of immigrants approximates 1,000,000 annually—it was more than a million and a quarter in 1907—and more than three-fifths of this enormous influx hales from Russia, Austria Hungary, Italy, and the southern countries about the eastern end of the Mediterranean,—men of alien races, mixed in blood and of many tongues and often the last resultants of effete and decaying civilizations.

It is doubtful if our Great President would repeat his words of forty-five years ago in face of present conditions.

Immigration ebbs and flows in cycles which roughly accord with the tides of prosperity. Note these tables covering six year periods.

Time	Total	United Kingdom	Germany	North Europe	Italy	Russia	Austria Hungary	All Others
1850-5..	2,118,404	1,145,753	726,169	110,952	3,047	52	00	132,431
1860-5..	852,581	490,307	248,922	37,617	4,347	1,156	838	73,394
1870-5..	2,113,998	825,635	626,678	189,871	29,954	24,824	37,352	379,684
1880-5..	3,432,940	904,788	1,044,658	520,470	121,859	85,740	157,857	597,568
1890-5—	2,579,181	555,275	490,067	377,986	340,238	282,032	333,637	219,946
1900-5..	4,281,648	433,490	195,482	385,156	1,059,903	749,522	1,059,026	399,069
1907-..	1,285,349	113,567	37,807	70,081	285,731	258,943	338,452	180,768

These figures speak for themselves and the warning note rings clear.

We no longer draw from Northern Europe—from the Celt and the Saxon—but the strangers who pour into Ellis Island to-day come from Russia, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Greece, Roumania, Sicily, Poland, Turkey, Bosnia, Africa and the ends of the earth.

Fifty years ago the immigrants were from the same shores that sent our ancestors across the sea to seek a land of freedom, while to-day not one in six of those who come over hale from England, Germany, or France, and seven out of every ten are Latins, Aryans or Slavs. We no longer receive accessions from the best peoples beyond our borders but from the mediocre and the worst. Year by year the tone has changed, little by little the morale has fallen, until notwithstanding somewhat more stringent laws and most watchful enforcement thereof, we are steadily adding to the percentage of pauper and criminal aliens in our country in spite of every effort.

In 1897, the total immigration was 231,000, of whom 1617 were refused as criminals, paupers or persons afflicted with loathsome and contagious disease; seven ineligibles out of every thousand.

In 1907, ten years later, the total immigration was 1,285,000, out of which enormous number 13,064 were refused admission for the reasons given above; nearly eleven ineligibles out of every thousand,—an increase in proportion of ineligibles in ten years of quite fifty per cent.

If the authorities charged with the duty of separating the chaff from the wheat were called upon to prevent more than 13,000 persons from entering the country in one year, their undesirability being known and visible under the law, how many other thousands, concealing their unfitness, were able to pass our gates and mingle unmolested with our citizens.

That many such do enter may be determined from the records in the annual report of the Commissioner of Immigration for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908.

A few comparisons with the figures of 1904 are not deemed inappropriate. The total number of aliens found in 1904 to be inmates of institutions of this character (penal, reformatory, charitable) was 44,985 against 60,501 found by the recent investigation. . . . As to the class of institutions, increases are shown as follows: Penal from 9,825 to 15,323, insane from 19,764 to 25,606; and charitable from 15,396 to 19,572; while with regard to the character of the offence for which incarcerated in penal institutions an increase is shown from 4,124 to 8,197 in grave offences. . . . In classifying crimes under "grave" there are included murder, robberies, burglaries and other offences usually enumerated with the serious crimes.

If we estimate the immigrants in the country in 1904 to be those who had arrived since 1874, a period of thirty years only, we find that they numbered probably about twelve and one-half millions. From 1904 to and including 1908, four and a quarter millions were added. If the increase in alien criminals was in proportion to the added immigrants there should have been about one-third more found in penal institutions

in 1908 than 1904, but the figures show the actual increase was nearly sixty per cent., while the increase of those incarcerated for "grave" offences—that is, murder, robbery, burglary and the like—was almost ninety-nine per cent.

In other words the four years from 1904 to 1908 indicate an increase of practically *one hundred per cent.* of grave crimes committed by alien criminals, and this does not include the many immigrant criminals who have suffered death either by due process of law or at the hands of others, nor the undiscovered number still free of the law against whom must be charged some at least of the horrible and mysterious crimes which have blackened the records of the years since 1904.

These are facts and figures, not theory, and no argument can gainsay them. Unless we guard ourselves with greater care than at present, we shall become in truth "the dumping ground of Europe."

What is the remedy?

In the annual report above referred to the then Commissioner, Mr. F. P. Sargent, since dead, stated that as the President had recently appointed a Commission under Congressional authority to investigate all immigration questions he did not deem it proper to offer any recommendations for additional legislation. The Secretary of Commerce and Labor, however, in his annual report for 1908 calls attention to the law which refuses admission to those "who have been guilty of crimes or misdemeanors, who are believers in anarchy, or who are prostitutes or procurers of prostitutes, or persons otherwise similarly immoral," and speaks of it as a subject of grave moment, but adds, "the law regarding these moral defects needs to be amended and strengthened in several important respects."

The report of the Congressional Committee upon immigration above referred to has not yet been submitted, but I understand that it will be at the coming session of Congress.

It may be that in view of the information thus supplied all needed legislation will result; but the following plan is presented as possessing many safeguards and worthy of careful consideration.

First. By Act of Congress limit the number of immigrants permitted in any one year, and divide that number proportionately among our great ports; that is to say, permit fifty per cent. of the entire number to enter at New York, ten per cent. at Boston, Philadelphia and New Orleans respectively, and twenty per cent. at San Francisco. By this simple process the new arrivals will be approximately near the several sections of the country where needed and, to a large degree, will be prevented from massing, as at present, in any one city.

Second. Establish Immigration Inspection Stations at three or more of the most important ports in Europe. Equip these with a Chief, an Assistant Chief, two medical officers and such a corps of clerks as the business demands. The Chief and his Assistant should be men of high character and capacity, preferably linguists. The physicians should be Americans having had not less than ten years of general practice. The clerical force, with the exception of stenographers and messengers, should also be Americans. If necessary, an interpreter having a good knowledge of three or more Continental languages might be added. Salaries commensurate with the importance of the duty imposed and the fact that it means temporary expatriation should be paid to all the officials. A reasonable estimate of the expense would be not to exceed \$100,000 annually for the maintenance of each station.

The prime test of the alien should be made before he leaves his native shore. Every person seeking to immigrate to the United States would have to make preliminary application to one of the Immigrant Inspection Stations for examination. In order to facilitate such application the printed forms would be supplied through the Department of Commerce and Labor to all American Consuls or Vice-Consuls, throughout Europe.

In such form, the applicant would state his nationality, name, age and place of residence, would designate the port in the United States at which he desired admission, and would reply to a list of questions as to his family, children, employment, health and civic standing for three years past. He would also be required to give the name and official address of the chief civil and the chief criminal officer of the city, town, district, province or canton where he now lived and also the name of a judge within the same territory.

Upon filing this signed application with an Investigation Station, either in person or by mail, and the payment of a small fee not to exceed \$1.00, the office of the Station would at once file the same and send to the nearest American Consul or Vice-Consul three other printed question sheets, one addressed to the chief civil officer named, one to the chief criminal officer named, and one to the judge. These in turn would be forwarded by the Consul or Vice-Consul, accompanied by a printed letter of instructions, requesting that the same be filled out from the records under the control of the several officers, signed, and returned to the Consul or Vice-Consul, who would at once send them to the Station from which they emanated.

The questions covered by these sheets would give a full history of the proposed immigrant and his family as to employment, politics, character, criminal record and past life. Upon receipt of these data the officials of

the Immigration Inspection Station would compare them with the signed statements on file, and if approved, notice would at once be sent to the applicant to present himself with his family if any, for physical examination, which would be made by the physician attached to the Station.

If this also proved satisfactory and if the applicant were possessed of a sum to be determined—say \$25—and an additional sum of not less than \$10 for each member of his family, he would then receive an immigration certificate in due form under seal, so specifically and accurately describing him and each member of his family that it could not be transferred. Upon presentation of this certificate to the immigration officers on his arrival in the United States, he and his family would be entitled to enter, subject, however, to a further physical examination.

If the first suggestion as to a limitation of immigration were the law, the foreign stations could be advised daily as to the numbers already entered at the different ports, and could with little trouble visé the certificate of the immigrant so that he would not be turned back, but would be entitled to enter at a port still open.

From the figures of the last six years it is reasonable to estimate an annual immigration of approximately three-quarters of a million. Under the above system the number of applicants refused certificates abroad would doubtless be five times as many as at present, but even then those accepted would number more than six hundred thousand.

The fees paid by this number would be more than double the amount required to maintain five Immigrant Inspection Stations, while the supervision thus established would to a very considerable extent purify the foreign flood, and eliminate a danger which threatens to become national under present conditions.

Three objections will probably be offered to this plan:

First. It will be opposed by the transatlantic carrying companies—out of more than two hundred steamers only four fly the American flag—since they desire no limitation upon their possible business.

Second. It will meet with disfavor from that class of employers who seek cheap labor, and who therefore desire the labor market to be at all times overstocked so that they may supply themselves at prices they dare not offer American citizens, or even to the immigrants themselves after they have been a year in the country; and

Third. It will at least be adversely criticised if not opposed by theorists who will turn pale lest the comity of nations be disturbed by so drastic a system for the regulation of our immigration.

To each of these objections the same reply can be made.

This country belongs to its own citizens and they—not the steamship corporations, or even foreign powers—are to determine as to its laws.

If in their own protection, both of people, family and life, the citizens of the United States deem it needful to guard their land and their homes from the dregs of humanity, the outcasts and criminals of the world, by more stringent and far-reaching laws than in the past, well and good—it is their right. The carrying companies must yield, the employing corporations must pay living wages, and the foreign nations—well, if any foreign nation declines to permit the establishment and maintenance of an Immigration Inspection Station within its borders, then its restless citizens will flee to some more liberal land where such a station may be found and through it make the needed effort to become Americans.

We can stand it. We could even stand it if such a plan reduced immigration one-half, for it would be the lower half, the pauperized, diseased and criminal half that would be eliminated.

* * * * *

This is not a recrudescence of knownothingism, but rather a prudent effort at self-preservation. Within the past five years our country has put into effect a law of the most universal beneficence known as the Food and Drugs Act. Under its careful provisions, enforced through the Board of Food and Drugs Inspection, of which Dr. H. W. Wiley is chairman, the health and even the lives of our ninety millions of citizens are given additional safeguards, and the initial outcry of the selfish dealer and dishonest manufacturer against the stringency of the law has been drowned in the national voice of praise which swells in volume day by day. The plan for a proper restriction of immigration rests upon an even higher plane than the Food Law; it is to benefit not alone our bodies but to insure the welfare of our homes, our States and our nation. Its effect will be both individual and collective, it will purify the moral atmosphere, and elevate the civic spirit while it safeguards our families and defends our children. It is a step toward a higher civilization.

When the husband and father buys for the house the food that shall nourish his loved ones, he seeks meats without taint and corn that is free from the germs of pelagra. Our country is but an aggregation of homes and we should defend their environment from moral disease with even greater care than we exercise in the selection of our food. Evil is far more contagious than good, and if we consent to expose our children to the century old wickednesses of the eastern world with no effort to protect them when we may, the sin and punishment will be sure.

Francis E. Hamilton.

CANADA YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

THIRTEEN years ago, when Wilfrid Laurier was for the first time elected Premier of Canada, there was much shaking of heads among our northern neighbors. Even the Liberals did not feel altogether sure of their chieftain, while the Conservatives—and particularly the Conservatives of Tory Toronto—sombrely predicted that the “silver-tongued orator” would make a sad mess of things. What was needed, they complained, was not a talker but a doer, a constructive statesman, a man patterned after, and holding the views of, the late Sir John A. Macdonald, whose death they never more sincerely mourned than on that balmy June night in 1896, when the wires were flashing to all parts of the Dominion the news of Laurier’s overwhelming victory.

The moment was indeed a critical one for Canada, torn into factions by the racial and religious animosities engendered through the raising of the Manitoba School Question, its industry and commerce at low ebb, its sons leaving in droves to seek, in the land of promise across the border, if not fame and fortune at least the chance to make a comfortable living. Yet, if the mists of prejudice had not so completely blinded their vision, even the bitterest among Tory partisans should have realized that in voting Laurier into office, the people of Canada had made a wise choice. Time and again, in his conduct of the Opposition and his criticisms of the government, he had shown himself to be a masterful man, a far-seeing and a clear-seeing man. Only a few months before, when pressed and even threatened by the hierarchy of his Church to advocate the extreme Catholic claims in the dangerous Manitoba affair, he had openly declared that he would brook no interference by the Church in matters of State.

“I am here,” he said, on the floor of Parliament, “representing not Roman Catholics alone, but Protestants as well, and I must give an account of my stewardship to all classes. Am I to be told that I am to be dictated to as to the course I am to take in this House by reasons that can appeal to the consciences of my fellow-Catholic members, but which do not appeal as well to the consciences of my Protestant colleagues? No. So long as I have a seat in this House, so long as I occupy the position I do now, whenever it shall become my duty to take a stand upon any position whatever, that stand I will take from the point of view that can appeal to the consciences of all men.”

A notable speech this, a speech unmistakably suggesting qualities most

needed in one who would mould the destinies of a nation; and it speaks volumes for the good sense of the Canadian electorate that when the appeal was made to them almost every Province declared for Laurier, while in Quebec, in contemptuous disregard of the frantic urgings of the wrathful bishops, his fellow French Canadian Catholics sent to Parliament forty-eight Liberal representatives as against only seventeen Conservatives. To-day—outside, of course, of rabid party adherents—there will be found few rash enough to assert that Laurier has not vindicated the trust then and since reposed in him. From the day that he entered into power a new life seemed to come into Canada. Its amazing progress during the past decade has excited the wondering admiration of the civilized world. The marvellous growth of its trade, the stupendous development of its manufactures, the rapidity with which vast tracts of unoccupied territory, not only in the great Northwest but in the hinterland of the older Provinces, have been opened up and populated—all this gives color to the boast, now so often heard:

“The nineteenth century belonged to the United States, the twentieth will be Canada’s.”

Still, it would be a great mistake to imagine, as many Canadians appear to believe, that the credit for this sudden efflorescence of activity, these manifest indications that a new and lusty nation has come into being, should go entirely to the Laurier Administration. Sir Wilfrid—who was plain “Wilfrid” when he became Premier—would be the first to disavow any such extreme pretension as this. He is too keen a student of history not to know that long before his time able men were at work planning to good effect for the future of Canada, and laying the foundations for its present prosperity; and he is equally well aware that, even at the risk of being justifiably charged with inconsistency, he deliberately adopted sundry political and economic principles advocated by his predecessors not in the Liberal but in the Conservative camp. Perhaps the most striking instance of this is seen in his handling of the problem of trade relations.

The Liberal party had always been the party of Free Trade; the policy of Protection was traditionally identified with the Conservative party, with which, indeed, it had become a shibboleth during the régime of Sir John A. Macdonald. But under Laurier’s direction Canada has developed stronger Protectionist tendencies than ever it did in Sir John’s day, and at present it seems to be even more firmly wedded to this policy than is the United States—which is saying a great deal. To be sure, this does not necessarily mean that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is at heart a Protectionist rather than a Free Trader. But it does indicate that he perceives

clearly that, whatever the virtues of Free Trade, there is a stage in the development of every country when Protection is essential to its welfare, and that Canada is now in such a stage.

Moreover, it must be remembered that the astonishing commercial and industrial expansion of recent years would never have been possible had it not been for an antecedent territorial expansion brought about not by chance, but by the meditated design of statesmen who are undeniably entitled to a large degree of credit as builders of modern Canada. It is little more than a hundred years since Canada was virtually synonymous with Quebec, and its "farthest west" of habitation barely beyond the outposts of Montreal. In the interval it has progressed to the shore of the Pacific, by a process fairly comparable with that of the territorial growth of the United States. There has been the same faring forth of bold pioneers—the hunter, the trapper, the trader, and in their wake the settler with his rifle and axe, his little store of grain, and his farming implements. As in the case of the United States new commonwealths have been carved out of the primeval forest and the open prairie; and sometimes diplomacy, sometimes force, has been necessary to make good Canada's claims to the added territory. But between the territorial growth of the United States and the territorial growth of Canada, there has been one important difference. In the United States the national authority has been promptly extended to each new acquisition, which has thereby become part of a united, solidified whole. This has not been so in Canada, where, until the passage of the Act of Confederation, a scant forty years ago, the several Provinces were so many independent units or groups of units. To this Act is directly traceable the genesis of the spirit of nationality so evident to-day; and to the men who conceived it and secured its passage—the "Fathers of Confederation," as they are fondly called—present-day Canada is immeasurably indebted.

Besides all this, and also having a vital bearing on the success of Canada's efforts to win a conspicuous place among the nations of the world, the foundations of a genuine and efficient democracy were long ago laid by a succession of heroic leaders whose names should be held in perpetual esteem by lovers of liberty everywhere. Canada is often pointed to as a perfect type of the self-governing colony, enjoying almost absolute autonomy on a distinctly democratic basis, and linked to the mother country by that strongest of all ties, affection. But it was not always thus. The mistakes which cost England its American colonies were repeated in the early governance of Canada, and with almost like results. With blind infatuation there was imposed on the Canadians the dominance not merely of an executive answerable only to the Crown, but

also of an oligarchical ruling class—the so-called Family Compact—who monopolized the patronage of the executive, and waxed wealthy and powerful at the expense of the great mass of their fellow-colonists. For upwards of half a century Canada protested in vain against this pernicious system, and it was not until armed rebellion took the place of peaceful agitation that England awoke to the absolute necessity for granting the demands for representative and responsible government, if Canada were to be prevented from emulating the example of the former colonies to the south.

Thus, Canada has had a picturesque, a romantic, and a thrilling yesterday—a yesterday which must be studied by all who would understand the Canada of to-day, and the spirit and characteristics of the Canadian people. Fortunately, since the entrance of Canada into the arena of world politics competent investigators and writers have been delving industriously through the records of the past, and have embodied the results of their researches in books of really illuminative value. Within the past year or two a score of works have appeared, either dealing with Canada's history as a whole or throwing light on the more important movements and episodes in its history. Among the latter, to mention one or two that will in especial repay perusal, are Mr. A. G. Bradley's *The Making of Canada*,¹ a graphic and interesting account of the history of Ontario and Quebec during the critical period between the Conquest and the War of 1812; Miss Agnes Laut's exhaustive and vastly entertaining study of the early history of Canada West, *The Conquest of the Great Northwest*,² and Dr. George Bryce's *The Romantic Settlement of Lord Selkirk's Colonists*,³ the story of the founding of Manitoba, the Province which gives promise of becoming in the near future the actual, as well as the geographical centre of Canadian life. Dr. Bryce has long been recognized as one of the most authoritative and ardent historians of western Canada, and in this book he gives a vivid account of a colonization movement scarcely paralleled for suffering, adventurousness, and heroism.

But these books, as was said, deal only with detached episodes in the history of Canada. For a general survey the student cannot do better than consult Mr. Frank Basil Tracy's *Tercentenary History of*

¹*The Making of Canada.* By A. G. Bradley. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

²*The Conquest of the Great Northwest.* By Agnes Laut. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

³*The Romantic Settlement of Lord Selkirk's Colonists.* By George Bryce. Toronto: Musson Book Company.

Canada,¹ or the recently completed co-operative history *The Makers of Canada*,² prepared under the editorial supervision of three Canadian scholars, Professor Pelham Edgar, Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, and Mr. William Dawson Le Sueur. Mr. Tracy's work is unquestionably the best short history of Canada that has yet been written—though, for that matter, it is not so short, consisting as it does of three substantial volumes. But in the vivacity with which it is written, the ease, the spontaneity, and the entire readability, it distinctly gives one the impression of brevity. Its author is not a Canadian but an American, a trained journalist, who through long experience has schooled himself to view everything from the true reportorial standpoint of detachment and impartiality, while at the same time maintaining an attitude of the liveliest sympathy. It is also evident that he has been painstakingly anxious to secure accuracy of statement. It is seldom that he falls into positive error or displays anything like unfairness. His most serious mistake lies in the disproportionate amount of space he has allotted to the pioneering of the French in Quebec and Ontario, as compared with the pioneering of the English in the far Northwest. He should have remembered that the history of Canada, the Canada of to-day, really begins with the fall of Quebec and the capitulation of Montreal, and that all that went before may best be treated as introductory.

The Makers of Canada, on the other hand, is a work of the "monumental" type, and is somewhat on the order of the lately published *American Nation* serial history of the United States, comprising no fewer than twenty volumes, each written by a different author. But the fundamental idea underlying it is vastly different from that underlying the construction of the *American Nation* history. Instead of adopting the usual plan of a chronological narrative with the emphasis on the events rather than on the actors in them, the editors of the *Makers of*

¹*The Tercentenary History of Canada*. By Frank Basil Tracy. New York: The Macmillan Company.

²*The Makers of Canada*. Twenty volumes: *Champlain*, by N. E. Dionne; *Bishop Laval*, by A. L. de Brumath; *Count Frontenac*, by W. D. Le Sueur; *Wolfe and Montcalm*, by Abbé R. H. Casgrain; *Lord Dorchester*, by A. G. Bradley; *Sir Frederick Haldimand*, by Jean N. Mellwraith; *John Graves Simcoe*, by Duncan Campbell Scott; *Mackenzie, Selkirk, Simpson*, by George Bryce; *General Brock*, by Lady Edgar; *Papineau, Cartier*, by A. D. DeCelles; *William Lyon Mackenzie*, by Charles Lindsey; *Joseph Howe*, by J. W. Longley; *Egerton Ryerson*, by Nathanael Burwash; *Baldwin, Lafontaine, Hincks*, by Stephen Leacock; *Lord Sydenham*, by Adam Shortt; *Lord Elgin*, by Sir John G. Bourinot; *Wilmot, Tilley*, by James Hannay; *Sir John A. Macdonald*, by George R. Parkin; *George Brown*, by John Lewis; *Sir James Douglas*, by R. H. Coats and R. E. Gosnell. Toronto: Morang and Company, Limited.

Canada have preferred to make the personal element the predominating feature of their work. For example, the story of the long and bitter struggle for responsible government is told in a succession of biographical studies of Mackenzie, Papineau, Cartier, Baldwin, Lafontaine, Hincks, Ryerson, Howe, Wilmot, Lord Sydenham, and Lord Elgin. This plan has its disadvantages. It involves considerable repetition, and occasionally somewhat disconcerting differences of opinion between individual authors as to the merits and achievements of their respective heroes. From one writer, to cite a single instance, we learn that Sir John A. Macdonald was *par excellence* the "Father of Confederation," while another declares that "it is hard to believe that the verdict of history" will assign to the Hon. George Brown "a place other than first among the public men of Canada, who contributed to the work of Confederation." Incidentally, it is rather amusing to observe that Mr. Tracy, in his *Tercentenary History*, differs from both these writers in insisting that neither Sir John A. Macdonald nor George Brown was *the* Father of Confederation, that honor belonging to Lord Durham.

Nevertheless, this biographical method has the supreme advantage of sustaining the reader's interest, of giving him a ready understanding of the course of Canadian development, and of making him intimately acquainted with the dead and gone leaders to whom Canada owes most. In the present instance it must be said that a few of the portraits scarcely do justice to their subjects, as in the case of Abbé Casgrain's *Wolfe and Montcalm*, which is woefully inadequate and even misleading. But as a general thing the different volumes are distinctly meritorious, giving ample evidence of careful research, and being well if not always brilliantly written. Sometimes a remarkably high level of literary excellence is reached, particularly in Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott's *Simcoe*, which is in every way one of the best books in the series. To quote from Mr. Scott's description of the conditions prevailing in Ontario at the time of its first settlement by fugitive Loyalists from the United States:

The aborigines lend a lurid dash of color to the romantic procession of the earliest inhabitants of Upper Canada. They file by and we watch and comment upon each group and character: the Indians with their wild cries, their tomahawks in one hand, a few green ears of maize in the other; the red-coated soldiers, tramping in their formal dress with their unwieldy accoutrements; the civil officers in their wigs and silk tights; the merchants proud with the virgin gains of the new Province; the settlers, clad in homespun, the staunch men with their well-made flails, the noble women, children at breast, with their distaffs; the priests of the first churches bearing the weight of the law and the promise; the trapper in his bonnet of mink nodding with squirrel tails, and blouse and leggings

of deerskin; the circuit rider with his eye of fire, his tongue ready as a whip of scorpions; the explorer with the abstracted step and deep glance that looks with certitude upon lands and rivers that no man ever saw; and before them all the figure of the governor who was endeavoring by precept and example to mould their diverse elements into a nation that would meet and match his own lofty ideal of what the new western nation should be.

It was the misfortune of this governor—Simcoe—not so much to unite the “diverse elements” of the population as to set them still further apart by instituting an administrative system out of which in time developed the baneful Family Compact. In part Simcoe was acting only in accordance with orders from the Home Government, but by the partiality he displayed toward “extreme” Loyalists, and by his avowed intention of creating a land-owning aristocracy which should constitute a governing class and aid the executive in repressing “republican notions,” he made dissension and conflict inevitable. Under the onerous conditions imposed on the colonists of both Ontario and Quebec, the marvel is not that a Mackenzie and a Papineau were found to lead a rebellion, but that the rebellion was so long delayed. Listen to what Professor Leacock has to say on this point, in his excellent study of the “Moderate Reformers,” Baldwin, Lafontaine, and Hincks:

The political situation in the two Provinces in the twenty years succeeding the Peace of 1815 presented analogous, though not identical, features. In each of them the fact that the executive was not under the control of the representatives of the people constituted the main cause of complaint. But in the Lower Province the situation was aggravated by the fact that the executive heads of the Administration were identified with the interests of the British minority and opposed to the dominance of the French Canadians. Even in Upper Canada, however, the position of affairs was bad enough. The actual administration of the Province was in the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor and his Executive Council of five, later of seven, members, a wholly irresponsible body of placemen appointed by the Crown from among the judges, public officers, and members of the Legislative Council. Of the legislature itself, the Upper House, or Legislative Council, was, as already said, a nominated body. Under such circumstances the political control of the colony had passed into the hands of a privileged class, who engrossed the patronage of the Crown, received liberal grants of land, and were able to bid defiance to the efforts of the Assembly to free itself from oligarchical control.

Throughout all this period, under the leadership of William Lyon Mackenzie, one-time shop-keeper and all-time lover of liberty, a persistent and aggressive agitation was maintained for reforms that would give the colony some actual measure of self-government and uproot the “vested interests” that had secured so firm and deadly a foothold. Nothing could shake Mackenzie from his purpose. In vain he was repeatedly

expelled from the Assembly, in vain mobs were set against him, to wreck the little printing-house he had established for the propagation of his liberalizing ideas. Persecution only increased his popularity, and gained for him a larger following. But it did not gain him following enough, as he found out to his cost when, in 1837, he and his yeoman soldiery, as a last desperate stroke, took up arms in open revolt. Says Professor Leacock, in a brief but most informative survey of the rebellion:

Mackenzie and his adherents now gathered the farmers of the colony into revolutionary clubs. Messengers went back and forth to the malcontents of Lower Canada. Vigilance committees were formed, and in secret hollows of the upland and in the openings of the forest the yeomanry of the countryside gathered at their nightly drill. Mackenzie passed to and fro among the farmers as a harbinger of the coming storm. He composed and printed a new and purified constitution for Upper Canada, blameless save for its unconscionable length.

An attack on Toronto, unprotected by royal troops and offering a fair mark for capture, was planned for December 7, 1837. A veteran soldier, one Van Egmond, who had been a colonel under Napoleon, was made generalissimo of the rebel forces. The whole affair ended in a fiasco. Rolph, joint organizer of the revolt with Mackenzie, fearing detection, hurriedly changed the date of the rising to December 4th. The rebels gathering from the outlying country moved in irregular bands to Montgomery's tavern, some three miles north of the town, and waited in vain for the advent of sufficient numbers to hazard an attack. In Toronto, for some days, intense apprehension reigned. The alarm bells rang, the citizens were hurriedly enrolled and the onslaught of the rebels was hourly expected. With the arrival of support from the outside in the shape of a steamer from the town of Hamilton, with sixty men led by Colonel Allan MacNab, confidence was renewed. More reinforcements arriving, the volunteer militia on a bright December afternoon (December 7, 1837) marched northward with drums beating, colors flying, two small pieces of artillery following their advance guard, and scattered the rebel forces in headlong flight. The armed insurrection, save for random attempts at invasion of the country from the American frontier in the year following, had collapsed.

"The whole affair ended in a fiasco," says Professor Leacock. So, in truth, did the Papineau uprising in Quebec. Yet neither of them, viewed in the light of subsequent events, can be called a failure. Had it not been for Mackenzie and Papineau, all the efforts of the "Moderate Reformers"—statesmen such as Baldwin and Lafontaine, who wanted constitutional freedom, but put loyalty above liberty—might have gone for naught. It required an explosion to arouse the obdurate gentry of Downing Street to a sense of the gravity of the situation, and the imperative necessity for concessions, and Mackenzie was the man to awaken them. Nowadays, it is the fashion to disparage him, even Mr. Tracy, in his *Tercentenary History*, damning him with faint praise. But the day is bound to come when the great value of his services to Canada will be universally recog-

nized, and he will be freely conceded, as we find him rated by his biographer in the *Makers of Canada* series, one among its foremost builders.

It was not enough for Canada, however, to attain responsible government. The country still needed welding together—still needed the formation of a firm and stable union of its many Provinces. For more than half a century the process of expansion had been going on. In the far West, the beginnings of Manitoba had been made by Lord Selkirk's colonists, while beyond the Rocky Mountains British Columbia had come into being, and was flourishing under the benevolent rule of Sir James Douglas. But as yet only Ontario and Quebec were linked together, and that by a system which promoted rather than prevented Provincial disagreements. It was clearly seen by the successors of Mackenzie and Baldwin, of Papineau and Lafontaine, that some method would have to be devised of giving each Province control over its own affairs while retaining a single administration for matters common to both. Out of this gradually grew the idea of federating all the Canadian Provinces. But not until the outbreak of the American Civil War was the necessity, as well as the desirability of federation, really appreciated. Mr. John Lewis, in his sympathetic yet discriminative biography of George Brown, gives an admirable summary of the forces contributing to make federation an accomplished fact:

For several years the British Government had been urging upon Canada the necessity for undertaking a greater share of her own defence. This view was expressed with disagreeable candor in the *London Times* and elsewhere on the occasion of the defeat of the Militia Bill of 1862. The American Civil War emphasized the necessity for measures of defence. At the time of the *Trent* seizure, Great Britain and the United States were on the verge of war, of which Canada would have been the battlefield. As the war progressed, the world was astonished by the development of the military power of the republic. It seemed not improbable, at that time, that when the success of the North was assured, its great armies would be used for the subjugation of Canada. The North had come to regard Canada as a home of Southern sympathizers and a place in which conspiracies against the republic were hatched by Southerners. Though Canada was not to blame for the use that was made of its soil, yet some ill-feeling was aroused, and public men were warranted in regarding the peril as real.

Canada was also about to lose a large part of its trade. For ten years that trade had been built up largely on the basis of reciprocity with the United States, and the war had largely increased the American demand for Canadian products. It was generally expected, and that expectation was fulfilled, that the treaty would be abrogated by the United States. It was feared that the policy of commercial non-intercourse would be carried even farther, the bonding system abolished, and Canada cut off from access to the seaboard during the winter.

Then, too, the spirit of nationality was dawning in Canada. As early as 1859, at a Liberal convention in Toronto called to discuss the ques-

tion of federation, George Brown, in replying to a query from one of the delegates as to whether federation meant a step toward nationality, affirmed—"I do place the question on grounds of nationality. I do hope that there is not one Canadian in this assembly who does not look forward with high hope to the day when these northern countries shall stand out among the nations of the world as one great confederation. What true Canadian can witness the tide of emigration now commencing to flow into the vast territories of the Northwest without longing to have a share in the first settlement of that great, fertile country? Who does not feel that to us rightfully belong the right and the duty of carrying the blessings of civilization throughout these boundless regions, and making our own country the highway of traffic to the Pacific?" Less than a decade later, the Dominion of Canada was born with the federation of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, and afterwards, in rapid succession, Manitoba, the Northwest Territory, British Columbia, and Prince Edward Island came into the fold. November 7, 1885, at Craigellachie, a lonely village in British Columbia, the last spike of the Canadian Pacific Railway was driven by Sir Donald Smith, and George Brown's vision of a highway to the Pacific had found fulfilment.

To-day Canada is a nation, prospering as it never has prospered before, and with a glorious future opening wide before it. But its past—the past of turmoil and struggle, of protest and rebellion, the past also of solid achievement—should not be forgotten. Canadians are fortunate in having such works as Mr. Tracy's *Tercentenary History* and the *Makers of Canada* series to perpetuate in detail the story of that past. And in the latter work they should find still further cause for pride and satisfaction in the fact that it is distinctly a national production—written by Canadians, printed by Canadians, and bound by Canadians. Than these twenty handsome volumes, with their clear, bold type, their durable paper, and their evidences of scholarship and literary workmanship no more impressive proof of Canada's material and intellectual progress could be had.

H. Addington Bruce.

THE HAPPY ENDING IN THE THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE question whether or not a given play should have a so-called happy ending is one that requires more thorough consideration than is usually accorded to it. It is nearly always discussed from one point of view, and one only—that of the box-office; but the experience of ages goes to show that it cannot rightly be decided, even as a matter of business expediency, without being considered also from two other points of view—that of art, and that of human interest. For in the long run, the plays that pay the best are those in which a self-respecting art is employed to satisfy the human longing of the audience.

Three Necessary Points of View

When we look at the matter from the point of view of art, we notice first of all that in any question of an ending, whether happy or unhappy, art is doomed to satisfy itself and is denied the recourse of an appeal to nature. Life itself presents a continuous sequence of causation, stretching on; and nature abhors an ending as it abhors a vacuum. If experience teaches us anything at all, it teaches us that nothing in life is terminal, nothing is conclusive. Marriage is not an end, as we presume in books; but rather a beginning. Not even death is final. We find our graves not in the ground but in the hearts of our survivors, and our slightest actions vibrate in ever-widening circles through incalculable time. Any end, therefore, to a novel or a play, must be in the nature of an artifice; and an ending must be planned not in accordance with life, which is lawless and illogical, but in accordance with art, whose soul is harmony. It must be a strictly logical result of all that has preceded it. Having begun with a certain intention, the true artist must complete his pattern, in accordance with laws more rigid than those of life; and he must not disrupt his design by an illogical intervention of the long arm of coincidence. Stevenson has stated this point in a letter to Mr. Sidney Colvin: "Make another end to it? Ah, yes, but that's not the way I write; the whole tale is implied; I never use an effect when I can help it, unless it prepares the effects that are to follow; that's what a story consists in. To make another end, that is to make the beginning all wrong." In this passage the whole question is considered *merely* from the point of view of art. It is the only point of view which is valid for the novelist; for him the question is comparatively simple, and Stevenson's answer, emphatic as it is, may be accepted as final. But the dramatist has yet another factor to consider—the factor of his audience.

The drama is a more popular art than the novel, in the sense that it makes its appeal not to the individual but to the populace. It sets a contest of human wills before a multitude gathered together for the purpose of witnessing the struggle; and it must rely for its interest largely upon the crowd's instinctive sense of partisanship. As Marlowe said, in *Hero and Leander*—

When two are stripped, long e'er the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win.

The audience takes sides with certain characters against certain others; and in most cases it is better pleased if the play ends in a victory for the characters it favors. The question therefore arises whether the dramatist is not justified in cogging the dice of chance and intervening arbitrarily to insure a happy outcome to the action, even though that outcome violate the rigid logic of the art of narrative. This is a very important question; and it must not be answered dogmatically. It is safest, without arguing *ex cathedra*, to accept the answer of the very greatest dramatists. Their practice goes to show that such a violation of the strict logic of art is justifiable in comedy, but is not justifiable in what we may broadly call the serious drama. Molière, for instance, nearly always gave an arbitrary happy ending to his comedies. Frequently, in the last act, he introduced a long lost uncle, who arrived upon the scene just in time to endow the hero and heroine with a fortune and to say "Bless you, my children!" as the curtain fell. Molière evidently took the attitude that since any ending whatsoever must be in the nature of an artifice, and contrary to the laws of life, he might as well falsify upon the pleasant side and send his auditors happy to their homes. Shakespeare took the same attitude in many comedies, of which *As You Like It* may be chosen as an illustration. The sudden reform of Oliver and the tardy repentance of the usurping duke are both untrue to life and illogical as art; but Shakespeare decided to throw probability and logic to the winds in order to close his comedy with a general feeling of good-will. But this easy answer to the question cannot be accepted in the case of the serious drama; for—and this is a point that is very often missed—in proportion as the dramatic struggle becomes more vital and momentous the audience demands more and more that it shall be fought out fairly, and that even the characters it favors shall receive no undeserved assistance from the dramatist. This instinct of the crowd,—the instinct by which its demand for fairness is proportioned to the importance of the struggle,—may be studied by any follower of professional base-ball. The spectators at a ball-game are violently partisan and always

want the home team to win. In any unimportant game—if the opposing teams, for instance, have no chance to win the pennant—the crowd is glad of any questionable decision by the umpires that favors the home team. But in any game in which the pennant is at stake, a false or bad decision, even though it be rendered in favor of the home team, will be received with hoots of disapproval. The crowd feels, in such a case, that it cannot fully enjoy the sense of victory unless the victory be fairly won. For the same reason, when any important play which sets out to end unhappily is given a sudden twist which brings about an arbitrary happy ending, the audience is likely to be displeased. And there is yet another reason for this displeasure. An audience may enjoy both farce and comedy without believing them; but it cannot fully enjoy a serious play unless it believes the story. In the serious drama, an ending, to be enjoyable, must be credible; in other words, it must, for the sake of human interest, satisfy the strict logic of art. We arrive, therefore, at the paradox that although in the final act, the comic dramatist may achieve popularity by renouncing the laws of art, the serious dramatist can achieve popularity only by adhering rigidly to a pattern of artistic truth.

This is a point that is rarely understood by people who look at the general question from the point of view of the box-office; they seldom appreciate the fact that a serious play which logically demands an unhappy ending will make more money if it is planned in accordance with the sternest laws of art than if it is given an arbitrary happy ending in which the audience cannot easily believe. The public wants to be pleased, but it wants even more to be satisfied.

In view of M. Henry Bernstein's reputation as a master of the technique of the stage—a reputation which he gained in Paris, that most exacting of capitals—a city in which plays are discussed in the daily papers not by press-agents but by dramatic critics, and in which incompetence is never crowned and laurelled—it would seem that if his plays are to be presented at all in England and America they might safely be presented as he wrote them and wished them to be acted. Very probably he is not a great dramatist, in the highest sense of the word. In temperament he seems uncomfortably cold and hard, and even somewhat cruel. He has power, without kindness; he lacks the ultimate touch of human sympathy. He is strongly a logician, but not at all a poet; his masculine quality of intellect is not re-enforced by a feminine alloy of sensibility. In other words, though he has the clear head, he lacks the big heart, of the dramatist who is truly great. Yet, as a technician, he has fairly

“Israel”

earned an unique and undisputed eminence. He is the one contemporary dramatist who has succeeded in combining the thrilling theatricism of Sardou with that psychological analysis of character which later authors have learned from the grim deep poet of the north. He has shown that Sardou's structure of situation can be made to sustain a study of character as searching in intent as Ibsen's. This, whether or not we may like the result, is a great technical achievement. As such, it is worthy of respect, not only in France but also in those other countries which are interested in theatric art. Yet only one of M. Bernstein's pieces has been presented at all fairly in America. *The Thief* was produced with very few alterations, and these were merely revisions of detail. It is now in its third season, and is being played successfully by three companies on the road. *Samson* was produced with many mutilations; and, in its altered state, it made the judicious grieve. Recently in New York a thing has been presented which bears the name of *Israel*. It is very badly acted and directed; but even after due discount had been made on account of the inadequacy of the presentation, it remained inconceivable that the piece itself could have been written by a dramatist of M. Bernstein's reputation. A subsequent reading of the original text revealed the fact that the thing which was presented was not M. Bernstein's play at all, but merely a silly substitute. We shall therefore, in the present paper, review the drama of *Israel* as the author originally wrote it,¹ and shall merely append a comment on the American alteration.

Thibault, Prince of Clar (aged twenty-seven), is a young Parisian aristocrat. His mother, the Duchess of Croucy (aged fifty-two), is a very pious and rather narrow-minded Christian. For twenty-five years she has lived apart from her husband, the Duke of Croucy, who is an habitual drunkard and lives sequestered in the country. Thibault, therefore, has never known a father; he has been brought up by his mother and by her confessor, a certain Father Silvian, who has schooled him in the rigid tenets of the Christian faith. He is a spirited youth and develops a fanatical hatred of the Jewish race. He soon becomes a leader of the anti-semitic party, and makes many eloquent public speeches urging that the Jews be driven out of French society. At eleven o'clock one evening he summons half a dozen of his friends to meet him in the anteroom of his club in the Rue Royale, and explains to them that he intends then and there to make the club no longer habitable for Justin Gutlieb, a Jewish millionaire and one of the leaders of the Semitic party, who has been a member of the club for thirty years. Gutlieb is fifty-four years old, and is a gentleman of

¹*Israël*. Pièce en Trois Actes. Par Henry Bernstein. Paris: L'Illustration Théâtrale: 28 Novembre, 1908.

dignity and grave decorum. When Gutlieb appears, Thibault confronts him and abruptly demands his resignation from the club, while the assembled partisans of the Prince look on in silence. The elderly gentleman refuses the demand; and Thibault, after a formal warning, knocks his hat off with a cane. A duel is thereby made inevitable. Thibault and his partisans file out in silence. Gutlieb, left alone, picks up his hat and slowly leaves the club as the curtain falls. This act sets forth a full rhetorical discussion of the theme of the play. The exposition is somewhat redundant and over-insistent; but the cruel closing scene is painfully impressive.

The second act passes in the apartments of the Duchess of Croucy. She is terribly agitated by the prospect of the duel, and has despatched Father Silvian to bring Gutlieb to see her. When Gutlieb arrives, she implores him to withdraw from the prospective combat; but the Jewish gentleman opposes a stubborn front to her pleadings, and shows her very clearly and emphatically that such a course is for him impossible. This interview also serves to reveal to the audience a secret which Thibault does not discover until the end of the act. The Prince, entering suddenly, is amazed to find his adversary closeted with his mother. Gutlieb passes him in silence and leaves the house. Thibault turns upon the Duchess, who offers an explanation of the circumstance which seems for the moment to be satisfactory. She then begs her son not to fight the duel, and makes a plea so moving in its emotional intensity that he finally gives her his word to call the combat off. He walks to the door, opens it, starts to go out—and the audience expects the curtain to descend. Then he suddenly returns, shuts the door, and asks his mother what hold she has over Gutlieb, which has made it possible for her to call him at such a moment to her house. In a long dialogue of cumulative intensity he breaks her gradually down, and forces her to admit, first that Gutlieb had known her intimately in her youth, next that he had loved her, then that she had returned his love, and finally that he, and not the Duke of Croucy, is the father of Thibault. This act is similar in structure to the famous second act of *The Thief*. In each case the action is brought to an apparent climax and termination—whereupon the dramatist suddenly says to the audience, “One moment!—there is something more to be considered!” and then the action sweeps up swiftly to an unexpected higher climax. But in *Israel* the mechanism of this technical device is much more evident than in *The Thief*; and in spite of the author’s cleverness, the act seems somewhat arbitrary and prearranged.

It is not in this mechanical second act, but in the thoughtful and philosophic last act of *Israel*, that M. Bernstein exhibits a power far

greater than he displayed in *The Thief*. Thibault, overwhelmed by his sudden terrible discovery of the secret of his birth, can no longer fight the duel or right himself in the eyes of society; and he has decided that his only possible recourse is suicide. He states his resolve to Father Silvian. The Christian priest then tries at length to persuade Thibault not to kill himself, but to enter a monastery instead. This argument, in which the Christian philosophy of life is presented with the august authority of the Church, is set forth with extraordinary power; and in the end Thibault is all but convinced that he has found the true solution of his difficulty. Subsequently he receives Gutlieb, and tells him that he has decided to enter a monastery. The Jew, who despises the Christian philosophy of life and hates the Church, then argues against this course with even greater power. In the end, he shows Thibault conclusively that he could never endure a life of monastic isolation. The Jewish philosophy conquers the Christian, and destroys the solution which Thibault had almost accepted. He is flung back to the mental position that he had held before his interview with Father Silvian. He leaves the room, and shuts the door; and the sudden thud of his dead body dropping to the floor is heard outside.

This last act is a struggle between two contrasted racial and religious ideals. The Jewish Gutlieb and the Christian Silvian come nobly to the grapple; and Thibault, who is himself both Jew and Christian, is torn to pieces by the conflict warring within his soul. This single act is the best thing that M. Bernstein has ever written—the one thing which sets him in the rank of dramatists indisputably great. It is, of course, the only act that makes *Israel* worth seeing; and yet it is not presented in the American production. The scene with Father Silvian is cut out bodily and thrown away; the subsequent scene with Gutlieb loses its effect through lack of the necessary emphasis of contrast; and the play terminates, not with the tragic suicide of Thibault, but with the sudden appearance in his apartment of a young girl with a picture-hat who remarks that she loves him and says that she will be good enough to marry him if he will please be so kind as not to kill himself.

This fabricated happy ending evoked at once a storm of disapproval from those who know; and as an answer to their protest, the producing manager announced that M. Bernstein had, at his (the manager's) solicitation, written the new last act himself, especially for the delectation of American theatre-goers. In that case, it would seem that M. Bernstein, secure of his reputation in Paris, deems the American barbarians to be without discernment and worthy only to have their money taken from them under false pretences. Concerning his opinion of American taste

we shall make no comment. But what of his attitude toward his own work? What of a mother who, for a monetary consideration, would consent to cut off the right arm of her child?

The Harvest Moon, by Mr. Augustus Thomas, is a very pleasant play, in which a happy ending is evolved by philosophic means from premises which threaten at the outset to develop unhappy results. The theme of the piece is the power of mental suggestion—the influence over a young and growing mind of the mental atmosphere of its environment. Dora is a young girl who believes herself to be the daughter of Professor Fullerton; but she is in reality the daughter only of his divorced wife, and was born two years after her mother had run away from the professor. Taken into the professor's household after the early death of her mother, she has been brought up mainly by a nagging aunt, a sister of the professor's, who persists in seeing in the child a tendency to waywardness which is attributed by hasty reasoning to inheritance from the mother. As a result, Dora, arrived at the perilous period of adolescence, is led by the constant suggestion of the aunt to mistrust the stability of her own character, and becomes nervously inclined to fall into the errors to which the aunt feels certain that Dora is destined. Into the household is introduced M. Vavin, an eminent French dramatist and a member of the Academy. He is very wise in the understanding of human character, and he sees at once how deeply Dora is troubled by the surrounding atmosphere of sinister expectancy. He proceeds to clarify the mental atmosphere, and by leading Dora to trust herself, lays in her the foundations of unassailable strength of character. In the end it is revealed that M. Vavin had married the runaway wife after her divorce from Professor Fullerton, and that he is in actuality Dora's father.

In this cheerful and amiably suggestive play, Mr. Thomas continues the good work that he began in *The Witching Hour*—the work, namely, of expounding to the public his wholesome philosophy of life. The chief tenet of his philosophy is that thought is in itself a dynamic force, and that therefore we are morally responsible not only for the justness of our acts, but also for the sanity and sweetness of our thoughts. It is not sufficient that we should avoid evil deeds; we must also avoid all evil moods of mind. This is a sound philosophy; and it is fortunate for the public that Mr. Thomas has the dramaturgic skill to inculcate it in interesting dramatic narrative.

On the ground of criticism, however, it must be stated that the present

play is not so effective as its predecessor. In three important points *The Harvest Moon* is inferior to *The Witching Hour*, which thus far remains the masterpiece of the American drama. First, *The Harvest Moon* is inferior in structure. It is too evidently a conglomeration of several originally unrelated sketches; and the entire third act, which deals with the effect of different colors on the human sensibilities, though very interesting in itself, remains an episode quite apart from the main current of the action. Second, the thesis of the play is too often insisted upon in disquisition rather than illustrated in action. All that Mr. Thomas had to say in *The Witching Hour* was expressed in terms concrete and visual; but in *The Harvest Moon* he uses M. Vavin as his own mouthpiece, and expresses the leading motives not so much in action as in talk. Indeed M. Vavin often reminds us of the *prédicateur* of Dumas fils—that favorite character through whom the dramatist spoke directly to his auditors. Third, Mr. Thomas in the present piece seems more self-conscious than he showed himself in *The Witching Hour*. In *The Harvest Moon* his purpose is too evident; he insists too much upon his own mission as an educator of the public. But in spite of these comparative defects, the present play is in every way a worthy work; and it is the most important piece by an American author that has been disclosed thus far this season. It would be unfair to demand of our most serviceable living dramatist that each of his works should be a masterpiece; and it is sufficient for us to hope that Mr. Thomas will give us many more plays as interesting and as helpful as *The Harvest Moon*.

Considered in the clear light of criticism, *The Builder of Bridges*, by Mr. Alfred Sutro, is seen to be the best of all his plays—better even than that powerful and popular work, *The Walls of Jericho*.

**"The Bulider
of Bridges"**

The present piece is strong in story, well-studied and consistent in characterization, neat and firm in structure, and written in dialogue that is fluent, graceful, and often deft and witty. As a representation of life, it has the ring of reality; and as an instance of théatric art, it is an admirable technical achievement, and may be recommended heartily to students of the stage. Yet it was reviewed adversely by nearly all the newspapers of New York, and has also failed to make money with the public. The apparent reason for this reception will be touched upon after we have outlined the story of the play.

Arnold Faringay, a young clerk in a firm of contractors that builds great bridges in various parts of the world, loses a large sum of money in bucket-shop speculation, embezzles it from the firm, and charges it against

the account for a big bridge that the firm is putting up in Egypt. The only man who is in a position to discover this irregularity in the books is Edward Thursfield, the chief-engineer, who is about to return from Egypt to London. Dorothy Faringay is deeply moved by her brother's difficulty. She is engaged to marry a good enough young man, named Walter Gresham, with whom she believes herself to be in love; but learning that Thursfield is to stop off in Switzerland for a fortnight on his journey homeward, she suddenly starts out to meet him, without informing either her brother or her fiancé of her purpose, which is to make Thursfield fall in love with her and thereby win from him an assurance of clemency for her brother. Thursfield is a very fine, hard-working, earnest man, in his early forties. He falls in love with Dorothy, just as she has planned; but her purpose is greatly complicated by the fact that she also falls in love with him, and thereby learns that she has never really loved her fiancé. Thursfield, returned to London, discovers Arnold's defalcation; and because of sheer human sympathy, and without any urging upon the part of Dorothy, generously advances the missing sum from his own private bank-account. Dorothy longs to marry him, but still feels bound to keep her faith with Walter. In this difficulty, she satisfies herself by putting Walter to a rather unfair test of his love for her; and when he fails at first to meet the test, she throws him over and announces her engagement to Thursfield. Thursfield is amiably chatting over the family tea-table, in his pleasant new rôle of fiancé, when Walter breaks in with a tardy fulfilment of the test, and thereby apprises Thursfield of the perfidy of Dorothy. Thursfield suffers suddenly the loss not only of the woman that he loves but also of his newly-built rosy dreams of life; but in the last act Dorothy, by a course of self-abnegation, convinces him that she loves him and him alone, and the curtain falls upon the prospect of an immediate marriage and a possibility—none too certain, let us candidly confess—of future happiness.

It will be noticed that this story is motivated entirely by the heroine, who is the initial, and at all points the central, figure in the plot. It will be noticed also that she is essentially what is called in the theatre an "unsympathetic" character. The audience cannot like her; it cannot, therefore, believe that the apparent happy ending of the piece will be lasting in result; and it leaves the theatre with a feeling of sorry sympathy for Thursfield. This one point is sufficient to account for the popular failure of the play. But if we look upon the matter critically, we shall discern that Mr. Sutro has presented, in the heroine, a very sound and searching study of feminine inconsistency in the sense of right and wrong. Her motives and emotions are always right; her plans and acts are usually

wrong. In life, the things she does would be unpardonable if they were done by any man; but they are done every day by many women who are intrinsically fine and wholesome. Of business honor, as it is conceived intellectually by the average man, the average woman has very little sense; confronted with business difficulties, she follows only her emotions, and if these be basically wholesome, she sweeps away all purely masculine considerations of integrity, which to her appear merely formal and secondary. This is a subtle point, and may easily fly over the head of a theatre audience; but it is strange that the point should have been overlooked by the newspaper reviewers. Several of them said that the play was insincere, whereas the truth is, rather, that it presented a sincere study of a familiar type of feminine insincerity. It was surely uncritical to decree that the sins of the heroine should be visited upon the author.

For nine years Mr. Stephen Phillips's poetic drama entitled *Herod*¹ has been familiar to readers in America. It seemed to us, when we read it first, not only interesting in itself but interesting even more as a harbinger of greater works to come; and there is a curious irony in the fact that its first presentation on the American stage should have been deferred until a time when the apparent high promise of the work has lost itself in a dreary decade of non-fulfilment. No longer can we pardon the defects of this play in favor of its illusory indications of high fulfilment in the future. We now know the melancholy sequel; and we are forced to consider *Herod* not as the first, but as the last, of its author's list of real achievements. Seen in the theatre, it shows itself to be a better play than *Paolo and Francesca*. At no point does it quite diffuse the pure poetic glow that emanated from the loveliest scenes of its predecessor on the boards; but it is constructed with a firmer knowledge of the needs of the stage, and makes up in increase of sheer dramatic power what it suffers in decrease of lyric rapture. Concerning its successors in the theatre, it behooves us to maintain a charitable silence.

For two acts *Herod* is a well-constructed play: the third and last act is merely an amplification in monologue of the motive introduced at the second curtain-fall. Herod, King of the Jews, is a man of large imagination, cleverly politic as a ruler, but uxoriously enslaved by his passion for Mariamne, the queen. Mariamne intimately loves her young brother, Aristobulus, who is made High Priest of Judea and is adored by the populace. Because the popularity of Aristobulus endangers the integrity of Herod's dominance, the latter is prevailed upon by his councillors to

¹*Herod*. A Tragedy. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Company.

to give a secret order that the High Priest shall be slain. Mariamne, after the death of her brother, discovering that it was due to a decree of Herod, turns marble to the amorous advances of the King. Herod's mother and sister, who hate Mariamne, persuade Herod that the queen has made an attempt to poison him; and in a moment of despair and petulance, he gives orders for her death. A moment later, messengers from Octavius Cæsar bring the news that Herod has been lifted to new and unexpected dignity and power in the general empire of the world. Herod has already countermanded the order for Mariamne's death; but, although he knows it not, the order has been already executed. Now, in the flash of his new glory, and not realizing that his wife is dead, he rushes forth to share with her the glorious fulfilment of his political ambitions.

At this point, the dramatic structure of the piece is properly completed. But Mr. Phillips has appended a third act, in which Herod is shown trembling on the verge of madness, and his courtiers, to sustain the integrity of his mind, seek to divert his attention from the thought of Mariamne or to deceive him into believing that she is still alive, until at last, in response to repeated orders from the melancholy king, the dead body of Mariamne is brought into his presence, and, overcome with sudden realization at the sight, Herod is stricken with catalepsy. In the American presentation, this epilogue is better acted than the two preceding acts, and seems therefore to be more effective dramatically; but a careful study of the text of the play will convince the reader that, considered structurally, it is a mere after-thought and amplification.

Of the verse of *Herod*, it remains to be said that Mr. Phillips has made the mistake of assigning to his minor actors many lines which, though beautiful as narrative blank verse, are not easily and naturally speakable upon the stage. "He is stricken, and in catalepsy bound," is a hard mouthful to impose upon an unimportant player. But in the parts of Herod and Mariamne he has written many lines and speeches that recall the martial march of Marlowe. There is a great deal of lofty poetry in the piece. Considered as a poem, *Herod* does not rank so high as its author's supreme essays in narrative blank verse,—*Marpessa* and *Christ in Hades*. These two, and more especially the former, are the works which will finally entitle Mr. Phillips to consideration as a poet by generations yet unborn. But *Herod* is sufficiently beautiful as a poem to make us melancholy at the thought of Mr. Phillips's blighted promise. He, who in his youth could work so well, surely owed it to himself and to the world to march forward steadily toward the stars.

Clayton Hamilton.

LUCIFER'S FEAST

(A European Nightmare.)

BY ALFRED NOYES

To celebrate the ascent of man, one gorgeous night
Lucifer gave a feast.

Its world-bewildering light
Danced in Belshazzar's tomb, and the old kings dead and gone
Felt their dust creep to jewels in crumbling Babylon.

Two nations were His guests—the top and flower of Time,
The fore-front of an age which now had learned to climb
The slopes where Newton knelt, the heights that Shakespeare trod,
The mountains whence Beethoven rolled the voice of God.

Lucifer's feasting-lamps were like the morning stars,
But at the board-head shone the blood-red lamp of Mars.

League upon glittering league, white front and flabby face
Bent o'er the groaning board. Twelve brave men droned the grace:
But with instinctive tact, in courtesy to their Host,
Omitted God the Son and God the Holy Ghost,
And to the God of Battles raised their humble prayers.

Then, then, like thunder, all the guests drew up their chairs.

By each a drinking cup, yellow, almost, as gold,
(*The blue eye-sockets gave the thumbs a good firm hold*)
Adorned the flowery board. Could even brave men shrink?

Why, if the cups *were* skulls, they had red wine to drink!
And had not each a napkin, white and peaked and proud,
Waiting to wipe his mouth? A napkin? Nay, a shroud!
This was a giant's feast, on hell's imperial scale.

The blades glistened.

The shrouds—O, in one snowy gale,
The pink hands fluttered them out, and spread them on their knees.
Who knew what gout might drop, what filthy flakes of grease,
Now that o'er every shoulder, through the coiling steam,
Inhuman faces peered, with wolfish eyes a-gleam,
And gray-faced vampire Lusts that whinneyed in each ear
Hints of the hideous courses?

None may name them here!

None? And we may not see! The distant cauldrons cloak
The lava-colored plains with clouds of umber smoke.
Nay, by that shrapnel-light, by those wild shooting stars
That rip the clouds away with fiercer fire than Mars,
They are painted sharp as death. If these can eat and drink,
Chatter and laugh and rattle their knives, why should we shrink
From empty names? We know those ghastly gleams are true;
Why should Christ cry again—*They know not what they do.*

They, heirs of all the ages, sons of Shakespeare's land,
They, brothers of Beethoven, smiling, cultured, bland,
Whisper with sidling heads to ghouls with bloody lips.

Each takes upon his plate a small round thing that drips
And quivers, a child's heart. . . . Miles on miles
The glittering table bends o'er that first course, and smiles;
For, through the wreaths of smoke, the gray lusts bear aloft
The second course, on leaden chargers, large and soft,
Bodies of women, steaming in an opal mist,
Red-branded here and there where vampire-teeth have kissed,
But white as pig's flesh, newly killed, and cleanly dressed,
A lemon in each mouth and roses round each breast,
Emblems to show how deeply, sweetly satisfied,
The breasts, the lips, can sleep, whose children fought and died
For—what? For country? God, once more thy shrapnel-light!
Let those dark slaughter houses burst upon our sight,
These kitchens are too clean, too near the tiring room!
Let Thy white shrapnel rend those filthier veils of gloom,
Rip the last fogs away and strip the foul thing bare!
One lightning-picture—see—yon bayonet-bristling square
Mown down, mown down, mown down, wild swathes of crimson wheat,
The white-eyed charge, the blast, the terrible retreat,
The blood-greased wheels of cannon thundering into line
O'er that red writhe of pain, rent groin and shattered spine,
The moaning faceless face that kissed its child last night,
The raw pulp of the heart that beat for love's delight,
The heap of twisting bodies, clotted and congealed
In one red huddle of anguish on the loathsome field,
The seas of obscene slaughter spewing their blood-red yeast,
Multitudes pouring out their entrails for the feast,
Knowing not why, but dying, they think, for some high cause,
Dying for "hearth and home," their flags, their creeds, their laws.

Ask of the Bulls and Bears, perchance they understand
 How both great grappling armies bleed for their own land;
 For in that faith they die! These hood-winked thousands die
 Simply as heroes, gulled by hell's profoundest lie.

Who keeps the slaughter-house? Not these, not these who gain
 Nought but the sergeant's shilling and the homeless pain!
 Who pulls the ropes? Not these, who buy their crust of bread
 With the salt sweat of labor! These but bury their dead
 Then sweat again for food!

Christ, is the hour not come,
 To send forth one great voice and strike the dark hell dumb,
 A voice to out-crash the cannon, one united cry
 To sweep these wild-beast standards down that stain the sky,
 To hurl these Lions and Bears and Eagles to their doom,
 One voice, one heart, one soul, one fire that shall consume
 The last red reeking shreds that flicker against the blast
 And purge the Augean stalls we call "our glorious past"!
 One voice from dawn and sunset, one almighty voice,
 Full-throated as the sea—ye sons o' the earth, rejoice!
 Beneath the all-loving sky, confederate kings ye stand,
 Fling open wide the gates o' the world-wide Fatherland.

Poor fools, we dare not dream it! We that pule and whine
 Of art and science, we, whose great souls leave no shrine
 Unshattered, we that climb the Sinai Shakespeare trod,
 The Olivets where Beethoven walked and talked with God,
 We that have weighed the stars and reined the lightning, we
 That stare through heaven and plant our footsteps in the sea,
 We whose giant souls have risen so far above the creeds
 That we can jest at Christ and leave Him where He bleeds,
 A legend of the dark, a tale so false or true
 That howsoe'er we jest at Him, the jest sounds new
 (Our weariest dinner-tables never tire of that!
 Let the clown sport with Christ, never the jest falls flat!)
 Poor fools, we dare not dream a dream so strange, so great,
 As on this ball of dust to found one "world-wide state,"
 To float one common flag above our little lands,
 And ere our little sun grows cold to clasp our hands
 In friendship for a moment!

Hark, the violins
Are swooning through the mist. The great blue band begins,
Playing, in dainty scorn, a hymn we used to know,
How long was it, ten thousand thousand years ago?

*Ten thousand times ten thousand
With faces blue and white,
The regiments in their Khaki,
Throng up the steeps of light.
Quick-march! If Bumble blundered
The soldiers never knew,
We've given them a fife and a little kettle-drum,
Faleero, leero, loo.*

*'Tis finished, all is finished,
If once the soldier asks
The wondrous why and wherefore
Of all his glorious tasks;
Thank God, we still have papers
To tell the soldier true;
So rattle, O rattle your little kettle-drums,
Faleero, leero, loo.*

*Time was, a jovial monarch
Miscalled another fat;
'Twas in the golden middle-age,
So thousands died for that!
Shall we forget our fathers
Who fought till all was blue?
If any one answers, bang your little kettle-drum,
Faleero, leero, loo.*

*Our fathers fought with maces,
We burrow and mine like moles,
They relished the odds of ten to one,
But we have sweeter souls.
Be sure we are not feeble,
See that we are not few,
Then—snap your thumbs and bang your drums,
Faleero, leero, loo.*

*The hollow-chested thunder
Rolled from the big baboon,
The tom-toms of the jungle,
The droning tribal tune;
Our blood leapt to remember
What time the bugles blew
And we rattled, O we rattled, all our little kettle-drums,
Faleero, leero, loo.*

*There is a green hill far away
Beside a City wall!—
Once more the music swung astray
With a solemn dying fall;
For it was a pleasant jest to play
Hymns in the Devil's Hall.*

*And yet, and yet, if aught be true,
This dream we left behind,
This childish Christ, bemocked anew
To please the men of mind,
Yet hung so far beyond the flight
Of our most lofty thought
That—Lucifer laughed *at* us that night,
Not *with* us, as he ought.*

*Beneath the blood-red lamp of Mars,
Cloaked with a scarlet cloud
He gazed along the line of stars
Above the guzzling crowd:
Sinister, thunder-scarred, he raised
His great world-wandering eyes,
And on some distant vision gazed
Beyond our cloudy skies.*

*“Poor bats,” he sneered, “their jungle-dark
Civilization's noon!
Poor wolves that hunt in packs and bark
Beneath the grinning moon;
Poor fools, that cast the cross away
Before they break the sword;
Poor sots, who take the night for day;
Have mercy on me, Lord.*

"Beyond their wisdom's deepest skies
I see Thee hanging yet,
The love still hungering in Thine eyes,
Thy plaited crown still wet!
Thine arms outstretched to fold them all
Beneath Thy sheltering breast;
But—since they will not hear Thy call,
Lord, I forbear to jest.

"Lord, I forbear! The day I fell,
I fell at least through pride!
Rather than these should share my hell
Take me, Thou Crucified!
O, let me share Thy cross of grief,
And let me work thy will,
As morning star or dying thief,
Thy fallen angel still.

"Lord, I forbear! For Thee, at least,
In pain so like to mine,
The mighty meaning of their feast
Is plain as bread and wine;
O smile once more, far off, alone!
Since these nor hear nor see,
From my deep hell, so like Thine Own,
Lord Christ, I pity Thee."

The champ of teeth was over, and the reeking room
Gaped for the speeches now. Across the sulphurous fume
Lucifer gave a sigh. The guests stood thundering up!
"Gentlemen, charge your glasses!"

Every yellow cup
Frothed with the crimson blood. They brandished them on high.
"Gentlemen, drink to those who fight and know not why!"

And in the bubbling blood each nose was buried deep.

"Gentlemen, drink to those who sowed that we might reap!
Drink to the pomp, pride, circumstance of glorious war,
The grand self-sacrifice that made us what we are!

And drink to the peace-lovers who believe that peace
Is War, red, bloody War; for War can never cease
Unless we drain the veins of peace to fatten WAR!
Gentlemen, drink to the brains that made us what we are!
Drink to self-sacrifice that helps us all to shake
The world with tramp of armies. Germany, awake!
England, awake! Shakespeare's, Beethoven's Fatherland,
Are you not both aware, do you not understand,
Self-sacrifice is competition? It is the law
Of Life, so, though both of you are wholly right,
Self-sacrifice requires that both of you should fight."

And "Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!" they cried, and "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"
This was too much for Lucifer. With one deep "Bah!"
Above those croaking toads he towered like Gabriel.
Then straightway left the table and went home to hell.

Alfred Noyes.

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